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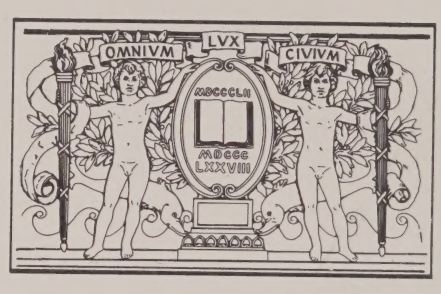

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

VOL. CLXXXV.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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MAY 3, 1907.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XVII.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Sept. 9, '85.—Mamma is teaching Jean a little natural history and is making a little collection of insects for her. But mamma does not allow Jean to kill any insects she only collects those insects that are found dead. Mamma has told us all, perticularly Jean, to bring her all the little dead insects that she finds. The other day as we were all sitting at supper Jean broke into the room and ran triumfantly up to Mamma and presented her with a plate full of dead flies. Mamma thanked Jean very enthusiastically although she with difficulty concealed her amusement. Just then Sour Mash entered the room and Jean believing her hungry asked Mamma for permission to give her the flies. Mamma laughingly consented and the flies almost immediately dissapeared.

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[*Monday, October 15, 1906.*] Sour Mash's presence indicates that this adventure occurred at Quarry Farm. Susy's Biography interests itself pretty exclusively with historical facts; where they happen is not a matter of much concern to her. When other historians refer to the Bunker Hill Monument they know it is not necessary to mention that that monument is in Boston. Susy recognizes that when she mentions Sour Mash it is not necessary to localize her. To Susy, Sour Mash is the Bunker Hill Monument of Quarry Farm.

Ordinary cats have some partiality for living flies, but none for dead ones; but Susy does not trouble herself to apologize for Sour Mash's eccentricities of taste. This Biography was for *us*, and Susy knew that nothing that Sour Mash might do could startle us or need explanation, we being aware that she was not an ordinary cat, but moving upon a plane far above the prejudices and superstitions which are law to common catdom.

Once in Hartford the flies were so numerous for a time, and so troublesome, that Mrs. Clemens conceived the idea of paying George* a bounty on all the flies he might kill. The children saw an opportunity here for the acquisition of sudden wealth. They supposed that their mother merely wanted to accumulate dead flies, for some æsthetic or scientific reason or other, and they judged that the more flies she could get the happier she would be; so they went into business with George on a commission. Straightway the dead flies began to arrive in such quantities that Mrs. Clemens was pleased beyond words with the success of her idea. Next, she was astonished that one house could furnish so many. She was paying an extravagantly high bounty, and it presently began to look as if by this addition to our expenses we were now probably living beyond our income. After a few days there was peace and comfort; not a fly was discoverable in the house; there wasn't a straggler left. Still, to Mrs. Clemens's surprise, the dead flies continued to arrive by the plateful, and the bounty expense was as crushing as ever. Then she made inquiry, and found that our innocent little rascals had established a Fly Trust, and had hired all the children in the neighborhood to collect flies on a cheap and unburdensome commission.

Mrs. Clemens's experience in this matter was a new one for

* The colored butler.

her, but the governments of the world had tried it, and wept over it, and discarded it, every half-century since man was created. Any Government could have told her that the best way to increase wolves in America, rabbits in Australia, and snakes in India, is to pay a bounty on their scalps. Then every patriot goes to raising them.

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Sept. 10, '85.—The other evening Clara and I brought down our new soap bubble water and we all blew soap bubles. Papa blew his soap bubles and filled them with tobacco smoke and as the light shone on them they took very beautiful opaline colors. Papa would hold them and then let us catch them in our hand and they felt delightful to the touch the mixture of the smoke and water had a singularly pleasant effect.

It is human life. We are blown upon the world; we float buoyantly upon the summer air a little while, complacently showing off our grace of form and our dainty iridescent colors; then we vanish with a little puff, leaving nothing behind but a memory—and sometimes not even that. I suppose that at those solemn times when we wake in the deeps of the night and reflect, there is not one of us who is not willing to confess that he is really only a soap-bubble, and as little worth the making.

I remember those days of twenty-one years ago, and a certain pathos clings about them. Susy, with her manifold young charms and her iridescent mind, was as lovely a bubble as any we made that day—and as transitory. She passed, as they passed, in her youth and beauty, and nothing of her is left but a heartbreak and a memory. That long-vanished day came vividly back to me a few weeks ago when, for the first time in twenty-one years, I found myself again amusing a child with smoke-charged soap-bubbles.

Susy's next date is November 29th, 1885, the eve of my fiftieth birthday. It seems a good while ago. I must have been rather young for my age then, for I was trying to tame an old-fashioned bicycle nine feet high. It is to me almost unbelievable, at my present stage of life, that there have really been people willing to trust themselves upon a dizzy and unstable altitude like that, and that I was one of them. Twichell and I took lessons every day. He succeeded, and became a master of the art of riding that wild vehicle, but I had no gift in that direction and was never able to stay on mine long enough to get

(1885.)

any satisfactory view of the planet. Every time I tried to steal a look at a pretty girl, or any other kind of scenery, that single moment of inattention gave the bicycle the chance it had been waiting for, and I went over the front of it and struck the ground on my head or my back before I had time to realize that something was happening. I didn't always go over the front way; I had other ways, and practised them all; but no matter which way was chosen for me there was always one monotonous result —the bicycle skinned my leg and leaped up into the air and came down on top of me. Sometimes its wires were so sprung by this violent performance that it had the collapsed look of an umbrella that had had a misunderstanding with a cyclone. After each day's practice I arrived at home with my skin hanging in ribbons, from my knees down. I plastered the ribbons on where they belonged, and bound them there with handkerchiefs steeped in Pond's Extract, and was ready for more adventures next day. It was always a surprise to me that I had so much skin, and that it held out so well. There was always plenty, and I soon came to understand that the supply was going to remain sufficient for all my needs. It turned out that I had nine skins, in layers, one on top of the other like the leaves of a book, and some of the doctors said it was quite remarkable.

I was full of enthusiasm over this insane amusement. My teacher was a young German from the bicycle factory, a gentle, kindly, patient creature, with a pathetically grave face. He never smiled; he never made a remark; he always gathered me tenderly up when I plunged off, and helped me on again without a word. When he had been teaching me twice a day for three weeks I introduced a new gymnastic—one that he had never seen before—and so at last a compliment was wrung from him, a thing which I had been risking my life for days to achieve. He gathered me up and said mournfully: "Mr. Clemens, you can fall off a bicycle in more different ways than any person I ever saw before."

A boy's life is not all comedy; much of the tragic enters into it. The drunken tramp — mentioned in "Tom Sawyer" or "Huck Finn"—who was burned up in the village jail, (1849.) lay upon my conscience a hundred nights afterward and filled them with hideous dreams—dreams in which I saw his appealing face as I had seen it in the pathetic reality, pressed against the window-bars, with the red hell glowing behind him

—a face which seemed to say to me, "If you had not give me the matches, this would not have happened; you are responsible for my death." I was *not* responsible for it, for I had meant him no harm, but only good, when I let him have the matches; but no matter, mine was a trained Presbyterian conscience, and knew but the one duty—to hunt and harry its slave upon all pretexts and on all occasions; particularly when there was no sense or reason in it. The tramp—who was to blame—suffered ten minutes; I, who was not to blame, suffered three months.

The shooting down of poor old Smarr in the main street* at noonday supplied me with some more dreams; and in them I always saw again the grotesque closing picture—the great family Bible spread open on the profane old man's breast by some thoughtful idiot, and rising and sinking to the labored breathings, and adding the torture of its leaden weight to the dying struggles. We are curiously made. In all the throng of gaping and sympathetic onlookers there was not one with common sense enough to perceive that an anvil would have been in better taste there than the Bible, less open to sarcastic criticism, and swifter in its atrocious work. In my nightmares I gasped and struggled for breath under the crush of that vast book for many a night.

All within the space of a couple of years we had two or three other tragedies, and I had the ill-luck to be too near by on each occasion. There was the slave man who was struck down with a chunk of slag for some small offence; I saw him die. And the young California emigrant who was stabbed with a bowie knife by a drunken comrade: I saw the red life gush from his breast. And the case of the rowdy young Hyde brothers and their harmless old uncle: one of them held the old man down with his knees on his breast while the other one tried repeatedly to kill him with an Allen revolver which wouldn't go off. I happened along just then, of course.

Then there was the case of the young California emigrant who got drunk and proposed to raid the "Welshman's house" all alone one dark and threatening night.† This house stood halfway up Holliday's Hill ("Cardiff" Hill), and its sole occupants were a poor but quite respectable widow and her young and blameless daughter. The invading ruffian woke the whole village with

* See "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." † Used in "Huck Finn," I think.

his ribald yells and coarse challenges and obscenities. I went up there with a comrade—John Briggs, I think—to look and listen. The figure of the man was dimly visible; the women were on their porch, but not visible in the deep shadow of its roof, but we heard the elder woman's voice. She had loaded an old musket with slugs, and she warned the man that if he stayed where he was while she counted ten it would cost him his life. She began to count, slowly: he began to laugh. He stopped laughing at "six"; then through the deep stillness, in a steady voice, followed the rest of the tale: "seven . . . eight . . . nine"—a long pause, we holding our breath—"ten!" A red spout of flame gushed out into the night, and the man dropped, with his breast riddled to rags. Then the rain and the thunder burst loose and the waiting town swarmed up the hill in the glare of the lightning like an invasion of ants. Those people saw the rest; I had had my share and was satisfied. I went home to dream, and was not disappointed.

My teaching and training enabled me to see deeper into these tragedies than an ignorant person could have done. I knew what they were for. I tried to disguise it from myself, but down in the secret deeps of my heart I knew—and I *knew* that I knew. They were inventions of Providence to beguile me to a better life. It sounds curiously innocent and conceited, now, but to me there was nothing strange about it; it was quite in accordance with the thoughtful and judicious ways of Providence as I understood them. It would not have surprised me, nor even over-flattered me, if Providence had killed off that whole community in trying to save an asset like me. Educated as I had been, it would have seemed just the thing, and well worth the expense. *Why* Providence should take such an anxious interest in such a property—that idea never entered my head, and there was no one in that simple hamlet who would have dreamed of putting it there. For one thing, no one was equipped with it.

It is quite true I took all the tragedies to myself; and tallied them off, in turn as they happened, saying to myself in each case, with a sigh, "Another one gone—and on my account; this ought to bring me to repentance; His patience will not always endure." And yet privately I believed it would. That is, I believed it in the daytime; but not in the night. With the going down of the sun my faith failed, and the clammy fears gathered

about my heart. It was then that I repented. Those were awful nights, nights of despair, nights charged with the bitterness of death. After each tragedy I recognized the warning and repented; repented and begged; begged like a coward, begged like a dog; and not in the interest of those poor people who had been extinguished for my sake, but only in my own interest. It seems selfish, when I look back on it now.

My repentances were very real, very earnest; and after each tragedy they happened every night for a long time. But as a rule they could not stand the daylight. They faded out and shredded away and disappeared in the glad splendor of the sun. They were the creatures of fear and darkness, and they could not live out of their own place. The day gave me cheer and peace, and at night I repented again. In all my boyhood life I am not sure that I ever tried to lead a better life in the daytime—or wanted to. In my age I should never think of wishing to do such a thing. But in my age, as in my youth, night brings me many a deep remorse. I realize that from the cradle up I have been like the rest of the race—never quite sane in the night. When "Injun Joe" died.*. . . But never mind: in another chapter I have already described what a raging hell of repentance I passed through then. I believe that for months I was as pure as the driven snow. After dark.

It was back in those far-distant days—1848 or '9—that Jim Wolf came to us. He was from Shelbyville, a hamlet thirty or forty miles back in the country, and he brought all his native sweetnesses and gentlenesses and simplicities with him. He was approaching seventeen, a grave and slender lad, trustful, honest, a creature to love and cling to. And he was incredibly bashful.

It is to this kind that untoward things happen. My sister gave a "candy-pull" on a winter's night. I was too young to be of the company, and Jim was too diffident. I was sent up to bed early, and Jim followed of his own motion. His room was in the new part of the house, and his window looked out on the roof of the L annex. That roof was six inches deep in snow, and the snow had an ice-crust upon it which was as slick as glass. Out of the comb of the roof projected a short chimney, a common resort for sentimental cats on moonlight nights—and this was a moonlight night. Down at the eaves, below the chimney, a canopy

* Used in "Tom Sawyer."

of dead vines spread away to some posts, making a cozy shelter, and after an hour or two the rollicking crowd of young ladies and gentlemen grouped themselves in its shade, with their saucers of liquid and piping-hot candy disposed about them on the frozen ground to cool. There was joyous chaffing and joking and laughter—peal upon peal of it.

About this time a couple of old disreputable tom-cats got up on the chimney and started a heated argument about something; also about this time I gave up trying to get to sleep, and went visiting to Jim's room. He was awake and fuming about the cats and their intolerable yowling. I asked him, mockingly, why he didn't climb out and drive them away. He was nettled, and said over-boldly that for two cents he *would*.

It was a rash remark, and was probably repented of before it was fairly out of his mouth. But it was too late—he was committed. I knew him; and I knew he would rather break his neck than back down, if I egged him on judiciously.

"Oh, of course you would! Who's doubting it?"

It galled him, and he burst out, with sharp irritation—

"Maybe *you* doubt it!"

"I? Oh no, I shouldn't think of such a thing. You are always doing wonderful things. With your mouth."

He was in a passion, now. He snatched on his yarn socks and began to raise the window, saying in a voice unsteady with anger—

"*You* think I dasn't—*you* do! Think what you blame please —*I* don't care what you think. I'll show you!"

The window made him rage; it wouldn't stay up. I said—

"Never mind, I'll hold it."

Indeed, I would have done anything to help. I was only a boy, and was already in a radiant heaven of anticipation. He climbed carefully out, clung to the window-sill until his feet were safely placed, then began to pick his perilous way on all fours along the glassy comb, a foot and a hand on each side of it. I believe I enjoy it now as much as I did then: yet it is a good deal over fifty years ago. The frosty breeze flapped his short shirt about his lean legs; the crystal roof shone like polished marble in the intense glory of the moon; the unconscious cats sat erect upon the chimney, alertly watching each other, lashing their tails and pouring out their hollow grievances; and

slowly and cautiously Jim crept on, flapping as he went, the gay and frolicsome young creatures under the vine-canopy unaware, and outraging these solemnities with their misplaced laughter. Every time Jim slipped I had a hope; but always on he crept and disappointed it. At last he was within reaching distance. He paused, raised himself carefully up, measured his distance deliberately, then made a frantic grab at the nearest cat—and missed. Of course he lost his balance. His heels flew up, he struck on his back, and like a rocket he darted down the roof feet first, crashed through the dead vines and landed in a sitting posture in fourteen saucers of red-hot candy, in the midst of all that party—and dressed as *he* was: this lad who could not look a girl in the face with his clothes on. There was a wild scramble and a storm of shrieks, and Jim fled up the stairs, dripping broken crockery all the way.

The incident was ended. But I was not done with it yet, though I supposed I was. Eighteen or twenty years later I arrived in New York from California, and by that time I had failed in all my other undertakings and had stumbled into literature without intending it. This was early in 1867. I was offered a large sum to write something for the "Sunday Mercury," and I answered with the tale of "Jim Wolf and the Cats." I also collected the money for it—twenty-five dollars. It seemed over-pay, but I did not say anything about that, for I was not so scrupulous then as I am now.

(1867.)

A year or two later "Jim Wolf and the Cats" appeared in a Tennessee paper in a new dress—as to spelling; spelling borrowed from Artemus Ward. The appropriator of the tale had a wide reputation in the West, and was exceedingly popular. Deservedly so, I think. He wrote some of the breeziest and funniest things I have ever read, and did his work with distinguished ease and fluency. His name has passed out of my memory.

A couple of years went by; then the original story—my own version — cropped up again and went floating around in the original spelling, and with my name to it. Soon first one paper and then another fell upon me vigorously for "stealing" Jim Wolf and the Cats from the Tennessee man. I got a merciless basting, but I did not mind it. It's all in the game. Besides, I had learned, a good while before that, that it is not wise to keep the fire going under a slander unless you can get some large

advantage out of keeping it alive. Few slanders can stand the wear of silence.

But I was not done with Jim and the Cats yet. In 1873 I was lecturing in London, in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Han-
(1873.) over Square, and was living at the Langham Hotel, Portland Place. I had no domestic household, and no official household except George Dolby, lecture-agent, and Charles Warren Stoddard, the California poet, now (1900) Professor of
(1900.) English Literature in the Roman Catholic University, Washington. Ostensibly Stoddard was my private secretary; in reality he was merely my comrade—I hired him in order to have his company. As secretary there was nothing for him to do except to scrap-book the daily reports of the great trial of the Tichborne Claimant for perjury. But he made a sufficient job out of that, for the reports filled six columns a day and he usually postponed the scrap-booking until Sunday; then he had 36 columns to cut out and paste in—a proper labor for Hercules. He did his work well, but if he had been older and feebler it would have killed him once a week. Without doubt he does his literary lectures well, but also without doubt he prepares them fifteen minutes before he is due on his platform and thus gets into them a freshness and sparkle which they might lack if they underwent the staling process of overstudy.

He was good company when he was awake. He was refined, sensitive, charming, gentle, generous, honest himself and unsuspicious of other people's honesty, and I think he was the purest male I have known, in mind and speech. George Dolby was something of a contrast to him, but the two were very friendly and sociable together, nevertheless. Dolby was large and ruddy, full of life and strength and spirits, a tireless and energetic talker, and always overflowing with good-nature and bursting with jollity. It was a choice and satisfactory menagerie, this pensive poet and this gladsome gorilla. An indelicate story was a sharp distress to Stoddard; Dolby told him twenty-five a day. Dolby always came home with us after the lecture, and entertained Stoddard till midnight. Me too. After he left, I walked the floor and talked, and Stoddard went to sleep on the sofa. I hired him for company.

Dolby had been agent for concerts, and theatres, and Charles Dickens and all sorts of shows and "attractions" for many years;

he had known the human being in many aspects, and he didn't much believe in him. But the poet did. The waifs and estrays found a friend in Stoddard: Dolby tried to persuade him that he was dispensing his charities unworthily, but he was never able to succeed.

One night a young American got access to Stoddard at the Concert Rooms and told him a moving tale. He said he was living on the Surrey side, and for some strange reason his remittances had failed to arrive from home; he had no money, he was out of employment, and friendless; his girl-wife and his new baby were actually suffering for food; for the love of heaven could he lend him a sovereign until his remittances should resume? Stoddard was deeply touched, and gave him a sovereign on my account. Dolby scoffed, but Stoddard stood his ground. Each told me his story later in the evening, and I backed Stoddard's judgment. Dolby said we were women in disguise, and not a sane kind of women, either.

The next week the young man came again. His wife was ill with the pleurisy, the baby had the bots, or something, I am not sure of the name of the disease; the doctor and the drugs had eaten up the money, the poor little family was starving. If Stoddard "in the kindness of his heart could only spare him another sovereign," etc., etc. Stoddard was much moved, and spared him a sovereign for me. Dolby was outraged. He spoke up and said to the customer—

"Now, young man, you are going to the hotel with us and state your case to the other member of the family. If you don't make him believe in you I sha'n't honor this poet's drafts in your interest any longer, for I don't believe in you myself."

The young man was quite willing. I found no fault in him. On the contrary, I believed in him at once, and was solicitous to heal the wounds inflicted by Dolby's too frank incredulity; therefore I did everything I could think of to cheer him up and entertain him and make him feel at home and comfortable. I spun many yarns; among others the tale of Jim Wolf and the Cats. Learning that he had done something in a small way in literature, I offered to try to find a market for him in that line. His face lighted joyfully at that, and he said that if I could only sell a small manuscript to Tom Hood's Annual for him it would be the happiest event of his sad life and he would hold me

in grateful remembrance always. That was a most pleasant night for three of us, but Dolby was disgusted and sarcastic.

Next week the baby died. Meantime I had spoken to Tom Hood and gained his sympathy. The young man had sent his manuscript to him, and the very day the child died the money for the MS. came—three guineas. The young man came with a poor little strip of crape around his arm and thanked me, and said that nothing could have been more timely than that money, and that his poor little wife was grateful beyond words for the service I had rendered. He wept, and in fact Stoddard and I wept with him, which was but natural. Also Dolby wept. At least he wiped his eyes and wrung out his handkerchief, and sobbed stertorously and made other exaggerated shows of grief. Stoddard and I were ashamed of Dolby, and tried to make the young man understand that he meant no harm, it was only his way. The young man said sadly that he was not minding it, his grief was too deep for other hurts; that he was only thinking of the funeral, and the heavy expenses which—

We cut that short and told him not to trouble about it, leave it all to us; send the bills to Mr. Dolby and—

"Yes," said Dolby, with a mock tremor in his voice, "send them to me, and I will pay them. What, are you going? You must not go alone in your worn and broken condition; Mr. Stoddard and I will go with you. Come, Stoddard. We will comfort the bereaved mamma and get a lock of the baby's hair."

It was shocking. We were ashamed of him again, and said so. But he was not disturbed. He said—

"Oh, I know this kind, the woods are full of them. I'll make this offer: if he will show me his family I will give him twenty pounds. Come!" The young man said he would not remain to be insulted; and he said good-night and took his hat. But Dolby said he would go with him, and stay by him until he found the family. Stoddard went along to soothe the young man and modify Dolby. They drove across the river and all over Southwark, but did not find the family. At last the young man confessed there wasn't any.

The thing he sold to Tom Hood's Annual was "Jim and the Cats." And he did not put my name to it.

So that small tale was sold three times. I am selling it again, now. It is one of the best properties I have come across.

(To be Continued.) MARK TWAIN.

IRELAND.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his new-born enthusiasm for Home Rule, went so far as to compare the Act of Union to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He had once spoken of the Act of Union and the Treaty of Commerce with France as the two great achievements of Pitt. But with his marvellous powers of explanation he would have found no difficulty in showing, not only that the two views were consistent, but that one of them logically led up to the other; just as he found no difficulty in reconciling his denunciation of Parnell as wading through rapine to dismemberment with his subsequent ratification of Parnell's policy and his alliance with its author. Mr. Gladstone was great and good, supremely so when he was pleading the cause of oppressed nationalities, as in the case of Italy and that of the subjects of Turkey. But if there are any who think that he was not liable to sudden impulses, that he was never carried away by the struggle for power, or that he was wholly incapable of self-delusion, they cannot have known the man.

When Mr. Gladstone brought forward his measure for Home Rule, he had been in Ireland only three weeks, and not at a good point of view. His speeches, though they were sure to be powerful, show no knowledge of the Irish people, no conception of the forces, political and social, which after separation would be likely to prevail, no forecast of the future. The orator is dealing with an abstraction. He does not even show acquaintance with the facts of Irish history, which is not less necessary to the legislator than it is to the historian. For the key to Irish character, in large measure, is Irish history. That there is such a thing as race character cannot be denied. Teuton and Celt undeniably have shown it. But of most that is called Celtic in Irish character seven centuries of unparalleled misfortune are the real cause.

The Norman conquest of England was complete, and gave birth to a feudal polity with an hereditary monarch at its head, the feudal code of law, and an aristocracy which, though at first alien and oppressive, became national and gave the nation the Great Charter. The Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland, as a private enterprise, though under royal and papal auspices, was incomplete, and produced, not a national polity, but a military colony or Pale. Far the greater part of the island continued to be held by the Irish tribes, with their native language and customs, their tribal form of government, and their tribal ownership of land. Between the tribes and the colony there went on from generation to generation incessant and most barbarous war. The nature of the country, with its forests, broad rivers, and bogs, was adverse to the Anglo-Norman men-at-arms. At the same time, it prevented a union of the tribes and a combination of their forces against the invaders.

The colony had the semblance of a feudal polity, with a baronial council as well as the feudal law and the feudal tenure of land. But the King, the key-stone of the feudal arch, was wanting. Cabal, disorders, and corruption reigned. The military power of the English monarchy was wasted on French fields. Richard II came over with an army which, under his incapable command, was frittered away. The passage of the Channel was serious in those days; and Wales, the point of transit, was wild. The colony was discredited and starved. A Scotch invasion under Edward, the brother of Robert Bruce, though repelled after a severe struggle by the Anglo-Normans of the Pale, had helped to wreck whatever rudiments of order there might be; and, by the middle of the fifteenth century, the Anglo-Norman domain in Ireland had been reduced to a narrow district round Dublin, defended by a ditch.

Meantime, tribal license had proved attractive. Laws had been found necessary to prevent Englishmen from degenerating into wild Irishry. By a process not clearly explained, Anglo-Norman chiefs of the Pale had become heads of septs, combining tribal with feudal sway and keeping in their pay bands of mercenaries called "gallowglass," something like the *bravi* of the great nobles in Italy. These chiefs, with their septs, are henceforth the native powers and the defenders of native Ireland against the conquest. The most powerful of them were the Geraldines and the Butlers.

Rivalry often led the Butlers, with their war-cry of "Butler-a-boo," to side with the English Government.

In the quarrel of the Roses, Dublin took the Yorkist side. This, when the Red Rose had triumphed under the first Tudor King, led to the passing of the Poynings Act, so called from the Deputy of the day, by which an end was put to the independence of the Dublin Parliament. It was enacted that all existing English laws should be in force in Ireland, and that no Parliament should be held in Ireland without the sanction of the King and Council, who should also be enabled to disallow statutes passed by the Irish houses. The Parliament of Ireland had been made by Edward I bicameral, like the Parliament of England.

Henry VII, and for a time his son, tried to govern Ireland, a costly and restive possession, through native chiefs captivated by titles of nobility and court favor. The policy failed. The Geraldine, under pretence of fighting for the monarchy, fought for his own ends. Recourse was had again to the sword, which thenceforth a succession of Deputies continued to wield in most barbarous and exterminating war. Prisoners of war were butchered without mercy, the country was laid waste, the cattle were destroyed, and famine stalked in the train of slaughter. But these "hostings," while they engendered desperate hatred, did little towards effecting a general and permanent conquest.

Now came the Reformation, and to enmity of race it added the enmity of religion. It extended not beyond the English colony, at the border of which it was arrested by difference of language as well as of race. The Churches had always been divided on that line, though their creeds and their allegiance to Rome had been the same. Catholic Ireland was now drawn into the league of the Catholic Powers of Europe and suffered as a weak and outlying member of the league was sure to do. The intrigue of the Jesuit was encountered by the Puritan sword, and the work of slaughter and devastation went on in a more deadly form than ever. The government of Elizabeth, or rather that of Burleigh, made a noble but vain effort to set on foot a policy of civilization, the monument of which is Trinity College. Under a succession of leaders, the Irish Catholics, as they may now be distinctly called, rose and maintained the struggle against a series of Deputies whom the English Government, straitened in its resources by the struggle on the Continent and danger at home,

could not supply with the means of decisive war. The last leaders of Irish independence, the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, surrendered or were scared into exile, and after a struggle of five centuries the conquest of Ireland was achieved. English law and administration were extended over the whole island; and, what was of paramount importance, the feudal rule superseded the tribal custom in regard to the ownership of land.

The Government, perhaps inspired by Bacon, was not, in intention at least, unkind. It sought to placate and civilize. It called a Parliament of all Ireland, which, though no doubt practically nominated by the Crown, was otherwise more like a national Parliament than any other that Ireland ever had. But it treated the vast estates on the feudal principle as personal property forfeited for treason, disregarding the rights of the tribesmen. A host of English and Scotch settlers poured in, possessed themselves of the lands by purchase or chicane, and formed in Ulster a sort of Protestant Pale.

When, under Charles I, trouble began in England, the dispossessed tribesmen of Ulster rose, massacred with circumstances of the most devilish cruelty thousands of the new proprietors and drove out the rest. The English Parliament, fired with fury, passed a sweeping Act of Confiscation and sold debentures on it to provide a force for the repression and punishment of the rebellion. But, England being engaged in civil war, Ireland was left to itself for eight years, during which the two parties, now distinguishable as Protestant and Catholic, waged internecine war and made the land a hell; the representative of Rome taking an active part, together with the native priesthood and giving the conflict a distinctly religious character.

At last came Cromwell. The storm of Drogheda has left a stain, as he seems to have felt, upon his name. But he restored peace and order, he governed powerfully and well. He united Ireland as well as Scotland to England, and had her represented in the Parliament of the Commonwealth, giving her thereby the inestimable benefit of free trade with England and exempting her shipping from the shackles of the Navigation Act. He used her as a field for reforms, from which prejudice debarred him in England. The Royalist Clarendon speaks rapturously of the progress which material improvement made under Cromwell's rule. The dispossession of Catholic landowners and their

transportation to Connaught were in pursuance of the Act of Confiscation under which the holders of debentures claimed. It had been proved with terrible force that the two sets of landowners could not live together.

At the Restoration the dispossessed put in their claim for restitution. But the new possessors, after a long controversy, held their ground, and Ulster remained a Protestant Pale. The union with England was broken, the immediate consequence being the loss of free trade with England and the commencement by the English Parliament of a course of Protectionist legislation which killed in succession the principal industries of Ireland.

Again, under James II, the Irish Catholics rose and were again at length put down. Protestantism, victorious and vengeful after a narrow escape from destruction, embodied its rage and fear in the Penal Code, which reduced to helotage, religious, political, and social, the Catholics; that is, five-sixths of the population. Nothing could be more detestable, unless it was the persecution of the unoffending Huguenots by the Catholic Government of France.

The state of the Irish peasantry in the period which followed and down to the date of the Union was miserable and degraded in the extreme. The Catholic landowners having been driven away by the Penal Code, the Catholic peasant was left without protection against the tyranny of the Protestant squires and squireens. He was ground down by the exactions of the middleman and the tithe proctor. His dwelling, his food and raiment were bestial. Such wretchedness has been seldom seen. The oppressed banded themselves together as Whiteboys for agrarian murder and outrage, and made night hideous with the moanings of houghed cattle.

When Scotland was united to England, the Irish Parliament yearned for a similar union. It, no doubt, English and Protestant as it was, felt the pressure of the English tariff. Its advances were repelled, English Protectionism, we may be sure, playing its part. Patriots then turned their thoughts to national independence and Parliamentary reform. A large proportion of the seats in Parliament were held by the owners or lessees of rotten boroughs, and government was organized corruption. National independence and Parliamentary reform had an eloquent champion in Grattan.

Nationalism found its opportunity when the hands of England were full with the war against the American colonies. It rose in arms and extorted legislative independence. The Poynings' Act and the Act of George III, confirming it, were repealed. There was then a trial of the polity which Home Rule would now restore, that of two Parliaments under one Crown. But the Irish Parliament, whatever might be Grattan's rapture, was very far from being national. It was a Parliament of Protestant Ascendancy from which four-fifths, at least, of the Irish nation were shut out. The Catholics were presently admitted to the electoral franchise, but not to seats in Parliament. An agitation for their admission to seats in Parliament was on foot when there came a general overturn. It is not likely that the Ascendancy would have consented to a concession which to it would have been suicide. England could not rob Ireland of her national Parliament, inasmuch as a Parliament really national Ireland never had.

For the peasant, trampled on, starved, degraded, miserable as ever, nothing was done by the "national" legislators. His case got no hearing when it came before them. His wretchedness was greater and his hatred of his oppressor was more intense than ever.

How did the union of the Parliaments under one Crown work? There was a serious quarrel about the tariff, ending in the rejection of Pitt's beneficial measure of free trade. There was a still more serious quarrel about the Regency. The quarrel about the Regency must apparently have led to disruption if George III had not recovered just in time. Grattan was true to the union, yet he could not help being drawn into the quarrel about the Regency.

Then came the French Revolution. The freethinkers of Belfast caught the flame and organized a nationalist and republican rebellion. Counting all rebellion their ally, they drew in a large body of the Catholic peasantry, who were agrarian, not political, rebels, with some of the priests as their leaders. There followed over a part of the island a civil war of devils, at the end of which people were afraid to eat pork lest it should have been fed on human flesh. Meantime, only the winds and waves saved Ireland from being conquered by Hoche.

The "national" Parliament of Ireland urged the most ruth-

less repression. About its last Act was one of indemnity for the illegal infliction of torture on suspected rebels. Grattan seceded early in the day.

Pitt was resolved on union. It had to be carried through an Irish Parliament of Ascendancy, full of members for nomination boroughs, and teeming with corrupt interests. This was done by means not pure, yet not more impure than the influences by which the measure was opposed. Cromwell had carried his Union by fiat, Pitt had not that power. There was, however, no money bribery, none at least of any serious amount. The large sums paid to members of the Irish Parliament were not bribes but indemnities voted to the owners of nomination boroughs, which were regarded and treated as personal property in those days. The same was done in a Reform Bill for England. The largest sum of all was paid to an opponent of the Union. There was a traffic in peerages and appointments which disgusted a man of honor like Cornwallis, but the consent of a powerful and selfish aristocracy to a vital measure had to be obtained. How far the Catholics were misled by Pitt's favorable attitude on the question of Catholic emancipation it is impossible to say; what is certain is that Pitt was sincere. When George III refused his assent, Pitt resigned. What more could he do? He could not depose the King.

In Dublin, the heart of nationalism and radicalism, the Union, Cornwallis tells us, was proclaimed without calling forth adverse demonstrations of any kind. In the general election to the United Parliament which followed, the "Annual Register" tells us, the Union was not an issue, and to have voted for it did no candidate any harm. The three great opponents of the Union in the Irish Parliament were Grattan, Plunkett and Foster. All three sat in the United Parliament; Plunkett formally recanted his opposition, Foster accepted office and a peerage under Pitt, and Grattan repudiated O'Connell.

In less than a generation Catholic emancipation was carried, a great English party combining with the Irish movement. Of Ascendancy nothing then remained but the State Church, which has since been abolished. Now, it seems, Irish industry is beginning to feel the financial pressure of its own priesthood.

Agitators never renounce agitation. From Catholic Emancipation O'Connell went on to Repeal of the Union. He dropped

it while there was a weak Whig Government, whose influence and patronage he could command. He took it up again when the strong Conservative Government of Peel came in; and, though he had the priesthood at his back, was totally overthrown. In 1848, the year of revolution, Smith O'Brien, with a brilliant staff of young enthusiasts, raised the Repeal banner, found the people utterly apathetic, and encountered a still more ignominious defeat. What the Irish peasant wanted was not political change, but material improvement of his condition, security in his holding and more bread. When Parnell combined the agrarian with the political movement the political movement gained a factitious life. Fenianism, mainly an American product, also helped to impart a political tinge.

If the peasant wanted anything in the political way, perhaps it was the presence of the King. No King of England paid a friendly visit to Ireland before George IV, who met with an enthusiastic reception, in which O'Connell took a leading part.

Ireland has more than her fair share of representation in the United Parliament, and everything in the United Kingdom and in the Empire is perfectly open to her sons.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM.—II.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

I SHOWED in the preceding article that the more thoughtful socialists of to-day have definitely abandoned, as thinkers, though not as members of the party of agitation, the doctrine of Karl Marx that labor produces all things; and have openly recognized the fact that the industrial ability of the few, directing the hands of the many, is essential to the augmentation and sustentation of the wealth of the modern world. And I ended by saying that, thus much having been admitted, the next question to consider was the means by which directive ability is able to enforce on the laborers its minute and coordinated injunctions.

This elaborate process, we shall find, is accomplished by means of capital, but is accomplished in a way which lies entirely outside both the nature of capital and its functions, as the philosophy of Marx conceives of them. Capital is traditionally divided into two kinds—fixed and circulating. Fixed capital now stands mainly for the elaborate machinery of to-day; and, according to Marx, capitalism means merely the monopoly of this—namely, the current implements of production — by persons who are non-producers. Circulating capital means a store of the consumable commodities produced, which the merchant or dealer buys and retails to the consumers at a profit, replacing the portion sold yesterday by a fresh supply to-day. But in neither of these forms does capital throw the least light on the question now before us, or on the primary secret of its efficiency as a factor in modern production. The kind of capital in which this secret lies is to be found in what we may call "wage-capital"; and this, like circulating capital, consists of a stock of consumable commodities, which are in the present case the daily necessaries of

existence, held by one person and then passed on to others. But, instead of being sold to the public customer at a profit, they are dispensed by the holder to any number of laborers *on conditions.* Thus Karl Marx would be right if he said that such capital was a monopoly; but it is not a monopoly in the sense that the holder of these necessaries consumed them, but only in the sense that his holding of them enabled him to control their distribution, and apportion them to the laborers in question on certain specified terms—the terms not being that the laborers shall exert their manual powers (for they would have to labor somehow, whether the capitalist employed them or no)—that they shall perform their tasks in accordance with the direction which the capitalist issues to them. It is only by means of directions of this kind that fixed capital, such as the machinery of modern times, has developed from the rude implements to the fabrication of which the undirected labor of the individual laborer was equal, into the huge engines and multiplied mechanisms of to-day, which embody the abstruse knowledge, the imagination, the energy and the enterprise of the strongest wills, and the keenest and most practical intellects that have ever been concentrated on production since civilization first began.

Some glimpse of this truth may be detected in the earlier economists, who had so far recognized the connection between capital and personal talent as to propose to call the latter by the name of "personal capital," thus making it a kind of capital itself. But, though this is an improvement on the ordinary treatment of the subject, it merely shows how imperfect, at the best, the ideas prevailing amongst the earlier economists were. For to speak of directive ability as "personal capital" is to obscure its nature in the very act of recognizing its importance. It is to identify the coachman with the reins: the fact being that the latter are useful or useless only in accordance with the manner in which the coachman handles them.

Now, here again, though popular socialism denies the fact, the more thoughtful socialists of to-day are coming to admit, with greater or less clearness, that the facts of the situation are practically what I have just shown them to be. This recognition, indeed, is implied, if not actually formulated, in what they tell us whenever we ask them for any sketch of their constructive policy. For they do not propose that society, under the régime

of socialism, shall relapse into a condition in which each man works in isolation, or in family groups consisting of perhaps half a dozen persons. On the contrary, they maintain that labor will remain as rigidly organized as ever; but the necessary control or direction will be exercised, they say, by the state, and not by any private individuals. An illustration of what they mean, which since the days of Marx has been a favorite with them, is an institution like the state post-office. There, they say, we have organization of the highest kind, but we have no private capitalist. And this is no doubt true; but the question now before us is, What are the means by which the organizing authorities secure the obedience of those organized? The answer is obvious. The obedience of the organized is secured by means of wages—or a dealing out to the organized of the daily necessaries of existence, which is made contingent on the requisite obedience being duly rendered. In short, the state organization of labor, as it exists to-day, in which we see an exemplar of the conditions which the socialists dream of as universal, secures the obedience of the laborer by precisely the same means as those which obtain in the factory of the ordinary private employer. It secures this obedience by wage-capital—that is to say, by wages, or the necessary means of existence, which are given to or withheld from the laborer, in accordance as obedience to orders is, or is not, rendered by him.

It so happens, however, that what socialists call "wagedom" has, from the beginning, been described by them as one of the chief burdens, one of the most degrading forms of oppression, from which socialism has promised to emancipate the vast majority of mankind; and many socialists have recently, in proportion as they have become more clear-sighted, learned to recognize that state employment, in the form in which it exists to-day, would, in respect of wages, and from the laborer's point of view, secure no emancipation whatsoever, but would simply leave things as they are. The more logical and advanced amongst them have therefore, of late years, been busy in devising some scheme by which the wage system may be abolished not only in name but in reality, and which will, whilst the direction of labor shall still remain efficacious, achieve this end by means of some new and emancipating alternative.

And that some alternative to the wage system is not outside

the range of possibility is shown abundantly by the past history of mankind. Two systems, other than that of wages, by which labor may be organized and directed, were in actual operation at two different periods. One of these was the corvée system, which prevailed during the Middle Ages. Under the corvée system the peasant was the owner of the land he lived on, and supported himself as best he could by his own self-directed industry; but he was bound to place his labor, for so many hours a week, at the service of his feudal superior and do what that superior told him; and if any modern employer had similar feudal rights over a sufficient number of such peasant proprietors to-day, then, in theory, at least, the necessity for wage-capital would have disappeared. There is another system also by which the same result may be gained. It resembles the corvée system, but is harder and much more simple; and it continued in operation for an incomparably longer time. This is the system of slavery.

The proposal, therefore, of the socialists to find some real alternative to the wage system is not in itself chimerical; and we will now consider what the alternative is which the most thoughtful and intellectual of them have actually themselves formulated. The clearest statement with regard to this matter is to be found in a volume of essays, produced by a group of socialists in England, the leading spirit amongst whom is Mr. Sidney Webb. The volume in question has been republished in America; and to the American edition was appended a special preface, the object of which was to bring socialism up to date, and in this preface there is a discussion of the very problem now before us. The direction of labor, it is there admitted, under socialism just as under the present system, must be committed to the most able men—the men who, in virtue of their exceptional faculties, are, as it is there expressed, "the monopolists of business ability." But, though these men must always be the arch-producers, the object of socialism is, the writer continues, to prevent them from being the monopolists of their own exceptional products. No scheme, says the writer, is in a true sense socialistic which will not "absolutely abolish all economic distinctions," and do away with the "possibility of their ever arising again." And how is this end to be accomplished? The writer answers as follows: The only "truly socialistic scheme is one which will abolish these distinctions by making an equal pro-

vision for all an incident and an indefeasible condition of all citizenship, without any regard whatever to the relative specific services of different citizens. The rendering of such services, on the other hand, instead of being left to the option of the citizen, with the alternative of starvation (as it is under the wage system), would be required under one uniform law of civic duty, precisely like other forms of taxation or military service."

Such, then, is the most advanced socialistic programme—the programme of the men who, facing the logic of the situation, have set themselves to devise a real, and not a merely nominal, escape from the system which they denounce as "wagedom." And an escape from wagedom such a system would no doubt be; but an escape from wagedom into what? Little as these people realize the fact, it would be an escape into economic slavery. For the very essence of the position of the slave, as contrasted with that of the wage-paid laborer, in so far as the direction of his productive actions is concerned, is that he has not to work as he is bidden in order to gain a livelihood, but that, his livelihood being in any case assured to him, he has to work as he is bidden in order to avoid the lash or some similar form of punishment.

I do not call attention to this scheme of practical politics, put forward by the most educated of the socialistic thinkers in England, because I wish to represent this scheme as embodying the views or programme of educated socialists generally all over the world, either in respect of the method of industrial direction under socialism, or the precise scale of remuneration at which socialists ought to aim. I have drawn attention to it merely because, coming from the source from which it does come, it constitutes a remarkable acknowledgment of what capital, in its primary form of wage-capital, is. It illustrates the fact that capital is primarily an *instrument of direction;* that modern machinery, and other such improved appliances, are the results of such direction on the part of the most able minds; that this direction would have to be accomplished somehow, under a régime of state socialism no less than it is to-day; and that the only alternative to the wage system which the socialistic intellect can devise is precisely that ancient system which the civilized world has outgrown, which the spirit of modern democracy professes to regard with horror, and which certainly would, in comparison to the wage system, be ruinously clumsy and inefficient.

When the meaning of the proposals of Mr. Sidney Webb and his friends, though they are the only logical outcome of the socialistic promise to "emancipate the laborer from wagedom," are recognized for what they really are, the majority of socialists, whether educated or uneducated, would without doubt reject them; nor does it seem likely that they would press the impracticable claim that the remuneration of all labor should be reduced to an absolute level, irrespectively, as Mr. Webb would put it, of the value of "the specific services rendered by the individual citizen." Thus an American socialist, Mr. Yountz, of Cleveland — a man whose education and intelligence are evidently above the ordinary—wrote to me, in connection with one of my addresses at New York, declaring that socialists "objected to the wage system only in so far as it enables the director of labor to make a profit out of the workman"; but would leave the idlers without compunction to starve, "unless others chose to keep them alive, as they often do to-day." The only incident of wagedom, he says, to which socialists object is this: that, under it in its present form, "a man's wages do not indicate the sum total of the energy expended by him," a part being always kept back; and it is this part that socialism aims at obtaining for him. A similar view of the matter was expressed to me, in a still more emphatic way, by a young man who was evidently of high cultivation, and who told me that he was a socialist himself, and a preacher of socialism amongst the ordinary working-men. What rankled in his own mind, he said, so far as concerned himself—he being a clerk in some large house of business—was that he was always contributing by his work to the profits of those employing him an indefinitely larger amount than was represented by the salary paid him; and it was, he said, a feeling of precisely the same kind which was really the root of socialism as it exists among the laboring classes. And, no doubt, this account of the matter, even if not complete, expresses an important—perhaps the most important—part of the truth.

Here, then, we find ourselves confronted with a practical question on which a very large part of the socialistic reasoning of to-day, public and private, turns. If the employed classes of to-day, whatever may be the nature of their individual labors, feel that their wages do not represent the entire amount of wealth, measured in terms of money, which their labor has contributed

to the receipts of the firms or the persons employing them—or, in other words, that the men whose ability directs their labor have added to the receipts with which this ability may be justly credited some portion which is really due to the labor which this ability directs, we are brought face to face with the problem of how to discriminate between what amount is due to the one factor and what amount is due to the other. This is a problem on which I have not yet touched; and it is one which has opened to the intellectual socialists a means by which they have attempted to recover something of the ground which they have lost by their admission that the ability of the able few is a factor in production even greater than the manual labor of the many.

For the fact still remains that, though labor, when directed by ability, may produce ten times as much as the labor of the same number of men would be able to produce when their labor was directed by themselves only, yet ability, with no labor to direct, would produce nothing at all.

Such being indubitably the case, it is open to the socialists to argue — and they have availed themselves abundantly of the privilege—that, labor being always essential to the production of any wealth whatsoever, it is impossible to place any limit, short of the total product, to what labor may justly claim. At all events, the claim of labor is represented as being justly one which is capable of being extended indeterminately beyond what labor at present gets. And this kind of argument is very far from being peculiar to the socialists. It has been formulated—though not with a view to the special matter now before us—by no less considerable a reasoner than John Stuart Mill himself; and it occupies a prominent place in the opening chapters of his treatise on the Principle of Political Economy.

If any agency, says Mill, such as labor, is so absolutely essential to the production of a given result, such as so much economic wealth, that without the labor this wealth would not be produced at all, some other agency, equally necessary, may play some part in the process; but the parts which they play, respectively, or the fractions of the total amount which can be ascribed respectively to each, "are indefinite and incommensurable." "When two conditions," says Mill, "are equally necessary for producing the effect at all, it is meaningless to say that so much is produced by the one and so much by the other. It is like

attempting to decide which of the factors, five or six, contributes most to the production of thirty." Mill himself brings this argument forward with special reference to the Physiocrats, and the question which their doctrines suggested of whether nature did more to help labor in one industry than another; and Mill's immediate meaning was that, if we take the products of any farm, it is absurd to ask which produced most of them—the fields or the farm laborers.

Now, if there were only one farm in the world, and if every acre of this, when the same labor was applied to it, would always yield the same amount of produce—let us say one loaf—Mill's assertion would no doubt be true. The actual state of the case is, however, very different. Acres vary very greatly in quality; and, if we take four acres of different degrees of fertility, and suppose them all to be cultivated by the same amount of labor, and if we symbolize the result of the cultivation of the least fertile as one loaf, the product of the cultivation of the acres of superior fertility will be—let us say—two loaves, three loaves, and four loaves, respectively. Here the labor being in each of the four cases the same, and the additional loaves resulting in three of the cases only, it is obvious that the difference between the larger outputs and the least are not due to the labor, but to certain natural qualities which are present in the three superior acres, and are not present in the first. In other words, although in producing the loaves, or, as Mill would have called it, "*the* effect," the parts played respectively by land and labor are indefinitely incommensurable—precisely as Mill says they are—so long as land and "the effect" all remain the same, the parts played respectively by the two concomitant causes become immediately definite and measurable when the effect begins to vary, and one of the causes, and only one of them, begins to vary also.

The same observation is applicable to the production of wealth generally, and the quantities of it which are referable to manual labor, on the one hand, and the various kinds of ability by which labor is directed, on the other.

If, man for man, the industrial population of a country always produced annually the same total output or wealth, if relatively to its population the country never grew richer, and if labor and the directors of labor followed always the same routine, then, the two causes being unvarying and the effect unvarying also, it would

be, as Mill contends, meaningless to say that either one of these necessary and unvarying causes contributed more or less to the unvarying effect than the other. But the principal fact of the modern world which, in this connection, the economist has to consider is not what Mill calls "*the* effect," or an output of wealth which remains year by year, relatively to the number of the persons who contribute to its production, the same. It is a series of different effects, or amounts, which, relatively to the producers, are continually varying, and have indeed been generally on the increase for a hundred and fifty years. Now, since, during this period, the mere labor or individual dexterity of any thousand men has become in no way different from what it was four or five generations ago, whereas ability, or the faculties by which labor is directed, has continually been elaborating its methods and increasing the intensity of its operations, it is obviously not labor, a constant, but ability, the only variable, that has caused or produced the difference between the larger sum and the less.

Thus, if only one man in the world was able to play the organ, and if only one man was able to blow the bellows, and if a performance on the organ was sufficiently pleasing to the public to produce a revenue of a thousand dollars a day, it would be impossible to say who contributed most to these earnings, the musician himself or the bellows-blower. But, if a second musician took the place of the first, and the earnings, in consequence of his far superior genius, immediately rose from one thousand dollars to two, we could at once say that the second thousand dollars, at all events, were earned by the musician, and were not earned by the bellows-blower. In the same way, if there were only one shipyard in the world, and if this always contained the same five hundred workmen, working under the unvarying directions given them by the same master, and if it always took these five hundred and one men twelve months to build a vessel of a certain class, we could not divide the vessel into two parts and say that the direction of the master produced one part and the labor of his men produced the rest. But, if a new master-builder for one year took the place of the old, and if the same workmen, together with this new master, produced during this year not one vessel but two; and, further, if, in the year following, the new master disappeared and the old master came back again, and a year's work once more resulted in the production of one vessel

only, we should be able to say, as to the year during which the two vessels were constructed, that the second vessel, whatever might be the case with the first, was due wholly to the ability of the master by whom the labor of the workmen was directed.

There still remains, however, to be considered the contention already alluded to—namely, that labor, whatever happens, continues to be the prime essential; that if labor refused to exert itself ability could produce nothing, and that labor therefore may be credited with the whole of the product always, except perhaps the insignificant fraction which the director of labor could have produced had he worked as a laborer himself.

Now, this kind of reasoning has a certain superficial plausibility; but it is a plausibility which disappears as soon as we give our attention to a fact which lies at the bottom of all practical reasoning whatsoever. All practical reasoning with regard to effects and causes is in its nature hypothetical. It can be reduced to a statement that, if such and such conditions are present, such and such consequences will result; or that, if existing conditions are altered in some specified way, the result will exhibit a specified and corresponding difference. Thus we argue that a stone, if our hands cease to hold it, will drop, or that a kettle of cold water, if we put it on the fire, will boil, and will cease to boil if we take it off. But, if such reasoning is to have any practical value, one thing is always essential to it—namely, that the supposed conditions or alteration of conditions shall be at least approximately possible. No practical conclusions could be drawn, for example, as to our stone if we indulged in the supposition that the law of gravitation was suspended, and argued that the stone would in that case remain stationary if we ceased to hold it. Nor could any practical conclusion be drawn with regard to our kettle if we indulged in the supposition that fire might cease to give out heat. It is no less evident that no practical conclusions could be drawn as to the needs of labor by indulging in the supposition that the laborer could live and thrive without eating.

And now let us see what follows from this last obvious fact. Since no food is procurable without labor of some sort, a population the majority of which does not require to labor is just as impossible as a population that does not require to eat. No population as a whole can ever refuse to labor, excepting for an occasional day or two, unless it also ceases to exist. To argue,

therefore, from what would happen if labor ceased to exert itself is as meaningless as to argue from what would happen if the law of gravitation were suspended. But, though it is meaningless to suppose a population which refuses to labor, populations may, and actually do, exist which have not developed any men of exceptional directive ability, or which have not submitted their labor to such men's systematic guidance; and thus we are reasoning in a strictly practical way when we calculate what labor would produce were there no ability to direct it; but we are reasoning to no practical purpose at all when we consider what ability would produce were there no labor for it to direct. The laborers, or the vast majority of them, would have to labor, in any case, were there any able men to direct their labor or no. The sole practical alternatives which in the present case can be conceived or reasoned from are average men laboring under the guidance of the talents of exceptional men, and average men laboring as best they can by themselves.

In calculating, therefore, the portions of the wealth produced to-day which are due, respectively, to ability and manual labor, ability must be held to produce, in the most practical sense of the word, as much of the product as exceeds what was produced by the laborers before the ability was in operation, or as much as would cease to be produced if its operations were withdrawn or paralyzed.

An illustration of this fact is afforded us by the case of the Jesuits in Paraguay, who succeeded in teaching the natives many mechanical arts—amongst others that of watch-making, thereby greatly increasing the value of the industrial output. Subsequently, owing to political causes, the Jesuits had to quit the country, and the native laborers sank back into barbarism. Their labor became as barren as it had been before; and the temporary enhancement of the efficiency of Paraguayan production showed, by its subsequent shrinkage, to what it was really due—not to the laborers themselves, but to the ability of the men who directed them.

And now let us turn to facts which are nearer to our own times, and apply to them the same method of calculation. Let us take production in England, as it was at the close of the eighteenth century, and compare it as it was about the year 1880, thus dealing with a period covered by the lifetime of one

man. If the total income of the country at the earlier of these two dates had been equally divided amongst everybody, each wage-earning family would have received about 300 dollars annually. At the later date, the amount which was actually distributed amongst the wage-earners gave to each laboring family an average income of more than 400 dollars. Thus, in the year 1880, each laborer in England—if we still speak in terms of averages—was in the possession of considerably greater wealth than could possibly have come to him if, during the lifetime of his father or grandfather, the entire wealth of the rich—all their capital and their land included—had been taken from their possessors and made over to the manual laborers in perpetuity. Now, the enormous increase in wealth production, which has rendered this result possible, is obviously not due to any change in manual labor itself; for this, in point of mere muscular force and dexterity, has not been changed since the days of the Greeks and Romans. The only change that has occurred in the human agencies of production has been the increasing concentration, on the details of the industrial process, of science, of invention, of executive power, and of imagination—in other words, of the faculties which make up directive ability. And what is shown by the facts which have just now been alluded to is not merely the proportion of the national income which, in a progressive country like England, the ability of the few produces, as distinguished from the labor of the many. These facts show that, contrary to the supposition of the socialists, the wealth of the man of ability is so far from consisting, even partially, of amounts really due to labor, because labor produced them, that a large and increasing portion of what the laborer on an average receives is derived from the products of the ability of the able man; so that labor, as a whole, if we measure it by what it actually produces, has already been long receiving not less than it produces, but more.

I have mentioned the case of England at the two dates in question because the investigations of a variety of statisticians have resulted in estimates which are, at all events, approximately correct. But the case of England is nothing more than a type of the course of events in all similarly organized countries, and is notably the case in America. In America, indeed, we are able to make comparisons to which England can supply no counterpart; for in America there have been made a large number of

experiments in industrial production on the principles of consistent socialism. Communities have been started from which private capitalism has been eliminated, and in which such ability as was attainable claimed no reward superior to that of ordinary labor. The majority of these communities, though made up of picked men, have not had a lifetime of more than two years. Some of them, however, have endured for a very much longer time, and thus give us a practical illustration of what labor can really do. One of these communities, after an existence of upwards of forty years, came to an end not very long ago, because the members became increasingly conscious of their own productive inefficiency, and such possessions and such capital as had been accumulated were divided amongst the members in so many equal shares. The share which came thus to each was only 1,300 dollars. A skilled mechanic, working under the directors of labor at Pittsburg, would be able to accumulate more, in the course of four or five years, than labor working by itself could accumulate in nearly half a century.

W. H. MALLOCK.

(To be Continued.)

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

BY GEORGE E. ROBERTS, DIRECTOR OF THE MINT.

THE limitations of our National banking system and the objectionable features of the Government's fiscal system have been conspicuously displayed in recent weeks. With a panicky money-market here, conditions abroad have been such that no help could be had there, and our banks of issue have been powerless to give any relief. As the Government's revenues have been exceeding its expenditures to the extent of several million dollars a month, the Treasury was automatically locking up money at that rate until Secretary Cortelyou, in the exercise of a wise discretion, counteracted its operations by increasing deposits in banks. In other words, he intervened to avert the mischief which the regular Treasury operations, uncorrected, would have caused. The provisions of law under which the Secretary is obliged to act to do this are so vague and imperfect as to impose most undesirable responsibilities upon him and barely permit of successful administration.

The financial legislation passed by Congress at the late session is not likely to change materially the relations of the Treasury to the money-market or the practice of the National banks in the issue and retirement of their notes. The provision allowing the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit customs receipts in National banks wipes out a bookkeeping distinction between customs revenues and receipts from other sources. The distinction originated during the suspension of specie payments, when gold only was receivable for customs and was required to be held in the Treasury to meet payments upon the public debt. No reason for segregating these funds now exists. So long, however, as the Sub-Treasury system is maintained it is to be presumed that the Treasury will keep only its surplus in banks, and the surplus

never equals the internal revenue receipts, which have always been available for deposit. To place all the Treasury collections in banks and make the current disbursements from the banks is perhaps allowable under the law, but the money-market would gain but little in available funds over the amount of the surplus, and the troublesome detail of security would be considerably more vexatious.

The provision which enlarges from $3,000,000 to $9,000,000 the amount of notes which a National bank may retire in one month is designed to promote elasticity in bank circulation. Under a system of note issues such as the countries of Europe generally have, a tight money-market will draw out new issues and a relaxation of demand will retire them, but our system is too clumsy and unresponsive for such automatic action. With us a bank desiring to increase its issues must deposit Government bonds at the Treasury and order notes printed, which will take four to six months of time. Heretofore, when it desired to retire circulation it had to file notice of its intention and await its turn until at the rate of $3,000,000 a month its application was reached. The amendment now made seeks to encourage the taking out of temporary circulation by facilitating its retirement. A bond-secured circulation is, however, hopelessly unresponsive to business needs, because it is influenced more by the price of bonds than by current interest rates. An issue of notes upon security of this kind does not ordinarily increase a bank's supply of cash. The bonds being worth a premium, it will lose more cash in providing the security than it gets as the result of the transaction. The only way a bank can increase its cash resources under the note-issuing privilege is by borrowing the bonds. Our law has only one end in view, and that is security. To accomplish this a National bank is required to make an investment entirely outside the field of commercial banking, and its note issues are so related to the market price of bonds that the true function of such issues, which is to effect an economy in the handling of the country's exchanges, is entirely lost sight of.

The provision of the Aldrich act which authorizes the reissue of United States notes in ones, twos and fives, and of gold certificates in tens, is an extension of the policy, inaugurated by the act of March 14th, 1900, of reducing the Government credit notes to small bills. Under the act of 1900 the amount of silver

certificates in ones, twos and fives has increased from $181,386,093 on February 28th, 1900, to $446,746,069 on February 28th, 1907, and at the last date the total of outstanding silver certificates in denominations above ten dollars was only $25,226,931. These certificates have been thus scattered and engaged in the retail trade and can never again be a menace to the Treasury. The Aldrich act will dispose of the legal-tender notes in the same way. Eventually all the Government's credit notes may be reduced to the one-dollar size, and by restricting the legal-tender power of that denomination to payments of, say, $100, the Secretary of the Treasury may be authorized to issue and redeem them to satisfy all demands, as in the case of the subsidiary coins. Then the $150,000,000 reserve fund in gold and the entire reserve of silver coin can be dispensed with and become general assets of the Treasury. The aggregate value of these two funds, counting the silver at its bullion value, would be $400,000,000 to $500,000,000. Thus we may easily grow out of two great problems which have complicated our politics, to wit: how to dispose of the greenbacks, and what to do with the overvalued silver dollar.

The main problems connected with our monetary and fiscal systems are not disposed of by the Aldrich act. We still have no resource in a financial emergency except the importation of gold. We still have the cumbersome Sub-Treasury system (except as modified by the Secretary's authority to make deposits in banks) likened by Daniel Webster to the fiscal system of Darius, King of Persia. We still take our chances that the Secretary of the Treasury, whoever in the future he may be, will voluntarily correct the mischievous effects of the Independent Treasury by judicious use of the banks. We still compel the Secretary to bear the responsibility of selecting the banks in which deposits shall be made, and of determining how much each bank shall have and what the security shall be, although these duties inevitably involve him in the most disagreeable kind of criticism a public official is called upon to endure. Seven years ago there were about 250 depositories; now there are 1,225, and with 6,411 National banks in the country the task of distribution has only begun. It is just getting to be known that public deposits are to be had by energetic solicitation, and Senators and Congressmen in all parts of the country are under pressure to help secure

these favors. This pressure comes from an influential class of their constituents, and the Secretary of the Treasury is directly subjected to it by a provision of the Aldrich act, instructing him to "distribute the deposits herein provided for equitably as far as possible between the different States and sections." Under this mandate there is no reason why every National bank may not claim a share. Besides the profit from the deposits the prestige of being selected as a National depository makes the designation desirable, and if one bank in a neighborhood is able to advertise this mark of confidence its competitors all want to be placed on an equality with it. The task of arranging such a distribution, and looking after the security, if the scarcity of Government bonds requires the acceptance of other securities, is an intolerable if not impossible one. Imagine the situation when it becomes necessary to reduce deposits and the Secretary must select the banks to be dropped!

The operations of the Treasury are growing in magnitude every year, and the difficulties inherent in present methods become correspondingly greater every year. Receipts and disbursements are each approaching $1,000,000,000 a year. If this vast sum flowed through the Treasury in a steady stream, its management would be a comparatively simple matter; but the greater its volume the greater are the possible fluctuations and possible differences between receipts and disbursements, and the consequent difficulties in managing the surplus.

The people of nearly every other important commercial country of the world have worked these problems out to their satisfaction, and it is a significant fact that they have all come to practically the same system. The French have entrusted to the Bank of France, a semi-official institution, with a capital of 182,500,000 francs, these functions, which they have deemed it impracticable for the Minister of Finance to discharge; and the management of French finance has been the admiration of the world. The Germans are as hard-headed in business affairs as any people in the world, and they have entrusted these functions to the Imperial Bank of Germany, with a capital of 180,000,000 marks, of which the Chancellor of the Empire is the official head. The Japanese are recognized as thorough in whatever they undertake. They copied our system of national banks in 1872, providing circulating notes based on deposits of Government

bonds; but they have since established the Bank of Japan, modelled after the Imperial Bank of Germany, and made it the only bank of issue and the agency through which the Government conducts its fiscal operations. Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands and all other European countries manage their fiscal affairs in a similar manner. The services of the Bank of England to the British Government are well understood, but its system of note issues is generally recognized as inferior to that of the Imperial Bank of Germany. These great semi-official institutions, by which other Governments correlate their Treasuries to the business world, are performing their functions satisfactorily. Why may we not profit by their experience?

Whenever a great central banking institution is proposed for the United States, the common response is that we tried it once, and hence it is useless to make another effort. It is said that such an institution is an appropriate agency for a monarchy, but out of place in a republic—that it would be controlled by Wall Street or drawn into politics, and that it would be antagonistic to our system of independent banks.

To the first argument, the answer is that the task of handling the Treasury finances is not necessarily different under a republic from what it is under an empire. It is quite as injurious to business in a republic to have large sums withdrawn from circulation and locked up in a Treasury vault as it would be in an empire, and even more difficult for the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to distribute this money in bank deposits than it would be for the Minister of Finance of Russia to do it. Furthermore, the tendency to organization and centralization in industry and finance is not peculiar to monarchies, but in the degree in which it gives higher efficiency it is quite inevitable in republics, and the question is not whether there shall be centralization in banking, but whether it shall be directed and controlled by the Government. Unification and centralization are going on in financial circles now, and to an extent perhaps not fully appreciated. The great banks of New York, with their connections, are more powerful relatively now than they would be with a central banking institution dominated by the Government and organized as outlined below.

It is apparent, however, that a central bank for the United States would have to be organized now on a somewhat different

plan from the old United States Bank or any of the foreign banks. Our existing banking institutions, State and National, should not and need not be antagonized or interfered with. On the contrary, they should be used as integral factors in the new system. The central institution should be a bank for bankers only, and its stock should be placed entirely with the National and State banks of the country. Suppose the new institution to have a capital of, say, $50,000,000, the shares to be apportioned to State and National banks on the basis of their capital. Let this institution take over all the funds of the Treasury, except the $150,000,000 reserve and the coin held against certificates. Give it authority to issue notes to the amount of, say, $100,000,000, and more under the tax provision of the Imperial Bank of Germany. Establish a branch office in every city where there is now a Sub-Treasury and in other important centres—at least one in each State. Turn over the functions of the Sub-Treasuries to this institution, and have it handle the receipts and disbursements as the central banks abroad do for their Governments. Confine its lending operations to re-discounts of short-time paper for its own stockholders.

Such a bank must be so organized that control cannot pass to a few, or to one locality, and the Treasury Department should be able to control its general policy. There should be such a division of authority that, while the Government might shape the general policy, the details of management, the placing of loans, the selection of employees, etc., would be in the hands of officials representing the stockholders. Such a division of authority between the State and the stockholders is not experimental. It is a feature of the two greatest banking institutions of the world, the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany. A brief sketch of the organization and relations to the Government of these two institutions will be instructive in this connection.

The capital of the Bank of France is paid in by private shareholders, who are represented in the management by a Board of Regents, of fifteen members, of whom three must be Treasury officials, and by three Censors. The former correspond to an ordinary board of directors. The Censors are, as the name would indicate, inspectors or auditors. They are independent of the official staff appointed to watch over the execution of the laws and regulations and give an account of such supervision to the

stockholders. The executive officers of the Bank are a Governor and two assistants called Under-Governors, all of whom are appointed by the President of France. No paper can be discounted unless approved by the Governor and also by a Discount Committee of the Regents. The Bank is required by law to have at least one branch in every Department of France. The Director of each branch is appointed by the President of the Republic from among three, whose names are submitted by the Governor of the Bank. Each Director is assisted by an Administration Council composed of six to twelve members, who are appointed by the Governor from a list of double the number presented by the Board of Regents. There are also three Censors for each branch, chosen directly by the Regents. The executive staff of the Bank, among whom are a Secretary-General, Comptroller-General and Chief Cashier, is appointed by the Governor. The Bank, at the last renewal of its charter, which occurred in 1897, in return for its privileges agreed to loan the Republic 180,000,000 francs for the term of the Charter, without interest, to pay a tax on its productive circulation equal to one-eighth of one per cent. of the discount rate, and, whenever the discount is above five per cent., to pay three-fourths of the excess into the public Treasury. The present legal limit of the Bank's circulation is 5,800,000,000 francs, but the limit is constantly being raised.

The capital of the Imperial Bank of Germany, like that of the Bank of France, is all supplied by private shareholders. The authority of the Government is exercised by a Board of Directors, appointed by the Emperor, at the head of which is the Chancellor, or Prime Minister, of the Empire. His acting representative is the responsible manager of the Bank. None of these officers may own stock in the Bank. The stockholders are represented by a Central Committee of fifteen members, which assembles at least once a month. This committee reviews the conduct of the Bank, makes recommendations and looks after the interests of the shareholders generally. The continuous and special oversight in the interest of the shareholders is exercised by a special committee of three, chosen from the Central Committee, and known as Deputies. These Deputies are authorized to attend all meetings of the Imperial Board, with advisory votes, and are expected to be present during business hours and take cognizance of the routine business, inspect the books, audit the accounts, have knowl-

edge of the cash, etc. The profits of the Bank are divided between the shareholders and the Imperial Treasury as follows: First, three and one-half per cent. to the shareholders; of all additional profits, one-quarter to shareholders and three-quarters to the Treasury. There is no legal limitation upon the note circulation of the Bank, except the provision that one-third of its circulation must be covered by coin and bullion, and that a tax of five per cent. must be paid upon all issues above a certain limit, which has been raised from time to time.

These institutions provide the machinery through which the Treasury Departments of France and Germany perform their appropriate functions with relation to the public funds and the supervision of the circulating medium. They are properly dual in management, because on the one side they have official responsibilities, while on the other they enter directly into the business life of these countries. Through them, the Governments come into closer and more practical relations with the business world than they could in any other way. The scheme is in no sense an experiment. In both countries it is an unquestioned success. The fact that the plan has been almost universally copied affords the strongest possible endorsement of it. The influence of the shareholders, who furnish the capital, is naturally for a practical and efficient administration, while the authority of the state is exercised under a sense of responsibility to the whole country and subordinates the idea of profit to public service. This combination of private interest and public authority affords the system of checks and balances which should accompany all grants of power.

A central bank for this country which served only as a connecting link between the Treasury and existing State and National banks would not hold the commanding position of the two institutions described, but the general plan upon which they are organized suggests how most of the objections to such an institution could be met. Suppose its stock to be held by National and State banks in proportion to their capitalization; allow the stockholders to select a Board of Directors, similar to the Board of Regents of the Bank of France, but let them be elected by territorial districts, so that every part of the country would be represented in proportion to its holdings; create an executive board of, say, five, of which the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency and the Treasurer of the United States

would be three, the other two to be chosen by the Directors, the executive board to determine the general policy of the Bank; let the executive officers be named by the Secretary of the Treasury from a list submitted by the Board of Directors; require the bank to have at least one office in every State, and let the stockholders within a defined territory tributary to each branch select an advisory board for that office, and submit a list of names from which the manager should be appointed; let a corps of inspectors or auditors be appointed, in part by the Secretary of the Treasury, and in part by the Board of Directors, to examine all offices at frequent intervals.

Could such an institution become an offensive monopoly or fall under the control of any locality? Would the danger of its being drawn into politics be greater than the danger of the Treasury being drawn into politics under the present system? Through its branches the funds belonging to the Treasury which its was desirable to have returned to circulation could be placed by loan in any part of the country, and wherever placed the profits would belong to all the stockholders subject to any division with the Treasury that might be provided for. The loans should be rediscounts, restricted to short-time paper arising from the movement of staple commodities to market, and being constantly liquidated.

Through the funds under its control and the note-issuing power given it, the central institution would be able to come to the aid of any bank in the system, provided such bank was worthy of assistance. No sound banking institution in the system need ever fail after the central bank was established. The weakness of our banking system to-day is in the isolation of the individual units. When a real crisis comes, the situation is likely to be aggravated by the efforts of individual banks to strengthen themselves, and by the failure of the unprepared. An effort is made in the cities to remedy this isolation by cooperation through the clearing-house associations, and the benefits of closer relations in time of stress have been experienced repeatedly. The central institution would be a bond of union for both State and National systems, and would virtually place the resources of the Government behind them whenever the public welfare was concerned. The existing banks would not be disturbed, but they would be federated for certain purposes. If the profits of the central institution were

divided with the Treasury, after the plan of the Imperial Bank of Germany, the returns upon the stock would not be large, but the security afforded to every bank in the system would make it an object for each to take its quota.

Finally, the note-issuing power vested in the central bank would give this country a degree of independence of conditions abroad which it does not now have. For weeks lately, the price of foreign exchange has been such that gold importations could have been made with profit; but they have not been made, although money was badly needed in New York, because the withdrawal of gold from foreign markets would create a disturbance which might react disastrously in New York. Six months ago, notice was virtually served on New York bankers that the taking of gold from London at that time would be regarded as an unfriendly act. An untoward event abroad which would create a demand for ready money might at any time cause the return of such quantities of American securities as to occasion gold exports from New York, and there is no assurance that such demands will consult our convenience. They might fall imperatively upon a situation already strained to the limit. During the last two years there has existed the possibility of a collapse of Russian securities which would force liquidation in every market of Europe. This country needs the machinery by which its credit could be used in such an emergency and its industrial interests shielded from the blow. With the notes of such an institution to temporarily take the place of gold in the domestic exchanges, these international demands could be met and the situation adjusted to them. The note circulation, with its elastic possibilities, would be a buffer or cushion to ease the shock. The difference between ability to satisfy all legitimate needs, at even a high rate of interest, and inability to meet such demands at all, is the difference between gradual adjustment and industrial collapse.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS.

A GREAT NEW YORK JOURNALIST.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

We have had great New York journalists enough and to spare in the past, not to speak of the present, and it will not perhaps surprise the reader to realize that, in spite of their greatness, they were not New-Yorkers, though they were certainly journalists, leaving each a vivid and sometimes a profound impress on their time and place. Not to go so far back as James Watson Webb, there was James Gordon Bennett, who was Scotch, and his antithesis Horace Greeley, who was of the Scotch-Irish stock settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire. A little before either was William Cullen Bryant, the poet, from the Massachusetts hill-country, and much later there was Charles A. Dana, of New Hampshire and then of that transcendental air about Boston, crystallized for a shining hour in the community of Brook Farm. George William Curtis, who, though never the head of a powerful daily New York newspaper, was a great journalist in the highest sense, was again from New England, and again from Brook Farm. Henry J. Raymond was born on an up-State farm, and came to the metropolis the graduate of a small Vermont college. Edwin Lawrence Godkin, with whom the list must close, if we are not to deal with the great journalists who are still living, was of Irish birth and Irish and English breeding, and of a temperament equally representative of his mingled Irish and English descent. He was so far from being a New-Yorker in origin or in education that he was a fully mature Queen's College, Belfast, man, a student of law in Lincoln's Inn, and much experienced in journalistic life as a writer for the London press, and as the Crimean correspondent of the London "News," before he began journalist here in 1857, as a writer on the "New York Times."

It is not my purpose to rehearse, or even slightly sketch, the story of his life, which Mr. Rollo Ogden* has told so well in parts, and in part has allowed to tell itself so well in the two volumes which have lately appeared. The work, always done with taste, with temperance, with sympathy by the author of the biography, has had efficient help from the subject, for nothing fell from Godkin's pen which was not characteristically forcible, characteristically transparent, characteristically pungent. His style always had atmosphere, and this atmosphere was always invigorating for most readers, even when it was irritating to some. It had savor, too, and was never so dilute with daily effusion as not to taste of a mind full of Celtic juices, cleared by English culture. The sort of man he was appeared in whatever he wrote, and his biographer is wisely sparing of the comment to which a less obvious and a less outright subject must have tempted him. Almost from the beginning, therefore, the great journalist tells his own story in the selection which the biographer judiciously makes from his correspondence, from letters alike open whether addressed to personal friends or impersonal readers. From the beginning they take hold on the imagination and invite it to realize the writer as he was in life and through life.

Naturally, the passages which embody his youth to us are the most attractive, though he did not change in quality, but only grew firmer and harder with advancing years. The young journalist, ardent for the cause of freedom to which he was constant at first in Ireland, then in the struggling peoples of the Continent, and then in the land of his ideal here, the land largely of his disillusion, but never wholly of his disappointment, has the charm of a fresh talent in those admirable letters to the London "News" from the seat of the Crimean War which made him known to the English world. They evince the power of observation and inference which he showed directly afterwards when he came to America and began the scrutiny of moral causes so soon to eventuate in a war far outreaching in consequence that of any war precipitated by European diplomacy. He had felt so strongly for the oppressed nationalities that he had come to the help of Hungary in a sketch of her history when that seemed

* "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin." Edited by Rollo Ogden. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

to have ended as a separate history; and when he began his travels through the Southern States in the later eighteen-fifties, he showed the same genuine, unsentimentalized feeling for the far more wretched and pitiable race which he found enslaved there. Every word of what he wrote concerning the semi-barbaric conditions in the South is of value. The rude aristocracy which romance has rehabilitated in the likeness of a splendid patriciate since the war destroyed slavery, he lets us see as it really was, bragging, bullying, drinking, shooting, spitting, and yet possessed of a political force and a native intellectual vigor, as well as a dauntless courage and a military genius, which made it one of the most interesting anomalies of history. He shows us the poor whites in their squalor and the black slaves in their misery, and he strips from the civilization founded on the subjection of both the glamour of its pseudo-hospitality and pseudo-chivalry. The most poignant passages of his Southern letters are those which shed their clear light upon the constant necessity that slavery had of blighting fresh regions; and hardly anywhere else is there such a realistic picture of the incident suffering as he paints of a planter's family making its way from the older to the newer country, and of the hopeless slaves who must bear the heaviest burden of the pilgrimage without a ray of light in the horizons before them, and with no incentive but the lash. Of his transit of a Mississippi swamp he writes:

"I fell in with an emigrant party on their way to Texas. Their mules had sunk in the mud . . . the wagons were already embedded as far as the axles. The women of the party, lightly clad in cotton, had walked for miles, knee-deep in water, through the brake, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and were now crouching, forlorn and woe-begone, under the shelter of a tree. . . . The men were making feeble attempts to light a fire. . . . 'Colonel,' said one of them as I rode past, 'this is the gate of hell, ain't it?' . . . The hardships the negroes go through who are attached to these emigrant parties baffle description. . . . They trudge on foot all day through mud and thicket without rest or respite. . . . Thousands of miles are traversed by these weary wayfarers without their knowing or caring why, urged on by the whip and in the full assurance that no change of place can bring any change to them. . . . Hard work, coarse food, merciless floggings, are all that await them, and all they can look to. I have never passed them,—staggering along in the rear of the wagons at the close of a long day's march, the weakest furthest in the rear, the strongest already utterly spent, without wondering how Christendom, which eight centuries ago

rose in arms for a sentiment, can look so calmly on at so foul and monstrous a wrong as this American slavery."

He bore faithful witness against the essential atrocity of the system which the South would have destroyed the Union to perpetuate; yet his study of the South was as wholly without prejudice as it remained without rancor. When the war had ended all that, and the tragi-comedy of reconstruction began, the South had no juster friend in the North than he who had seen it with such unsparing eyes.

On coming back to New York at the end of his travels in 1857, he prepared himself for admission to the bar, but he continued his correspondence for the London "News," and he slowly but inevitably began to identify himself with the journalism of the city where he had cast his lot. He was at all times much more able to do justice to alien temperaments and personalities than people who knew him only in the long fight he waged with civic abuses, and witnessed his unsparing use of ridicule, sarcasm and invective with his opponents, could well imagine. He, for instance, early admired in the New York "Tribune" the qualities in that great newspaper which the occasional defect of them in its founder could not neutralize, and the characterization of Horace Greeley himself which he has left is a masterpiece of criticism, as generous as it is just. He could not be called a dispassionate observer of men; he was a very impassioned observer; but with his profound and essential belief in the perfectibility of society, he had the correlative wish to be fair to its imperfect particles. It might be said of him, as Heine said of himself, that he loved his enemies, but not until they were dead; yet he was never, even in their lifetimes, without a tenderness for his enemies, or for what was quaint, for what was grotesque in them, for what was human; they appealed to his kindness, if only through his rich sense of humor. If he was unable at the same time to spare them, it was because his conscience, erring or unerring, forbade him to spare them.

A closer knowledge of him than the knowledge his biographer has shared with all, began for me with our personal acquaintance in the first year of "The Nation," when he had already achieved a high place in New York journalism. He had then definitely relinquished the law, and had been for some years a writer of leaders in the "New York Times," where I came upon his traces

when I also aspired to write for the "Times." I believe he had not quite ceased to write there when I began to offer literary papers to him as the editor of "The Nation." He was one of several editors to whom I was then offering such papers, and one day he asked me what my aggregate gains from them came to; then he struck an average in his proposal for my entire literary output, and the next day I came down to the office of the "Nation," where every day for three months after I wrote at a desk in his room, and in his constant companionship. This was one of the most charming passages of a life which I sometimes think has been unduly favored in that way, for we were not so far apart in age that we could not meet on the common ground of young manhood, and we were of a like temperament in the willingness to laugh and make laugh. The world was not so serious then but we could find something amusing in each day's events, and we shared our pleasure in these as we went over the morning's papers respectively, and came on the suggestions for our day's work.

Often before I had found mine his back was turned, and he was busy with the weightier topic which had engaged him before I had settled upon the social or psychological interest which I thought I could turn to account. His journalistic instinct was pretty promptly shown in estimating my powers, such as they were, and in presently appointing their use in a special department to which they were confined as long as I was connected with "The Nation." If something peculiarly fit for it struck us, we talked it over together, and he did not mind turning away from his own manuscript, and listening to what I had written, if the subject had offered any chance for fun. Then his laugh, his Irish laugh, hailed my luck with it, or his honest English misgiving expressed itself in a criticism which I had to own just. At the end of our day, we sometimes walked up-town together, talking through the roar of the Broadway omnibuses of the many things which interest men in their earlier thirties and their later twenties, and when we parted I always carried with me a heightened impulse and a freshened incentive for the work of the morrow.

I give my experience of him, which is none the less a kindly memory, because I know that it was different in effect from the experience of some others. When, in March, I went to take up

the literary life in Boston, which in one form or other kept me there for twenty-five years, I began to get my genial comrade of the mornings' talk, the mornings' work, more in perspective, and to see him, as the admirable men about me saw him, for the national force into which he was developing. "The Nation" had been founded, in a sort, as the especial organ of the freedmen, if that is not stating it too loosely; but it soon outgrew that limit and became the transcendent influence for honest politics, which it continued until its distinctive individuality was lost by its devolution into the weekly edition of "The Evening Post." But for at least ten years it was the exponent of those who wished our political life to throw off its unprincipled boyishness, and assume the responsibilities and ideals of maturity. It made for dignity as well as purity, and in the dismal reconstruction darkness for something like enlightened patience and circumspection. It is no secret that it hurt and disappointed many of its friends, and it hurt some whom it did not disappoint. It can now do no harm to say that Lowell sometimes winced under "The Nation's" criticisms of his literature, while he held steadfastly to its politics. He and the friends who were next him did justice to what they believed the immense and exceptional service which "The Nation" rendered in maintaining the principles of good government and of public morals in general. They believed that the editor did more to influence public opinion and to give right direction to it for many years than any other man. He raised, they believed, the general level of editorial writing throughout the United States; but I myself heard him do justice to services of others in this cause, specifically to those of Mr. Whitelaw Reid in refusing all part in the personalities which had tended to puerilize New York journalism before his time. But these strong and pure friends of his maintained that in the combination of intellectual power, moral integrity and courage, trained intelligence, knowledge of mankind, devotion to public ends, capacity of clear statement and of well-reasoned argument, he had a solitary preeminence; and that in comparison with these qualities, his defects were inconsiderable.

I do not say that they were mistaken, but only that, from my own knowledge of our journalism, I had found the qualities for which he was unquestionably distinguished less infrequent than they might have believed. What he undoubtedly did was to

assemble and array these qualities in a make-up, under a generalship of singular ability and initiative, against the opposing influences. There were other good men, in and about Boston, especially some survivors of the old, impassioned anti-slavery times, who accused "The Nation" of faltering in the cause to which it had been, as they conceived, originally dedicated. These were, perhaps, such as had been wounded in their favorite opinions, or preferences, or prejudices, but they were also just and truthful persons in certain cases. Whatever they were, they were united with its believers in confessing the power of the new journal: an English liberal journal, on the American terms, with a strong infusion of Irish wit and fight. Whether we liked it or not, or trusted it or not, we looked eagerly for it every week, and read it, and repeated its sayings with a faith in their importance and finality which still survives in Cambridge. Very likely it survives in the pride and affection of other intellectual centres, and very likely "The Nation" might still be the power of old days if it had continued singly or solely to engage the energies of its founder.

No other publication became so nearly the "organ" of the universities. But the time had come for the editor to take that leading place in New York journalism which only a leading daily newspaper offers the man capable of holding it. "The Evening Post" became Godkin's primary interest, and "The Nation" became his secondary interest. The editorials of the "Post" were reproduced in "The Nation," and most of its literary matter, though I believe it was not quite a mere weekly edition of the "Post," but had some features and properties of its own. Yet, somehow, it slipped more into the background, and, somehow, the "Post" came more into the foreground; one may say this without impeaching its continuing excellence. Oddly enough, however, unless I am misreading history, or mistaking the situation, the editor, with an increasing local force, lost something of his national influence, while he gained international recognition. He dealt as strenuously, as faithfully, as ever with national politics, but in this field he grew more critical and conservative, while in foreign matters he held the advanced position of English Liberalism, beyond which, perhaps, he never passed even in his ideals. At the same time, he became so deeply, so intensely, interested in the questions of

municipal government, or misgovernment, more strictly speaking, that while read and trusted at home and abroad for his views of international affairs, he was perhaps less remembered in connection with our general politics than he had been. It would not do to say that he lost his following in these, but it will do to say, I think, that his struggle with the atrocious, the indecent misgovernment of the metropolis was what chiefly centred people's interest upon him. For a long series of years he cried aloud and spared not; his burning wit, his crushing invective, his biting sarcasm, his amusing irony, his pitiless logic, were all devoted to the extermination of the rascality by nature and the rascals by name who misruled that hapless city, where they indeed afterwards changed their name but not their nature.

He wore himself out in the pursuit of them, but he did not wear them out, at least in their succession, as any one may realize who looks at the insolent neglect of our squalid streets, or knows the corruption of our police, or hears the tales of open or hidden graft in our administration, or sees the efforts for civic reform baffled on every hand. Reform, here, does not reform; it scarcely arrests; if a gentleman is chosen mayor, honest men seem no better off than before. The story, as concerns Godkin, has its immense pathos. It is an inexpressible pity that so much power for good should apparently go for so little, and that evil should remain where it was before, qualitatively as strong, and quantitatively greater, than it was before the long struggle with it began. But in this fight he became not only a great New York journalist, but distinctively the greatest, since he was more singly devoted to civic affairs than any other great New York journalist ever was.

The people tired of the fight before their champion tired, it came to be said; and when it came to be said, it came to be thought that the new "Evening Post" was always "finding fault," always "scolding." It came to be said, and it came to be thought, that the editor was a pessimist. But nothing, I conceive, could be more fantastically mistaken as a notion of his nature or his character. If pessimism means anything—and to most people who use the word I do not suppose it means anything — it means despair of the prevalence of good through a divine government of the universe, or through the conscious endeavor of humanity for the right. Pessimism, if such a thing

ever really exists, accepts the worst of all possible worlds as final, and cynically ignores what makes for good inside or outside of us, smiling at the illusion of anything different as a soap-bubble Utopia. But this was not the mood of a man who never rested, while his strength lasted, in his struggle with evil. He believed in the existence of incarnate rascality, of deviltry positive and active night and day, but he did not the less keep up his sleepless fight with it. At the same time, he ardently trusted, with the whole force of his generous Celtic nature, with the whole weight of his solid Saxon mind, in the possibility of overcoming this rascality, this deviltry, and he gave himself, heart and soul, but without alloy of sentimentality, to its extirpation. I do not know, but I think it possible, that he might sometimes have said, after he was obliged by sickness and weakness to lay down his arms, that he had fought a losing fight, but I do not believe he ever thought that, with time enough and health enough, he could not have made it a winning fight. He must have seen some evidences, partial and transient indeed, of success; he had witnessed from time to time the flight of certain rascals, and he could well have hoped for the exile of rascality. He might have laughed in kindly self-derision at the succession of other rascals to the crown of rascality, but some day, far or near, he believed that round and top of sovereignty would roll in the dust.

His attitude towards America came to be misunderstood, through those who confused it with his hatred of American rascality. Because he cried out on this so incessantly, that it was supposed that he did not believe either in our perfection or our perfectibility; but he did believe in the last though not in the first, and no honest man, not a fool, can pretend to believe in our perfection. He was accused of being foreign-born, and he was undeniably so; he was accused of impatriotism, both as to the land of his birth and the land of his adoption; but nothing could be more false. He never ceased to be a true Irishman, in his love of Ireland's right to self-rule, and he never ceased to be a true American in his love of America's ruling by right alone. He abhorred the jingo ideal of our aggrandizement by battle-ship; he held that, before we sought to become a world-power, we were the greatest as well as safest power in the world because of our moral preeminence, our lofty ideals of justice, our devotion to humanity. In the minor matters of our social character, of

the fineness and goodness that too often lurked beneath our unpleasant surfaces, no one has ever made a franker, bolder, truer representation to the English criticism than he has done in several of his admirable letters. He did understand us, he did believe in us, for he knew not only what we were, but what we were capable of becoming.

When the shadow of war threatened us, when the clouds that our rain-makers had beaten up rolled and gathered over us, he wrote certain things in his journal which seemed shockingly out of taste to those readers who like to pretend that a good war is not hideous. He had seen war, and he had not forgotten how it looked, and how it looked he told his readers, so that they could not fail to see with his eyes that war literally meant men with their skulls burst open, their heads shot off, their limbs scattered, their entrails torn out, their unspeakable agony, whether they lived or died; that war was burning towns and trampled fields, with women and children blown to pieces in the blazing streets or houses, or starving amidst the wasted harvests. He set these things down in plain words, with a simple force of truth such as Vereschagin did not surpass in his awful canvases; and no doubt he increased the popular apprehension of his pessimism. But, all the while, his essential optimism forbade him to believe that the worst could come; he could not really imagine that the Americans, if it could in any wise be shunned or escaped, would plunge into that hell. On the very brink of the catastrophe, I met him once, and we talked together, sadly enough as to the fact in the abstract, and as to the probable effect it would have on our national life; but at last he broke away from the dismal forecast, and with a laugh that came from a heart of faith in humanity, in America, he ended our gloomy parley with the words, "Well, there isn't going to be any war!" Within a week one of our cruisers had seized a wretched Spanish ship-captain's trading-vessel in the Gulf, and the newspapers had told how the poor man had cried over the destruction of his little fortune, and of his livelihood; and then there had come news of the first American blood spilt in a quarrel out of which we had refused to find a peaceful issue. The prophet was not a very good prophet, but as a pessimist he was surely not of a rounded perfection.

W. D. Howells.

TEMPORARY INDUSTRIAL FELLOWSHIPS.

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN, PROFESSOR OF INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

THAT all industries have problems of a scientific nature may readily be discovered by simply inquiring of any manufacturer whatever. In these days, he will not only admit that he has these problems, but he is apt to complain, even bitterly, that he cannot find the men to solve them, and, moreover, that their continued lack of solution means, imminently, loss or failure to his individual instance of the industry. In the past few decades, while these problems were present, ever and always, they were masked, or, at any rate, their importance was masked, by the wealth of raw materials that lay everywhere at hand; by an aggressive tariff, that concealed from the manufacturer the practical presence of the problems; and by a certain facility in what may not unfairly be called business intrigue, which enabled him to supplement the waste in his factory by combinations for the elimination of competition; finally, the needs of the population have been so open-mouthed and hungry that the cruel edge of competition lay long unsharpened.

Now, however, in all industries, conditions are radically changing. The unexampled and wasteful production of the country bids fair to result in overproduction; in the practice of business intrigue each manufacturer has sharpened the face of his rival to a razor-edge; the wealth of raw materials has in large measure been aggregated into the holdings of a few men, who release these products to the manufacturer only at an onerous and distressful rate; the tariff, high as it is, is still unable to exclude many articles of foreign manufacture made under the intelligent supervision of modern science; and, for we live in parlous times, the tariff, itself, on its present high pinnacle lies in unstable equi-

librium. The steady growth in the introduction of articles of foreign manufacture made with the aid of modern science is no mere silliness of the imagination. To one who, like the writer, has spent a year in Europe in the continued investigation of the extent to which science is applied to modern industry, the situation could only be characterized adequately through utterance that would be sensational. The Germany of the days prior to the Prussian conquest has passed away and the new Germany is a Germany of workshops; and workshops, too, in which, in the intelligent application of means to ends, which constitutes the scientific method, in the eagerness to harness new knowledge to their service, and in a willingness to spend money in intelligent experimentation, there is demonstrated a condition of almost perfect functioning. In France, also, though not with the same method, but in a spirit as eager and intelligent, there is the same turning over into sensible scientific conduct of the traditional industries and the same activity in the establishment of new ones. In Italy, too, long deemed a land of languorous ineptitude, the scientific spirit has stirred into active being a multitude of new industries. Even in England, there is abroad in the land the spirit of applied science.

Nowhere else, however, is there in evidence the same system of coordination and cooperation in industry as there is in Germany. The universities are coordinated with the industries, and so are the banks and the great steamship companies; all of them constituting a system of cooperation so observable that it forces the conclusion that it is not the unconscious outcome of the German character, but the result, rather, of an active and conscious plan.

Apposite to this statement, and indeed typical, is the case of a German university professor who discovered a new process. His first step was to present it to the experts of one of the great factories concerned; his second was to present it to the Deutsche Bank, which employed its own experts to report on the validity and practicability of the process. As a result, the professor with his discovery, the Deutsche Bank with its funds, and the company with its immense facilities for investigating the discovery on a large scale, formed a little company of three for the exploitation of the process. How impossible would be such an arrangement in this country!

Thus it is in Europe; but what about America? It is no

mistake to say that American manufacture is a chaos of confusion and waste. It is no mistake, either, to say that the American manufacturer now knows it. This confusion and waste, it should be said, is chemical, not mechanical. Along the lines of mechanical contrivances America need acknowledge no peer. But mechanical contrivances are but a small part of the operations of modern industry. Since every manufacturer deals with the modification of substance, and substance is the business of chemistry, every manufacturer is just exactly to that extent chemical. That this fundamental truth has not, in the past, been recognized is due largely to the fact that the manufacturers of the last generation were, generally speaking, men endowed with great natural abilities but of small education—men who, starting as factory "hands," worked themselves up through the grades of foreman and superintendent to managerships and presidencies. To such men, science and the scientific method meant literally nothing; it was outside their ken, and they had all the impatience and disdain of the "practical man" for what they called the "theoretical fellow." With the growth of the combinations of capital, however, and with the coming of a schooled generation of business men, matters have assumed a different aspect. Naturally enough, the large organizations of capital have been the first to appreciate the working value of the leaven of new knowledge, and it is in marked degree due to this appreciation that they have successfully differentiated their factory processes from those of small companies or individual manufacturers. The small manufacturer, failing in the stress of competition, often ascribes to business intrigue and combination a competitive success that actually belongs to modern chemistry. There is, as a matter of fact, a singular difference to-day between the factory practice of different companies in any one industry. This is for the reason that the larger companies, while employing expert scientific advice with huge resulting economies, keep their improved processes strictly to themselves, for, obviously, in applied science, it does not pay to tell. The result is a situation that to the smaller manufacturer grows more and more intolerable.

There is a question that has come to the writer out of every quarter of the English-speaking lands, and from trust organizations and small manufacturers alike: "How can we utilize modern knowledge?"

This question, the writer believes, has found its answer in a practical form in a new relation which he has suggested and initiated between the University of Kansas and the people of the country. It lies in giving the manufacturer the privilege of founding in the University a Temporary Industrial Fellowship for the investigation of a specific problem, the solution of which would mutually and materially benefit both the manufacturer himself and the public.

The consistency and propriety of this aid are seen in the accepted dictum that the University stands for the whole good of man — for the *uplift* of man. The absolute function of the University is not only the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, but of *useful* knowledge. It must be remembered that it is only through useful knowledge that the people have gained the material blessings of our new civilization. Furthermore, it must be remembered that every useful agent in our new civilization is the product of an industry, and that it is only through the industries that these new products of civilization can go to the people. New mechanisms—such as the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the X-ray bulb—new medicines, new dyes, new steels, new and improved products that surround us on every side come to us only through the industries. People confuse the blessings of the products of industry with the mixed blessings of the exploiters of industry. Every discovery utilizable by industry is a thread in the fabric of a future and more gracious civilization. The exploiters of industry, on the contrary, are a phenomenon belonging of necessity only to our age. Future men may, and doubtless will, modify and control their powers or altogether eliminate them; but, in the industry which they exploit, there lies the whole hope of the betterment of the world. For science, waste-abhorring, will introduce such economies; and science, the spirit of intelligence, will discover such new processes and agents and powers that man, in the far future, but inevitable, readjustment, will find through science the chance to live. Consequently, the University may with entire propriety lend itself to the increase of useful knowledge, all the more since it forwards this useful knowledge by simply affording the manufacturer the opportunity of helping himself.

That the University can, actually and practically, forward the progress of industry is seen in the consideration of two facts.

First, is the application of new knowledge: the problems that may be solved by the layman in science, even though that layman be a foreman in the factory, have practically disappeared—problems having obvious and apparent answers have all been solved. Again, owing to the continuous acceleration of modern knowledge, the field of science, so long as it is not compared with that which still remains to be discovered, is prodigious in extent—and it is only in the universities that such knowledge is practised and known. It is this knowledge, born and bred in the universities, that is creating industrial revolutions. It may be said on this point that the industries have in their employ their own chemists and other men of science, but such a statement would be barely a partial truth. It is true that the large trust organizations do employ one or two men of science, and the success of these organizations—that is, their real, and not adventitious, success—rests upon the service of these men. As for the smaller manufacturers, however, they employ practically none; their "chemists" should be quotation-marked to mean laboratory boys, trained only to do one testing operation over and over again. Even those men of unquestionable scientific training that are at present employed by the factories are by the very fact of that employment incapable of solving its problems. As one large company recently informed us, such men "cannot see over their own fence," they "cannot see the wood for the trees," they "are killed by their own routine." To take a specific case: A chemist employed by a glass-factory may, sensibly and accurately, analyze the furnace-gas and the soda and lime and sand used in the making of glass, but he could not possibly determine the science of glass-making; that kind of a service was rendered by professors from the University of Jena. The fact is that, in these days, the really important problems can only be solved by the rendering of aid from outside—by men attacking the problem with a perfectly open mind and armed with a wide range of new facts apparently unrelated but potentially applicable. We see this in the actual facts of the case—that it is from the large universities of the world that industry has received in recent years its most valuable gifts. It is well within the mark to say that, during the last ten years, three-fourths of the discoveries of industrial importance have emanated either from the universities or from men whose knowledge was obtained therein.

But the beneficence of the University extends not only to the solution of an industrial problem, but, also, to the furnishing of men. That "good men" are scarce is, of course, a truism; but it is terribly apposite in these days. The modern manufacturer advisedly economizes in everything but salaries, and the very considerable salaries paid to good men is ample evidence of their rarity. Now, the purlieus of adolescent "good men" are the laboratories of the University. There it is that men are "tried out," and there it is, too, that men are known better than they know themselves. When, therefore, the University accepts from a manufacturer the foundation of an industrial fellowship, it not only provides an expert intense attempt to solve a problem by the application of the newest of new knowledge, but, as well, it provides for that industry a "good man," whom the industry would do well to cherish, or, at any rate, the best man available.

The character of these Fellowships is best demonstrated by a specific case such as we give below:

The A. B. Industrial Fellowship.

For the purpose of promoting the increase of useful knowledge, the University of Kansas accepts from *The A. B. Company, of Chicago,** the foundation of a Temporary Industrial Fellowship to be known as *The A. B. Fellowship.*

It is mutually agreed and understood that the conditions governing this Fellowship shall be as follows:

The exclusive purpose of this Fellowship is *The discovery of Improvements in the Chemistry of Laundering,* to the furtherance of which the holder of this Fellowship shall give his whole time and attention.

The Fellow shall be appointed by the Chancellor of the University, the Director of the Chemical Department and the Professor of Industrial Chemistry; he shall be a member of the University and shall pay all regular fees, including laboratory fees; he shall work under the advice and direction of the Professor of Industrial Chemistry, and he shall forward periodically, through the Professor of Industrial Chemistry, reports of the progress of his work to *The A. B. Company.*

For the support of this Fellowship, which shall extend through a period of *Two Years* from the date of appointment of the Fellow, *The A. B. Company* agree to pay *Five Hundred Dollars* per year, payable annually to the University on the *First of March.* This sum shall be paid by the University in monthly instalments to the holder of the Fellowship.

Any and all discoveries made by the Fellow during the tenure of his Fellowship shall become the property of *The A. B. Company* subject,

* The written parts of the agreement are printed in italics.

however, to the payment by them to the Fellow of one-tenth of the net proceeds arising from such discoveries, it being understood that the Fellow shall be regarded as the inventor. At or before the expiration of the Fellowship, the business services of the Fellow may be secured by *The A. B. Company* for a term of *Three Years* on condition that the terms of such services are satisfactory to both parties at interest.

It is also understood and agreed that, on the expiration of the Fellowship, the holder thereof shall have completed a comprehensive monograph on *The Chemistry of Laundering* containing both what he and others have been able to discover. A copy of this monograph shall be forwarded to *The A. B. Company*, and a copy shall be signed and placed in the archives of the University until the expiration of three years from that date, when the University shall be at liberty to publish it for the use and benefit of the people.

It will be seen that this Fellowship affects three different parties: The Industry, the University standing for the people, and the Fellow appointed.

As for the Industry: The A. B. Company is concerned with the manufacture of Launderers' materials. This Company believes that the Laundry business, while along mechanical lines it may be considered to have reached a condition of what might be called terminal perfection, along chemical lines is conducted on a basis of almost mediæval ignorance; that it has been developed upon the slenderest knowledge of the material of cotton and linen textiles; and that it is practised with a joyous disregard of the whole body of modern chemical knowledge. It believes that the chemical methods of the present-day laundry can not only be changed, but radically changed; and it also believes that this change must be initiated from the outside—that its own chemists cannot solve its problems. Consequently, the Company has appreciated the opportunity of founding in this progressive University in the West a Temporary Fellowship for the solution of this one specific problem, for it sees that in combining the "inside" knowledge and big facilities of its factories with the special knowledge and trained action of the University and its Fellow, there lies a sane practical chance of a happy solution. It is willing to offer the Fellow appointed not merely the yearly $500 which constitutes the stipend of his Fellowship, but, in addition, one-tenth of the value of all that he can discover, as well as, ultimately, a permanent position with the Company on a mutually satisfactory basis—one-tenth, because a tax of a tithe upon a successful innovation in factory practice can never be

burdensome, and a permanent position, because, if the Fellow succeeds, the Company must have him, and, whether or not, it always needs "good men."

The University, listening, as becomes a State University, with its ear to the ground; and unlike those institutions that are concerned only with their own self-perpetuation, has heard the murmurs of the people. Indeed, who has not? For, as a matter known by everybody and freely yet regretfully acknowledged by laundry men themselves, the course of the shirt to the laundry is one of swift and progressive disintegration. Since the people of this country pay a laundry bill of nearly twenty-five million dollars a week, and, in addition, vastly more than this in replacing fabrics which the laundry destroys, the solution of this problem is of unquestionable importance to their welfare. The University, therefore, in behalf of the people, is willing to extend its advice and facilities to the industry concerned, but—and in this "but" there lies the whole function of the University—it insists that the knowledge obtained within its gates should in a reasonable time become the common property of man. This is conserved by the agreement that, before the expiration of the Fellowship, the Fellow shall have completed a comprehensive monograph fairly exploiting all that he and others before him have succeeded in discovering. This monograph, after giving the Company three years' advantage, the University will publish. This does not mean that the Fellow and the Company are prohibited from taking out, at any time, patents on discoveries with industrial likelihood; but patents generally convey but a small proportion of the knowledge requisite for working them; and so, through this monograph, the means of using these patents after their expiration, and of improving them before their expiration, will be conserved to the people.

As for the Fellow appointed to the task, he pits his youth and strength and training and creative ability against a problem which the Company, with its inner knowledge of the conditions of the business, believes to be solvable. He is eager enough to attempt his devoir, because, while guaranteed a sum adequate to support him and sufficient time to make his achievement, he is guaranteed also a fair share of the spoils should he succeed. It is a game in which he has a reasonable chance of winning anything from zero to a million, and he is assured of the "square

deal." What more can be desired by a young man at the threshold of his activity, even if it means that he must leave the "nook merely monastic" of a professor in embryo for a life of industrial alarums and strenuous war? In addition, he has in the monograph which he writes the opportunity of proving himself a supreme authority in this limited but important field; he has, if he wins, an assured position by which he may take a notable part in what in these days is the preferred work of the world, the doing of real things, the turning of knowledge into useful ends; and then, too, his work may all be carried on in strictest accordance with the science in which he has been bred.

Finally, a rereading of this agreement will show that it is essentially one of trust. The University stands sponsor to this arrangement, because, in any particular instance in which the foundation of a Fellowship is accepted, it will first convince itself of the integrity of all concerned. For that reason, the foregoing agreement, for example, has been drawn in a broad and liberal spirit, and it thus stands to the young men in the University as a demonstration that opportunity waits not only upon training and ability, but, first and foremost, upon a reputation for absolute integrity.

Everywhere throughout America, wherever there is the smoke of a factory chimney, there are unsolved, exasperating, vitally important manufacturing problems—problems in glass, porcelain, starch, tanning, paints, drugs, meats, iron, oil, metallurgical products — problems wherever man deals with substance. It seems clear that these problems can best be answered by combining the practical knowledge and the large facilities of the factory with the new and special knowledge of the universities, and by making this combination through young men who will find therein success and opportunity.

A Temporary Industrial Fellowship does this; it affords a young man every incentive to lay his hands on the vast body of correlated knowledge called Science, and to make it subserve the practical needs of the human race.

ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN.

STATE INSURANCE.

BY ERVING WINSLOW.

LIFE-INSURANCE is a striking instance of that devolution in quasi-public enterprises which has been observable of late in so many directions. The *laissez-faire* method, in view of such conditions, has few advocates to-day. The question which men are asking everywhere is how an evolution can be promoted towards better conditions from the low estate to which life-insurance has fallen. In Italy, the disgust with life-insurance matters has actually gone so far as to lead to the return in the Cassa Providenti Italiani to the crude and unscientific method of annual division among the insured lives of the whole receipts of the year.

The dismal tale of lapsed policies, excessive premiums, deferred and tontine payments, overpaid agents, deceptive schemes, costly advertising and canvassing, extravagant salaries, enormous profits and rake-offs by the management and its friends has been spread before the eyes of the public. It seems improbable that the life-insurance companies can regain confidence with thoughtful men through any of the remedial half-measures which it has been proposed to embody in legislation. In the first place, it has become evident that the efforts which have been made, under such influential auspices—with so much labor and expense—in consequence of the recent exposures, to exclude from the management the persons responsible for the evils disclosed, have not succeeded in overcoming the mechanism by which these persons retain their power of control. Again, there are obvious signs that a period of agitation for reform, fomented by the business enterprise of a certain class of publications to a hysterical intensity, is to be succeeded by the usual apathetic reaction. In fact, it is highly probable that at this day the funds of the great insurance companies are more absolutely pooled in the hands of a group of

"*haute finance*" than ever before, and are absolutely available for their schemes of selfish and oppressive promotion. As a corrective for this state of things, we have the threat of national control, a remedy which is perhaps worse than the disease, under the extraordinary claim that the regulation of interstate commerce confers such power upon the general Government. The application of this remedy is indeed checked for the moment by the prohibition of the courts, but the decisions of the courts have been so harshly criticised by a coordinate department of government that it seems extremely probable that a way may be successfully made to override or to reverse their decision.

Is it not a time for the exercise of that "generous rivalry" among the States in this matter to which Mr. Root incites them, as the only means of avoiding that centralization which he assumes to be inevitable in cases of necessity when the States individually cannot or will not act? So far, at least, it is unquestionable that the life-insurance companies are creatures of State law, controlled by the legislatures of the States in which they operate, and transacting their affairs beyond the limits of these States only on sufferance of the local governments. In Massachusetts, the first State to attempt to regulate life-insurance by government supervision half a century ago, a bill has been introduced—recognizing the failure of that supervision to be effectual—to assume life-insurance as a State undertaking. The doctrine of State rights may have been invoked elsewhere to give State protection to predatory wealth and to secure it from national interference, but Massachusetts is not that kind of a State, and many of her citizens believe that she can conduct these vital concerns under the eyes of her own people, untrammelled by the speculators of Wall Street or the politicians of Washington.

The bill provides for the establishment of an unpaid board of citizens, to be appointed by the Governor, to act with the Insurance Commissioner as a board of trustees or managers of a State system of life-insurance and annuities, with the use of funds of the Commonwealth as a working capital until the plan has reached a settled basis. The plan is simplicity itself, and leaves opportunity for its expansion in details as the full development of the idea is made so as to cover industrial insurance. The present session of the Massachusetts Legislature may not see

the adoption of the measure, for, besides the various regulations for the control of the insurance business, two special schemes are urged, one for what is called Counter Insurance in favor of a new company applying for an enacting authority, and another for an attachment of life-insurance to the savings-banks, promoted by a so-called League, working through the press and in the State House with large funds. Of course, all the arguments offered in favor of these plans drawn from the disastrous experience of life-insurance can be urged and are urged in favor of the State system.

In spite of the efforts that have been made in behalf of the savings-bank plan, the general disfavor with which it has been received has not failed to find expression, notably from former Governor Long of Massachusetts, who has recently presented a few of the objections to it with clarity and eloquence. It seems incredible that many officers of these institutions will look favorably upon this very doubtful annex to their excellent work. Admirable as is their general history, we must not forget that officials of the savings-banks have been tempted and have fallen through their alliance with national banking institutions and otherwise, and they will not desire to expose themselves to farther temptations nor to undertake an alliance foreign to their purpose and involving an entirely new set of machinery. As for the depositors in the savings-banks, if a referendum could be submitted to them, it could hardly be doubted that an enormous majority would deplore any such complication with the ideal and with the practice of savings institutions.

Concerning the proposed Counter Insurance—that is to say, insurance offered at the counter without any canvass or solicitation—it is interesting to note that, while what are called industrial insurance and cooperative companies have had enormous success in England, a record of the postal savings-banks, which furnish substantially counter insurance, reveals the following record of failure:

In 1899 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 827 persons carrying insurance of	£43,723
In 1900 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 677 persons carrying insurance of	35,512
In 1901 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 920 persons carrying insurance of	44,296
In 1902 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 720 persons carrying insurance of	34,646

In 1903 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 592 persons carrying insurance of £31,413

Of course, the expense of industrial insurance is greatly increased by the employment of collectors or canvassers; but, under proper management and supervision, some such system has a highly eleemosynary character. One of the most valued features of the work of organized charity associations is the house-to-house visiting for collection of small regular deposits for the savings-banks or for voluntary benefit funds, and it is probable that those who are insured can afford to pay and will be willing to pay for a proper method of thus handling their affairs. In the "Insurance Press" of January 30th, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, in a long argument in favor of the industrial insurance companies, has summed up with great effect the arguments derived from experience in America and in England, with an elaborate statistical presentation, of the need of individual collections of insurance premiums.

Thus it would undoubtedly be found wise and desirable in the State system to collect and canvass for the industrial or wage-earners' insurance in which small premiums are paid at short intervals, while those who desire insurance for themselves would seek the opportunity for obtaining it at a rate which would be proportionately lower in this class of insurance as the expense of agencies and solicitors is eliminated. Apart from the graft of the insurance companies, their competition has brought about a condition of things in which, as usual, consolidation looms up as the only remedy, and the alternative of public control is obviously suggested.

While Great Britain proper as yet affords no examples of state insurance, we find it developed in her colonies, where English progress is vindicating itself more distinctly than at home, and it is well established in various forms in France, Belgium and Italy, the necessities of the situation and the control required by the state having, apparently, naturally led on to nationalizing systems of insurance. The Bank of France, providing for pensions or annuities, has met great success in collective insurance in which firms insure their employees, including almost all the railways and larger mining companies and many other large industrial concerns. The system in Belgium is very similar to that in France. In Italy, the employer can even insure his civil re-

sponsibility by making a somewhat larger payment in taking out collective insurance for his employees. In New Zealand, the state life-insurance company, according to available statistics, wrote about forty per cent. of the whole number of policies written. In December, 1904, there were outstanding 110,227 policies, representing £27,074,171. Overdue policies are automatically kept alive as long as the surrendered value is sufficient to pay a quarter's premium. Since the first establishment of the department, nearly £10,000,000 have been returned to the insured in dividends, and the success of the plan has long passed beyond the sphere of experiment.

Should we be alarmed in establishing such a system by the mere bogie of a name? In nothing would it contravene the principles of self-help and self-reliance. It would, indeed, prevent the need of that kind of help which we find it impossible to obtain and of that reliance which we find it impossible to give when we are brought up against the private administration of insurance interests. The stock company has often proved to be a chartered despoiler and the mutual company a hypocritical plunderer. It is as impossible for the individual policyholder to reach one as to reach the other; and perhaps the mutual company is the more dangerous, as it offers a form of control while holding the substance as firmly as the stock company, as recent experience has shown.

State insurance offers a security which cannot be obtained through any private corporation, even though enormous accumulations have been made by excessive premiums and deceptive plans of the private companies. The disastrous days of the failure of insurance companies in 1873 must not be forgotten. No matter how excellent the names of the founders of private corporations, they may be succeeded by the careless, the incompetent or the dishonest. The Government institution makes no profits. It offers facilities to employers who can insure their operatives without going to the expense of themselves conducting an actuarial system. It leaves the employers and employees absolutely free to make arrangements between themselves as they may think fit, while the employees' receipts are not conditional upon remaining in the service of a particular employer or dependent upon his financial ability.

The State institution, of course, would be entirely self-support-

ing. Conducted under the civil-service rules, it should be economical and efficient; and, finally, it appeals to men of standing and weight in the community to give that kind of supervision which they have given with so much skill and devotion to the savings-banks since their foundation. It may be stated as a very just and confident belief that some method of public insurance will sooner or later be adopted in the United States. It is, perhaps, to be determined very soon whether it shall be done promptly and wisely by individual States, or whether it must come through yet more disastrous experiences of failure, dishonor and robbery, and perhaps by the seizure of the sovereign powers of the States by some usurpation of the general Government.

ERVING WINSLOW.

THE PEOPLE AS LEGISLATORS.

BY C. W. FULTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON.

THE State government of Oregon more nearly approaches a pure democracy than does that of any other State of the Union. This is due to the amendment to its Constitution adopted by vote of the people in 1902, and known as the "Initiative and Referendum Amendment."

Under this provision, the "power to propose laws and amendments to the Constitution and to enact or reject the same at the polls, independent of the legislative assembly," is reserved to the people. It is provided that eight per cent. of the legal voters may, by petition filed with the Secretary of State, propose any measure desired. It is required that the petition shall include the full text of the law, and be filed not less than four months prior to the election at which the proposed law is to be voted upon. If approved by a majority of the votes cast, the measure immediately becomes a law and is not subject to the Governor's veto. Such is the initiative.

The referendum may be applied to any law enacted by the legislature, except such as are "necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety." It may be ordered by a petition signed by five per cent. of the voters, or by the legislature itself. When ordered, the measure to which it is directed does not become a law until it has been approved by a majority of the votes cast thereon.

Thus it will be seen that, excepting such constitutional limitations as are imposed on the legislative power and apply to the legislature as well, there is no limit whatever to the right or power of the people to legislate by direct enactment independently of the legislature, and but slight limit to their power to veto laws enacted by the legislative assembly.

The first exercise of the power to initiate and enact legislation by the people was at the June election in 1904, when, by a vote of more than three to one, they enacted the direct primary law, whereby all nominations of candidates for public office, excepting school-district offices, and municipal offices in towns of less than two thousand inhabitants, are required to be made by direct vote of the people. The primary election is held and conducted almost entirely under the general election laws and, practically, in the same manner as are the regular elections, the exceptions being only such as are rendered necessary by reason of the relation of political parties thereto. The purpose being that the members of each political organization shall nominate the candidates of their respective parties; a voter is required, if he desires to participate, to cause to be entered in the registration book, at the time he registers as a voter, the name of the political party of which he is a member. A separate ballot-box is provided for the voters of each party, but the primary election is held at the same time and place for all parties, and presided over by one set of judges, who are, as well, the judges appointed to preside at the general election next ensuing.

An important and interesting feature of the direct primary law is that it expressly provides for the nomination of candidates for United States Senator. Provision is made for placing on the official ballot to be used at the election following the primary the names of all nominees, including names of nominees for Senator. It is also provided that a candidate seeking a nomination for the legislature may file in a designated office one of two statements. One of these statements is in the following terms: "I will, during my term of office, always vote for that candidate for United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference." This is known as "Statement No. 1." Statement No. 2 is: "During my term of office, I shall consider the vote of the people for United States Senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for so doing seems to me to be sufficient." If a candidate shall decline to sign either statement, his name must, nevertheless, if petitioned for, be placed on the nomination-ballot.

The first nominating election under this law occurred in April, 1906, to nominate candidates to be voted for at the general election to be held in June of that year. A Senator in Congress was to be chosen by the legislature then to be elected. A very considerable majority of the candidates for the legislature signed Statement No. 1, and when the legislature was elected it was found that signers of that statement constituted a clear majority on joint ballot. The result was that a United States Senator from Oregon was, for the first time in many years, elected on the first ballot. It was, indeed, a most welcome change, for so bitter had been the factional differences in the Republican ranks in Oregon during the preceding twenty years that people had ceased to expect an election of a Senator to occur before the last ballot on the last night of the session; and it was always possible that there would be no election, as indeed was the case in two instances. In fact, I am confident that the bitter and long-drawn-out contests that had become the unbroken custom in Senatorial elections in Oregon contributed more than all else to arouse the people to take the matter into their own hands. Of course, the people know that the legislature cannot constitutionally be required to elect to the Senate the candidate in favor of whom they declare, but they also know that few members will care to jeopardize their political future by declining so to do. Furthermore, if a candidate for the legislature signs Statement No. 1, he is, in case of election, bound by an obligation as solemn as his oath of office to conform to it, and it is quite apparent that a candidate who signs that Statement will always occupy a much stronger position before the voters than one who declines to sign it. Consequently, we may reasonably expect that every legislature will be composed of members of whom a majority were elected on that pledge. Hence it may be said with perfect accuracy that, in Oregon, United States Senators are elected directly by the people. It is the only State in which that is done. In some others, nominations are made directly by party voters, but in no other, to my knowledge, is the nominee required to go before the people for election. At the last session of the legislature, an attempt was made to amend Statement No. 1 so that the legislative candidate's pledge would be to vote for such member of his own party as should receive the highest vote in the primary, but the amendment was not adopted.

The serious objections to the old method of electing Senators were (1) the opportunity afforded for the corrupt use of money, and (2) the extent to which a long Senatorial contest interfered with legislative work. Under the new plan, neither of these objectional features will ever again attend the election of a Senator by an Oregon legislature. True, there is always the danger that an attempt may be made to capture the nomination and the popular vote by the lavish use of money; but such an attempt is not only more easily guarded against, but is less likely to materially influence the result, than when made on so small a body as a legislature, with so much time as usually intervenes between the election of the members and the convening of the legislature to perfect and execute plans.

The direct primary, with its many advantages, is not, however, entirely without its disadvantages. I speak of the direct primary for nomination of candidates as we have it, where it is preceded neither by a convention nor by any other representative body to suggest candidates, promulgate a declaration of party principles and promote party organization. In my judgment, the holding of such a convention in advance of the primary would be a distinct improvement and would in no wise militate against or interfere with the principles or purposes of the law. There is nothing in our primary law prohibiting such course, and I think it will eventually be adopted.

Without a preliminary convention, a poor man, particularly if he is not widely acquainted throughout the State, stands slight show of nomination for a State office, however great his merits. For, if unacquainted, he can only bring his name and merits to the attention of the voters through the newspapers and by meeting personally the voters, all of which means the expenditure of money. On the other hand, one who has money to spend may subsidize newspapers, employ workers at the polls, hire carriages to bring out the voters and thereby secure a nomination over an opponent in every respect better qualified for the office. Quite true, the influence of money cannot be entirely avoided by any system; but I believe it would be less potent were a convention held in advance of the primary election. Another objection to proceeding without the discriminating judgment and advisory influence of a convention is the danger that all nominations will go to the centres of population. Where a plurality of votes nomi-

nates, one residing in a small town or a rural district has but a very remote chance of securing a nomination, however superior his qualifications. I am of the opinion, therefore, that our law should be amended so as to place a limit on the amount that a candidate may expend in his campaign for a nomination and as well for his election, after he has received the nomination. It is also my conviction that a convention, in advance of the primary election, should be held for the purpose, among other things, of recommending to the voters a list of candidates. It might be well to recommend, in some cases, possibly in all, two or more candidates for the same office, the voters to decide which should receive the nomination. Of course, the recommendations of the convention would not preclude any person from having his name placed on the primary ticket by petition, which is the method provided by law. In most instances, the recommendations of the convention would be ratified by the voters. The advantages of the convention would be a reasonably fair distribution of candidates geographically, a careful preliminary consideration and weighing of the merits of the several candidates by the delegates, a declaration of party principles and organization for the campaign. At the same time, knowledge of the fact that the recommendations of the convention, to be of avail, must receive the endorsement of the party voters would ensure the most careful and conscientious work on the part of the members of the convention.

Limitation of the amount a candidate may expend in his campaign for the nomination and also for election is of supreme importance to the preservation of the direct primary, in my judgment. It is a matter of common report in Oregon that the two campaigns in 1906 — namely, the one for the nomination, the other for the election—cost most of the successful candidates for State offices as much as their salaries will amount to for two years, while many who were not successful were seriously crippled financially, and I have never heard it charged that any money was employed corruptly. A continuance of conditions permitting such expenditures will operate in the future to bar from the contest some of the best qualified and most desirable men for the positions. Much of the expense now seemingly unavoidable in the campaign of a comparatively unknown candidate for a nomination would be rendered unnecessary by a convention

such as I have suggested. Even though not widely acquainted throughout the State, his friends, knowing his qualifications, might so present them to the convention as to secure its endorsement, and that of itself would bring him prominently before the public and would largely operate as a guaranty of his fitness. It will be asked, however, "if a convention is to be held to name candidates, why send them before the people at all?" It is not proposed to clothe the convention with power to nominate, but simply with advisory power, the members of the party to finally determine who the candidates shall be. I strongly favor the retention of that feature. It insures earnest effort on the part of the convention or advisory body to select and recommend candidates whose character and qualifications will be approved by the party voters; besides, it affords an opportunity to all who are dissatisfied with the action of the convention to appeal directly to the voters, and finally it reserves to the party voters at all times the actual selection of their candidates.

During the short period of time in which the initiative and referendum amendment has been a part of our Constitution, the people have manifested a very lively disposition to exercise their power thereunder. They have, however, evidenced a conservatism and discriminating judgment both in legislating and in reviewing the work of the legislature which demonstrate that such powers may be vested in them with perfect safety to all interests.

Aside from the direct primary law, the most important enactment under the initiative is the local option law, which was proposed by petition and approved by a large majority of votes cast thereon, and thereby became a law.

The general appropriation bill enacted by the legislature at the January session in 1905 was, by petition, held up under the referendum, and referred to the voters and passed on by them at the June election in 1906. By a very decisive majority, the action of the legislature was approved.

So far there has been no attempt to enact unusual or extreme legislation on any subject under the initiative. On the contrary, our experience thus far tends to indicate that, as legislators, the people are fully as conservative and considerate of private and corporate rights as are their representatives in legislative assemblies.

C. W. FULTON.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY JAMES HUNEKER, ALVAN F. SANBORN, CLAYTON HAMILTON AND H. W. BOYNTON.

A CRITIC OF THE SEVEN ARTS.*

WALTER PATER wrote the following in the "Guardian," 1887, about "An Introduction to the Study of Browning": "We find in Mr. Symons the thoughtful and practised, yet enthusiastic, student in literature—in intellectual problems; always quiet and sane, praising Mr. Browning with tact, with a real refinement and grace, saying well many things which every competent reader of the great poet must feel to be true; devoting to the subject he loves a critical gift so considerable as make us wish for a work from his hands of larger scope." Arthur Symons, the critic in question, was only twenty-two years of age when Pater said these things of him, things both truthful and prophetic, for he has since written books of larger scope; and, notwithstanding the appearance of numerous studies of Browning, his introduction remains the best commentary upon that poet's works.

Symons is an amateur of the Seven Arts. Browning, himself, said as much. He loves the fine arts, and he relates his love in that slow, elaborate prose of his, though never submerging his ideas in the richness of his diction — as some of

* "An Introduction to the Study of Browning." By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
"Cities." By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
"Spiritual Adventures." By Arthur Symons. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
"The Fool of the World, and Other Poems." By Arthur Symons. London: William Heinemann.
"Studies in the Seven Arts." By Arthur Symons. London: Constable & Co.
"Poems in Prose." Translated from Baudelaire, by Arthur Symons. London: Elkin Mathews.

his critics would have us believe. Symons is first the critic; his mastery of a supple and harmonious style but adds to our general enjoyment of his work. We may not always agree with his judgment; there is no particular reason why we should; but we cannot fail to admire their presentation, the simplicity of his methods of exposition, the marshalling of his arguments, or the persuasive glow which suffuses his appreciation of masterpieces. Mr. Symons never argues, never raises his voice. His theory of criticism, like Renan's, is that it should be a valuation of forces, not an examination with marks and prizes. In the vast and shrill concert of contemporary literary polemics, the voice of Arthur Symons is the "still small" one. It is easily distinguishable because of the purity and sweetness of its *timbre,* like that of some rich-toned violin. His books of verse and criticism are much read to-day; they will bulk largely in the critical consciousness of the future. His lucidity, above all the temper he brings to bear upon his work, lend his writing a quality of distinction.

Little need to praise anew the study of Browning. It was reprinted by general request. I happen to possess a first edition, and its ragged appearance is proof that it has been studied by many friends, and always reluctantly returned. The American edition of "Cities" also became a necessity, for the book is of a rare charm. It has won words of praise from so fastidious a critic as Mr. Howells, and, while it is a variation on the Stendhal theme—of whose cosmopolitanism Maurice Barrès is a latter-day exponent—yet Mr. Symons's note is his own; not to state the obvious fact that he writes exquisitely, and that Stendhal did not. Rome, Venice, Naples, Seville, Prague, Moscow, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia and Constantinople are traversed and exposed for us by a temperament at once subtle and impressionistic. To write something new about the Venice of Canaletto, Guardi, Whistler, Ruskin, Barrès and d'Annunzio is in itself a feat. There is no hint of that abominable verbal chemistry called "word painting"; yet the picture arises to the level of your eyes, and the soul of the landscape is evoked. Indeed, "Evocations" might have been a better title than "Cities."

We are not here particularly concerned with Mr. Symons as a poet. His achievements in verse have aroused both the ire and the ardor of English critics. He has been admired. He has

been abused. In these things he does not differ from any young man of individual gifts. He has voice, vision, temperament. He is supersubtle, wayward, disdainful and other-worldly. His is not the ambition to conduct the orchestra; only a particular happy handling of one of its choirs is his — let us say the wood-wind; the native wood-note wild we may not hear from him; but, unless we greatly err, this poet of London nights and sights is in spiritual evolution. His soul is more responsive to the undertones of Nature, to the faint music of humanity. "The Fool of the World" is an exercise in Morality writing. It is sincere and effective, as far as a rehabilitation of such a form can be. But there is no mistaking the temper of the forms which comprise the rest of the book. They strike sharply upon eye and ear. Their range is wide, their workmanship admirable. And their final appeal, after sound and vision have been flooded, is the appeal intellectual. An idea lies at the bottom of each of these finely chased cups offered by the poet. Poison, too, is not absent, the venom of love and life and death. One may, without greatly straining the intelligence, see that Mr. Symons is a poet who occasionally writes criticism. Doubtless if he had his way he would never pen anything but verse.

In "Spiritual Adventures" we catch new glimpses of his spirit, ever curious of the rare, ever intolerant of mediocrity. These prose arabesques contain some of his most imaginative inventions. There is Esther Kahn, the English Jewess, who has hitherto failed to carry her audiences with her in the theatre — because she has not loved? No; but because, after loving, she was tortured by desertion. Jealousy, hatred were the springs that lent wings to her art. In Christian Trevalga we have a melomaniac intelligible to those who have peered over the thither side of music and descried its potentialities for fantasy, despair, madness. Christian is own brother to several of Pater's young men—Sebastian van Storck, Duke Carl, even of Denys—in at least one trait. He is a man for whom the visible world is tone. He is become an ear. His soul shudders at the impact of daily life because his soul only hears; the progress of a mania, a spiritual mania, is delicately indicated. Robert Schumann heard one tone that at last drove him into the river and the madhouse. Trevalga *sees* a Chopin étude as boiling gray smoke on the open top of his piano. "Forever in the trapeze of sound" before the public his nerves had been

eaten away by sound. There are dream-pictures of Venice and the dissections of various souls; but the masterpiece of the series—to my notion—is called "The Death of Peter Waydelin," being the sordid story of an artist's life. Peter paints as other men eat or drink. It is instinctive. He is so enamored of form and color that he sets out to limn the world. Only, he must live before he paints life. And life slays him. It recalls one of Toulouse-Lautrec's pictures. Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, handicraft, the stage (drama, acting, pantomime, scenery, costume, lighting) and—separate from these—dancing. This scheme of Mr. Symons is catholic enough; he awards the interpreter equal palms with the creator—one is impossible without the other. It smites the ear, this assertion that acting is a fine art. It has been the fashion of late years to decry the mimic arts. Here they are given their due. Like Mallarmé, Symons loves the Ballet form. His essays on Rodin, Gustave Moreau, Watts, Whistler—full of personal reminiscences—cathedrals, Beethoven, the ideas of Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss, a new art of the stage, a symbolist farce, the painting of the nineteenth century, are individually interesting; the study of Duse is fascinating. He also considers the decay of craftsmanship in England. Naturally, the present writer does not subscribe to Symons's views of Strauss and his music. Nor can he admire the cavalier treatment to which Symons recently subjected Ibsen as poet and dramatist in one of the English quarterlies. Criticism of music is, setting aside musical training and aptitudes, largely a matter of individual likes and dislikes. I may not like Brahms; but I must not abuse Brahms until I study him. Mr. Symons does not like Richard Strauss, though he has heard him. Perhaps the novelty of the musical idiom has no meaning for him. I do not accept his judgment as final. Strauss may be cerebral, but the composer of the tone-poems and Salomé—a creation of that most precious quality in music, ecstasy, an extraordinary contribution to music-drama, certainly a new blazoning in the path of music—must be given as profound study as was given the work of Wagner. And the appreciation of Richard Wagner was not created in a day. As for Ibsen, one may see in Mr. Symons's attitude the not unnatural exasperation of the poet for whom form counts as well as content. Ibsen the poet is still *terra incognita* to us. He has not

been adequately translated. As the Swedish-American writer Edwin Björkman truly says: "The Englished Ibsen is an Ibsen with the color absent. Plot and thought cannot be killed, but of the lustre, of the sheen as of shifting silks, not a trace is to be found." Can Ibsen be translated—we mean the early poems and dramas? Mr. Herford accomplished almost a miracle with "Brand," and the insurmountable difficulties of "Peer Gynt" have been assailed by William Archer, who acknowledges his partial failure. Mr. Symons, as a translator of the difficult Baudelaire (the first since Stuart Merrill's in "Pastels in Prose") must feel that Ibsen, except in the original, has not been accorded his poetic due. I fancy it is the lyric flatness of the themes in the social dramas that repels the poet in Symons. He is a romantic —therefore a "suspect" in this thrice-dusty domain of sociology. Mr. Symons might easily say: Let the Shaws bury the Ibsens; for me, a Pegasus, not a pulpit!

If I confess that I like the poet as much as the critic in the critical work of Arthur Symons, it will not offend him, though it may convey an opposite meaning to the one intended. He has personality, charm, erudition, and I hope that he will write more poetry. What better luck can one wish him? After all, isn't criticism a dusty duty? Mr. Henry James put the case squarely —a critic *hors ligne* himself—when, in dealing with Ivan Turgenev, he said: "He — Turgenev — gave me the impression of thinking of criticism as most serious workers think of it—that it is the amusement, the exercise, the subsistence of the critic (and, so far as this goes, of immense use); but that though it may often concern other readers, it does not much concern the artist himself."

Which jewel of verity I respectfully submit to Mr. Symons, framed with my vague words of praise and censure.

JAMES HUNEKER.

"THE QUEST."*

DR. FREDERICK VAN EEDEN is a personage of the most varied talents, interests and activities. He is one of the leading nerve specialists of Holland, and, as such, has published many monographs on subjects connected with psycho-therapeutics, psychical

* "The Quest." By Frederick van Eeden. Translation from the Dutch by L. W. C. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

research, hypnotism and spiritism. He is the author of numerous essays upon literature and art. He is a sociologist, or rather, a social philosopher, who has formulated the results of his studies in volumes of which the best known probably is "The Happy World." He is a dramatist who has produced several comedies which have proved playable, and at least one tragedy. He is a novelist, one of whose novels known in English as "The Deeps of Deliverance," has been denominated "the confessions of a *fin de siècle* Augustine." He is a poet, both lyric and didactic. He is also a journalist; he established "The Pioneer," which is devoted to the practical solution of the social problem, and helped to establish "The New Guide," which is the recognized organ of the younger writers of Holland. Finally, he is a practical social reformer; the founder of Walden, an interesting communistic colony in which he toils in the fields *à la* Tolstoi, and of "The Society for the Collective Possession of Land," which now has half a dozen settlements and several thousand members.

In 1903 van Noppen, after characterizing Dr. van Eeden as "the most distinguished of modern Dutch writers," said: "Van Eeden, Kloos, van Deyssel and Verwey . . . attempted to found a new literature. . . . To this revolutionary movement Holland owes several remarkable poems, and also some novels of no mean significance. Among these, the productions of van Eeden are easily the most popular. Kloos, it is true, far surpasses him in the sonnet. Verwey is more virile and dramatic, while van Deyssel is his master in criticism; but van Eeden is universal, and that lifts him above comparison with his Dutch contemporaries."

Dr. van Eeden has been much read and admired in Germany, where many of the critics proclaim him "easily the first" of the representatives of the modern spirit in "the low countries."

"The Quest," which was published in its completed form* in Germany (for political reasons), has been lauded, in both Germany and Holland, as it falls to the lot of few books to be lauded in a generation. It has been characterized as "a masterpiece with which nothing in the whole literature of the world can be compared"; as "the most universal novel ever written," etc., etc. It has been pronounced "as interesting as the best of Tolstoi, as

* "The Quest" consists of three parts, the first of which appeared as far back as 1885.

subtle as Maeterlinck, as profound as Shakespeare." It has been called "a new Pilgrim's Progress," "a new Bible" even.

It is a delight to record such ecstatic enthusiasm. It would be a greater delight to share it. But, alas! It is not given to all of us to taste these unadulterated joys.

The plot of "The Quest," shorn of all accessories and reduced to its simplest terms, is as follows:

A little Dutch boy, Johannes, makes the acquaintance of the fairy Windekind and flies away with him to fairyland. Windekind introduces him to Wistik, a goblin, who is a tireless seeker after knowledge. Johannes soon leaves Windekind to search for knowledge. In the course of his search he falls under the domination of the manikin, Pluizer, who reveals to him all the miseries and horrors of human life, even taking him, with an earthworm for guide, through the rotting coffins of a cemetery. He witnesses his father's death, and then fights and vanquishes Pluizer, who is about to use a dissecting-knife upon the body. Windekind reappears and calls to Johannes to follow him across the sea into the sunset. Johannes is about to do so, when a strange being comes to him calmly walking on the waters. This being (the Christ) gradually assumes the form of one Markus Vis, an itinerant scissors-grinder. Johannes lives and works for a while with Markus, and, through him, becomes very friendly with a little circus girl named Marjon. He is discovered one day, however, by his aunt Seréna, a forehanded woman renowned for her piety, who persuades him to live with her. Wistik revisits Johannes and takes him on a one-night excursion to Phrygia, where he introduces him to Pan. Markus is arrested for talking back in church to Aunt Seréna's dominie, but is released and disappears. Then Johannes, having wearied of his comfortable humdrum existence with his aunt, leaves her and returns to his little circus friend Marjon. Marjon disguises herself as a boy, and the pair set out together in quest of Markus. They visit Germany, supporting themselves there by singing songs of their own composition in the cafés. Wistik takes Johannes on another excursion, this time to witness the burial of Pan. At this ceremony Johannes finds Markus. Johannes is befriended by an English countess, who invites him to visit her in England. Flattered by the invitation, he forsakes his companion Marjon and the newly found Markus. Boylike, he soon conceives for the countess

an unrequited passion. The latter, during a sojourn at a Dutch watering-place (where Marjon, who is fiercely jealous, serves her for a short time as maid), becomes a convert to Catholicism, and urges Johannes to end his quest by connecting himself with that Church. While the two are at mass, Markus appears at the altar, denounces the priest and smashes the big crucifix. Markus is committed to an insane asylum, from which, however, he is soon released. Johannes leaves the countess and rejoins Markus and Marjon. Markus interrupts the ceremony of the Queen's marriage with a denunciatory harangue. He is seized by the police, is mauled *en route* to the station-house by a mob, and dies in a hospital of his wounds. Johannes and Marjon marry, resolved to devote their lives to continuing the work of Markus.

"The Quest" has many beautiful, moving and profound pages. It abounds in clever, caustic satire. It is instinct with an unaffected love of Nature, its sympathetic descriptions of the dunes and dikes of Holland being as fine, probably, as anything that has ever been done in this line. It contains genre pictures of Dutch village life, and of the ways of strolling mountebanks, which partake somewhat of the spirit of the old Dutch painters. The underground excursion of Johannes among the putrefying corpses attains the very acme of the horrible. The reckless fight of this same Johannes for the dead body of his father is thrilling to the point of positive pain. The portrayal of the anguish of Nature over the death of Pan is grandiose in the original, good sense of the word. The anathematizing by Markus, from the steps of the high altar, of the priest who is about to officiate there is genuinely and powerfully dramatic. Finally, the murder of Markus by an enraged populace is an admirable presentation of the psychology of the mob.

Unfortunately, these sterling qualities of "The Quest" are practically nullified by an all too obvious straining after encyclopædic comprehensiveness and completeness. The work is marred by a lamentable absence of that sense of proportion without which an ambitious literary undertaking, whatever other qualities it may possess, cannot be really great. Weary wastes of long-drawn-out commonplace separate the brilliant and beautiful passages. Pages of puerile, pottering, pedantic dialogue that might have stepped out of a Rollo book discourage the interest. The result is a work diffuse and discursive—not to say sprawling—and obscure.

Into "The Quest," which he has been twenty years in bringing to completion, Dr van Eeden has crammed most of his thoughts about most of the multifarious subjects which have interested him during this long period. It contains a good deal of Pantheism, a good deal of non-resistant Anarchism, a dash of Spiritism, and, by way of social prophecy, a stilted, unengaging Utopia. It reeks with allegories, parables, apologues, dreams, visions, telepathic manifestations and trances. Some of its characters are wholly human, others wholly superhuman, and still others alternately human and superhuman. Altogether it is a bizarre and bewildering collocation of the normal and the abnormal, the natural and the miraculous, the real and the ideal.

A mixture of this sort may possess a savory unity for the peoples of certain countries, as does the fearfully and wonderfully made *bouillabaisse* for the Marseillais; but it is very much to be doubted whether the United States is one of these countries. However little Latin we may be in most other respects, we Americans are unequivocally Latin in this that we can develop little enthusiasm for that literature of deliberate and wilful obscurity which they have labelled in Paris "the fog of the North."

"The Quest," therefore, is scarcely calculated to create a cult for Dutch letters in this country. And if Dr. van Eeden and the new school of which he is the acknowledged head are really all that their admirers claim them to be, it is greatly to be regretted that we should be forced to judge him and it by a work which is so distinctly antipathetic to our national temperament.

ALVAN F. SANBORN.

"RALPH WALDO EMERSON."*

THE brief monograph on Emerson which Professor George Edward Woodberry has contributed to the English Men of Letters Series is more serviceable to the student than any previous biography or criticism, because it expounds Emerson from the inside out instead of from the outside in. Biographers and critics hitherto have rambled all around the circumference of Emerson, with eyes lured wondering toward his shining centre;

* "Ralph Waldo Emerson." By George Edward Woodberry. English Men of Letters Series. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

but Professor Woodberry pierces to the centre of the poet's mind and thence looks forth with thought that radiates. His biography is not a record of works and days; it is not a pleasant assemblage of personalities; it is the natural history of a great mind, the exposition of a beautiful soul. Only four pages are used to summarize the events of seventeen years, from the close of the Civil War to Emerson's death in 1882: the method of this biography is not narrative but expository. Rare indeed in literature is the understanding of one mind by another; yet in this book the understanding seems complete. We are taken into the mind of Emerson; we live in it, and feel it grow, and with it yearn into expression. Emerson's thought has never before been so clearly and completely exhibited; and therefore this brief critical biography supplants all its predecessors in the field.

It supplants them all, in spite of the fact that it is abstract, whereas Cabot's (for example) is concrete, and impersonal, whereas Holmes's (for example) is personal. The understanding of Emerson's mind that we derive from it, abstract and impersonal though it be, explains to us for the first time many things. It explains that inability of Emerson's to sympathize with other modes of thinking than his own which kept him isolate, in spite of his amiability and his determined and continued effort to engage in the workaday concerns of his fellow townsmen. It explains why Emerson, although he was the very incarnation of New England Transcendentalism, remained perforce aloof from the practical reforms attempted by his fellow Transcendentalists. It explains his incapacity for ordinary human friendship, his lack of reverence for historical authority, and his underestimate of art and science. It explains that essential subjectivity of Emerson's poems which, more than his defective utterance in verse, has kept them illegible to the casual man. It explains for the first time adequately how (as Matthew Arnold said, less truthfully, of Shakespeare) "self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure, he walked on earth unguessed at."

Professor Woodberry does not analyze; he synthesizes. He patterns order out of the chaos of Emerson's multitudinous imaginings. He accomplishes what Emerson himself despaired of: he reveals a system—clear, compact, and in most ways self-consistent—beneath the darts and indirections of the poet's moral mind. Emerson's message is here for the first time formulated.

Starting from the poet's central intuition—"I am; therefore God is"—the critic, with Cartesian clearness, expounds the interrelation of his dominant ideas and pursues them to their practicalization in his stimulating counsels. The mental feat of this accomplishment is a marvel of constructive criticism.

The only defect of Professor Woodberry's critical constructiveness is a corollary of its excellence. Herein the law of compensation shows itself inexorable. Emerson's mind was unusual in this: it was great *because of* its lack of system,—not *in spite of* it. It was not a reasonable mind; it was intuitional. Its workings were Hebraic, not Hellenic. Reduce his thoughts to order, and you disrobe him of his shining vestments. A first-rate Hebrew prophet becomes a second-rate Greek philosopher. When Matthew Arnold lectured in America, he said of Emerson: "He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined into a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systemize them would be less impressive than Emerson." These words set forth the only adverse criticism that may be advanced against Professor Woodberry's truly admirable study.

If it seem too subtly paradoxical to suggest that a greater service might have been rendered to readers of Emerson by a critic who did not understand him so completely, the writer of this review can offer only the excuse that he agrees with Emerson that in contemplating spiritual truths abandonment and ecstasy of mind are wiser than the sweet reasonableness that Matthew Arnold was wont to praise. Professor Woodberry's study is a triumph of sweet reasonableness; but it is planned without abandonment and executed without ecstasy. "I own," the critic says, "that I have little intellectual sympathy with him in any way." Sympathy is the only thing that is lacking in this reasoned synthesis of Emerson's ejaculations; but, in the presence of a great mind, sympathy is more to be desired than understanding.

"Many things," said Sir Thomas Browne, "are true in divinity which are neither inducible by reason nor confirmable by sense." Many of the radiant thoughts of Emerson are not in-

ducible by reason. To formulate his message is to rob him of his truth. The intellect alone cannot comprehend the mysteries of the spirit,—or what's religion for? Emerson's message was not philosophical, but religious. Professor Woodberry's biography is not religious, but philosophical. By all means let us be grateful for a study so satisfying to the intellect. Let us use it as a chart of the heavens wherein the thoughts of Emerson are set as stars. Let us not forget that it is the stars themselves that have the only real existence and that the cosmography upon whose threads we string them is merely a figment of abstraction.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"ABELARD AND HELOISE."*

WE have heard a good deal of late concerning a general revival of interest in poetic plays which is supposed to be taking place, or about to take place. It cannot be denied that the signs of some such movement have multiplied rapidly during the past year or two. Never have actual attempts to present such plays been so largely encouraged by American theatregoers. The box-office is no longer so emphatic in its verdict against poetry; and the box-office is in the nature of things the court of last appeal. The twenty per cent. of playgoers whom Mr. Gosse some time ago postulated as not disposed to take their theatre simply as a dose of morphia or a glass of champagne, really seems inclined to assert itself. Only a few poetic plays in English have actually been produced so far, and they have not set the world on fire. But they have been worth hearing, and they have been heard with a readiness which speaks well for the future. It means, for one thing, the decline of the closet drama, that melancholy refuge of defeated heroics. The drama is for the stage. Even if you are of those who had rather read a play than see it presented, your interest in it turns upon its actable quality. You simply prefer to be your own stage-manager, your own actor or group of actors, your own scene-painter and property man; and to produce plays for yourself upon the complaisant boards of your own mind. If the play is not fit to be acted the chances are you read it as poetry, not as drama, unless, as sometimes happens, your closet play fills for you a kind of left-handed dramatic function by sug-

* "Abelard and Heloise." By Ridgely Torrence. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

gesting the true play which it is not. It would be a deplorable thing if so tenuous a relation between English poetry and the stage were to prove their sole relation.

Mr. Ridgley Torrence's "El Dorado," published some years ago, was a play of somewhat dubious type. My own impression was that in spite of its numerous settings (certain to trouble a modern manager with his elaborate methods) the thing was actable. It seemed to me to have a true dramatic vigor of conception and execution: a fine romantic theme, a steadily progressing acting and comparatively few touches of poetry for poetry's sake. This is to say that I found much true poetry in it, since verse had obviously not been chosen as vehicle, but had presented itself as the natural means of expression. The resulting blank verse was of singular merit, not less remarkable for its freedom from Shakespeare and other echoes than for its individual force. Even its most lyrical passages have a breathless intensity which seems to hasten rather than impede the action:

> "Her eyes blind me. Her breath bereaves my lips.
> Her hands have made mine feeble in her presence.
> Her silences have drenched me with all music.
> The faintest, tenderest stirring of her voice
> Makes mute my own. Her hair has made this desert
> A shadowed place alive with bloom. Her brow
> Has awed me like some symbol of the sky.—
>
> "The images of seas of fire and snow
> Pent in the colors of her blood and flesh,
> Drown me." . . .

Poetry like this is not a promise, but an achievement. The dramatic unction of the whole performance led one to feel that it was a true product of inspiration, that it had written itself through Mr. Torrence. Of his "Abelard and Heloise," but now published, this is hardly to be felt. Reluctantly, very reluctantly, I must admit that it seems to me in nearly every respect inferior to its forerunner.

It is evident, to be sure, that it has been written with an eye to stage production. There is a single setting for each of its four acts, and details of practical "business" have been carefully studied. So far as form is concerned the play might be easily presentable. We may speak of it, therefore, as a thing acted, not written. For a heroic drama which takes place before us on a

stage, real or imaginary, the theme is impossible. The Cenci motive is infinitely more eligible, for the tragic figure of the unhappy Beatrice is unmarred by any tinge of pathos. The unmitigated horror of her fate has its own dramatic dignity. The Abelard-Heloise legend, on the other hand, is ruined for dramatic purposes by the character of the catastrophe.

The Tristram-Yseult motive has always seemed to me unfit for treatment as a tragic theme; when the lovers become irresponsible through the adventitious means of a love potion, I cease to be interested in them save as objects of pity. Still, they are human, they are capable of becoming responsible once more. When Abelard ceases to be a man and becomes a thing, I see the pathos of the situation, especially from Heloise's point of view; but so far as tragic interest is concerned he has simply ceased to exist. The element of bathos is, in the end, more strongly felt than the element of pathos. Brutal as the fact may be, it is a fact that since the world began the eunuch has been a thing of scorn even more than a thing of pity.

The first act of the play moves heavily or, at best, with an artificial lightness. The machinery by means of which the desired speaker is brought into the centre of the stage at the convenient moment is unfortunately obvious; and the apparatus of grisettes, students, burghers and other talking supernumeraries creaks somewhat in the working. The intrigue between Abelard, Master of the School of Nôtre Dame, and Heloise, niece of the Canon of Nôtre Dame, is discovered. In the second act Heloise has been remanded to her uncle's villa at Corbeil. Abelard, by his father's death, has become a wealthy noble. He determines to give up his scholarly ambition and marry Heloise. She, believing that he owes himself to the world, refuses, since marriage would debar him from the high preferment which he has a right to expect. The uncle, after ascertaining the amount of Abelard's wealth, urges her to marry him, but she is firm. Abelard sets out for Paris. Fulbert, the Canon, is at this point left alone with three of his henchmen.

FULBERT. Lost! Sixty thousand guilders and the name!
He suddenly beckons to his three henchmen.
Approach!
He points to Abelard's retreating figure.
Mark that pale pestilence going there,

For this disease is all of his infection.

With frantic questioning.

The cure?

A HENCHMAN, *insidiously.* When a man's life is tedious to you,
Then end it.

FULBERT. Faugh! That's Mercy's sedative.

He muses, then with fiendish cunning suddenly looks up.

I have it! Ah! The man—but not the life!

He draws the men closer and they whisper together.

And with that the play ends for me, as a play, with a very strong act, which is approached in quality by nothing that comes before or after. There remains the pathos of Heloise's loveless after-life, the unquenched womanhood of her continually crying out for the cold presence of her former lover. In interpreting this single character and situation Mr. Torrence does all that may be hoped for. But the cause and character of her bereavement remain in the end adventitious and unheroic.

Nor can it be said that the poet's style has changed for the better. There is a general air of strain; his metaphors frequently pall before he is done with them, and his metre has a way of being so free as to be crabbed. I am by no means a stickler for the decasyllabic line. For speaking purposes there is much to be said for short lines, and for lines in which a pause takes the place of a syllable. But my ear does revolt at such measures as this, which Mr. Stephen Phillips has made popular:

"Plato out of the air
Will brighten. And royal doom-red Babylon
Rise in the twilight out of a dove's throat.
In a heaved sea-wave you shall see blue Tyre
Built and destroyed again."

I cling to the notion that proper English blank verse is iambic, not dactylic, and that a perversion of accent such as "out of a dove's throat" ought to be very rarely practised. When it comes to:

"Ah, I am not that dark river itself"—

I find difficulty in recognizing any sort of metre whatever. Yet there are noble lines to be found, and not a few of them; as in one of Abelard's final speeches to Heloise:

"A little longer your unquiet soul
Will swim through its rough dreams, until at last
It beaches on the dawn and finds its path."

H. W. BOYNTON.

WORLD-POLITICS.

BERLIN: ST. PETERSBURG.

BERLIN, *April, 1907.*

THE few weeks of the session which preceded the Easter adjournment did not afford the new Reichstag many practical opportunities of giving a taste of its quality. Prince von Bülow's majority, composed of Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals, is theoretically master of the situation. The Centre, however, with a representation of 110 members out of 397, is sufficiently conscious of its strength and unanimity to be able to offer an effective opposition by merely assuming an attitude of passive resistance. The presence of this compact organization is not only inconvenient, but also extremely disquieting, to the Government, since it constitutes a permanent temptation to the weaker vessels among the majority to threaten defection unless their party claims are duly recognized. Thus upon several occasions the Radicals, whose fifty seats enable them to act as the tongue of the balance of parties in the House, have detached themselves from their Conservative and Liberal allies in order to throw their votes into the scale of opposition. No vital issues, it is true, have so far been involved; but the attitude of the Radicals is none the less significant, since it shows that they are prepared to pursue their own way, undeterred by considerations of Government policy. Even now it is evident that the controversial problems of legislation which await solution in the autumn are causing the Imperial Chancellor to view the future with considerable concern. The Radicals are seemingly impressed with the importance of the position which they occupy, and they have not been slow to formulate demands the fulfilment of which they consider to be due to their altered circumstances. The Conservatives, to whom the Radicals in many instances owe their success at the polls,

are naturally disinclined to encourage or support them in pressing their claims upon the notice of the Government. The left wing of the Conservative party, which aspires to be the connecting link between the Right and the non-Socialist Left, endeavors as far as possible to exert a moderating influence, but so far the efforts of the Free-Conservatives have met with little or no reward. The views on economic policy which are held by the Agrarian Conservatives are diametrically opposed to the principles which the Radicals have hitherto professed, and there seems but slight prospect of a profitable or even possible reconciliation of these widely differing points of view. Political compromises are notoriously unsatisfying, and there is no reason to believe that either the Radicals or the Conservatives would derive any permanent advantage from a complete or partial abandonment of material principles.

The debates have been conducted in much the same spirit in which the recent election campaign was fought, and the attitude of the various parties towards the Centre is distinguished by the same animosity which led to the *Bloc* vote of December 13th. The Radicals and the National Liberals, and in a less degree the Conservatives, are animated by a common desire to isolate the Centre, although the Radicals have shown that upon occasion they are capable of giving play to their political ambitions, irrespective of considerations of Parliamentary tactics. The Conservatives again are far too much in sympathy with the principles and traditions of the Centre to display uncompromising hostility towards a party which is still entitled to be regarded as an essential pillar of the existing order of society. In the face of this open and covert opposition, the Centre remains impassive. This waiting attitude on the part of the Centre may be fraught with some curious results. How long it will be able to play the part of the spectator depends, in large measure, upon the extent to which Prince von Bülow may be induced to give effect to his programme of social reform. Indications have already been afforded of a readiness on the part of the Centre to emerge from its reserve with proposals of its own. This, of course, is an inevitable concession to the democratic elements in its composition. Upon these occasions, the *Bloc* majority has hitherto been at pains to secure the rejection of the Centre's proposals, or to force upon the Government social schemes even

more "liberal" than those advanced by the Opposition. In those quarters in which too far-reaching developments in the sphere of social legislation are deprecated, the Parliamentary situation arouses manifold anxieties. The dissensions with which the Government *Bloc* has to contend in its own ranks are reflected, in a less acute degree, in the attitude of the various sections of the Centre among themselves; but, in the latter case, the difficulty of maintaining an unbroken front is not allowed to become so apparent. In reality the competition of the parties resolves itself into the attempts of two *Blocs* to impair each other's cohesion and stability. The Centre, however, is kept together by traditional bonds, which, in the case of the Government majority, are either entirely absent, or, if present, are supplied by purely adventitious considerations of expediency.

As a Parliamentary factor, the Social Democracy, in consequence of its heavy defeat at the elections, has become an almost negligible quantity. No party can afford to lose fifty per cent. of its seats in the national assembly without incurring a serious loss of prestige, not only in the country, but also among its own members. Divisions and dissensions are rife between the Revisionist and the Revolutionary wings of the Socialists, and the tactics of the party leaders are freely criticised. The controversy has been kept within strictly academic limits and its issue must for a long time remain undecided. It would, therefore, be going too far to say, or even to expect, that the day is at hand when the Revisionists will cast about for means of taking a positive and recognized share in the work of legislation. Whether the aspirations which are attributed to them, of becoming the extreme left wing of the Radical party, are capable of realization depends entirely upon the following which they are able to command. At present there are no signs of anything approaching a split in the ranks of the Social Democracy, and there is no doubt that Herr Bebel has intervened between the opposing factions with his usual authority. Those who profess to derive consolation from the fact that the Parliamentary representation of the Social Democracy has been very materially reduced appear to forget that the actual number of votes polled for the party at the elections showed a considerable increase. Thoughtful observers are disturbed by the reflection that, in process of time, this large body of electors may feel that its interests are not being adequately

represented, and in order to ventilate the grievances of the laboring masses may resort to the dreaded, if two-edged, weapon of the general strike. This consideration is undoubtedly present in the minds of many social reformers, but it is at least questionable whether indirect pressure of this kind furnishes the best incentive for promoting the cause which they profess to have at heart.

Complicated as the relations between the parties in the Empire are, the issue becomes positively confused when it is remembered that, in Prussia, the premier state of the federation, Prince von Bülow, who is at once Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Minister-President, is endeavoring to conduct his policy with the assistance of the Centre which he has excommunicated in the Reichstag. This dualism, however, is merely one of the side aspects of the situation, although it is perfectly capable of assuming an important shape in one or other of Prince von Bülow's spheres of activity. In all matters affecting the Army and Navy, and the Colonies, as well as in foreign policy, the Government is sanguine that the *Bloc* majority will prove trustworthy. There are, however, a number of questions in the domain of social and economic policy, the discussion of which is likely to impose a severe strain upon the loyalty of the *Bloc*. These questions, moreover, are far more serious from the Government point of view than purely patriotic issues, however "national" they may be, since the Centre is by no means opposed in principle to supporting demands for strengthening the defences of the Empire, but has merely vindicated the right of Parliamentary criticism.

The most urgent of the controversial questions is undoubtedly the reform of the Bourse Law of 1896. This law is essentially a class measure, and owes its enactment chiefly to the interested agitation of the Agrarians. Its most important provisions are those which restrict or altogether prohibit transactions in differences. The appointment of a State Commissary for the Bourse under the Act represents one of the most characteristic expressions of the doctrines of State Socialism which were so much in vogue in Germany during the last decade or two of the nineteenth century. A further innovation introduced by the Act was the institution of a Bourse register, in which the names of all those who transact stock business on 'Change have to be entered. The object of these restrictions was to prevent gambling

speculations especially on the part of officers and officials. The net result of these restrictions, however, has been to compel German capital to seek a field for its activity abroad, to the detriment of the home market. In a country like Germany, where lotteries are promoted and encouraged by the State, purely paternal regulations of this kind in the case of one of the most important organs of the national economy savor strongly of the grotesque. The measure has always been regarded as a one-sided concession to Agrarian prejudices against purely commercial and industrial interests. Repeated but unavailing efforts have been made by successive Reichstags to mitigate the evils of this systematic restriction. The defective power of resistance which the Bourse exhibited in the face of the recent great crisis on the American railway-market in March has revived the agitation. The migration of German capital to foreign countries in search of profitable investments has reduced the Bourse to a position of dependence upon international constellations. It has, moreover, repeatedly been observed that the inherent weakness of the Berlin Bourse has in its turn given a fresh impetus to downward movements in Wall Street, while the Bourse laws, which have been responsible for the instability of the market, have at the same time been the primary cause of the high Bank rate in Germany. And so the vicious circle has been completed. In this connection attention may be drawn to the steady process of amalgamation which has been in progress in the German banking world, and the imminent disappearance of the smaller banking institutions, with results which have not been altogether beneficent in their influence upon the money-market. Universal as the scarcity and tightness of money have undoubtedly become, it is certain that Germany, with her disorganized finances, her lavish investments abroad and her restrictive Bourse legislation, has not only been responsible for her own financial difficulties, but has also contributed in large measure to the present condition of the international money-market.

Nearly all parties in Germany are agreed that a strong Bourse is a vital necessity from the political and military point of view, as well as upon purely economic grounds. But no two sections of opinion can be found to coincide when it comes to discussing the scope of the proposed reforms. The increased strength of the Agrarian element in the new Reichstag is not calculated to ren-

der the Conservatives more inclined to entertain any proposals for the unconditional repeal of the present restrictions upon Bourse business. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that they may be willing to cooperate in the work of revising the Bourse laws if the clauses in restraint of speculative operations in corn and mill products are left untouched. The German Agricultural Council has already expressed itself in this sense, and Prince von Bülow, while laying stress upon the necessity for a strong and healthy Bourse, has intimated his fundamental sympathy with the attitude of the Agrarians. The lines upon which an eventual compromise between the Conservatives and the Liberals may ultimately be effected are by no means assured. The Conservatives will certainly not consent to the abolition of the Bourse register, although it is suggested that they may so far modify their attitude as to acquiesce in transactions in differences, provided that in the case of non-professional speculators who are not on the register a security is deposited for settlement purposes, beyond the amount of which the creditor in the transaction cannot recover. Some expedient of this kind would satisfy the Agrarians, but whether it would prevent the outflow of capital from Germany is, to say the least, questionable. Authoritative critics, however, are inclined provisionally to accept a compromise of this kind in order as far as possible to give Prince von Bülow his chance of "mating the Conservative with the Liberal spirit." Nevertheless, even this compromise is still far from being acceptable to both parties, and a long time must elapse before the issue of the conflict between the two opposing interests has been determined. Meanwhile, the official Bourse commissary has been sent on a mission to the various foreign capitals in order to study local conditions and to gather material for the proposed amendment of the Bourse laws.

The sphere of social policy is also one in which there continues to be a profound divergence between the Conservative and the Liberal view. German industrialists are becoming seriously disturbed at what they consider to be the hasty and ill-considered manner in which social legislation is being developed. Thus the Associated Industrialists of the Cologne District, in their recent report, warned German industry to be on its guard against what they described as "hypersocial" legislation, and expressed the apprehension that the new Reichstag was even more likely to

indulge in an exaggerated social policy than its predecessor. With the parties and the Government vying with each other in their efforts to gain popular favor, the outlook for industry, from the employers' point of view, is considered depressing, since social reforms are almost invariably introduced at their expense. In their opinion the situation is further aggravated by the fact that the Prussian Government has set the example of introducing a nine-hour day, and regular holidays at full wages, for workmen in the service of the State. The result, it is contended, is that private employers of labor have been placed at a disadvantage, since they have to reckon with competition not only at home but also in foreign countries, where these advanced social views have not yet asserted themselves. Apart from this fact, moreover, the whole character and purpose of private industrial enterprise is different from the nature and objects of State undertakings. These considerations are urged in favor of a more gradual process of social legislation upon the ground that many of the compulsory measures which are being enforced in the guise of so-called reforms would ultimately evolve themselves out of the natural order of things. Above all, it is objected that Germany ought to await social developments in other rival countries before handicapping herself by irrevocable commitments in this sphere.

The Central Association of German Industrials, as well as a number of local chambers of commerce, have repeatedly made representations to the Government and to municipal authorities on the subject of granting concessions to their servants which private employers of labor are not yet prepared to accord. These efforts have so far proved unavailing. Indeed, the Imperial Chancellor lately approached the Central Association with a view to securing its support for his own social policy on Conservative-Liberal lines. One of the first social political measures of the new era is likely to be the enforcement of a universal ten-hour working-day for women instead of that of eleven hours now prevailing. In the South-German cotton and textile trade this reform has already been introduced. In the Cologne district the *maximum* ten-hour day, exclusive of meal-times, is also in operation, and it is generally regarded as being far more compatible with social and industrial requirements than the nine-hour day which obtains in the State railway workshops. The process of industrialization in a State, it is argued, produces its

own reforms in its own good time, and it is pointed out that the demand for labor is the regulating factor both in the reduction of the working hours and in the increase of wages. Increased industrial activity of itself entails a continuous improvement in the conditions of labor.

These questions of social policy, together with other kindred problems, such as that of framing a law which will give scope to employers' associations without unduly strengthening the position of labor-unions, present difficulties which will severely tax the loyalty of the various members of the *Bloc* to each other and to the Government. The insurrection in Southwest Africa has long been at an end, and the "national" issues upon which, with a loud flourish of trumpets, the Reichstag was dissolved last December, stand revealed as a mere farce. The fortuitous combination of Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals, which was used by the Government with the avowed object of teaching the Centre party a lesson, has served its purpose. The question is whether these strange bedfellows, who have been brought together by Prince von Bülow's professed desire to "mate the Conservative with the Liberal spirit," will be able to maintain an unbroken front against the strongest party in the Reichstag, which contains in its ranks some of the most practical of German politicians. Experience so far has shown that the Radicals are a totally untrustworthy quantity. When it suits their purpose to assert themselves against the Government they cheerfully go over to the enemy. And, if the Conservatives decline to cooperate in a purely Radical policy, Prince von Bülow's programme of social reform, vague as it is, stands a chance of proving the still-born offspring of an unnatural alliance. On the other hand, if the *Bloc* makes a practice of trying to outbid the Centre in its social proposals, the Government may find itself forced into a position from which retirement will be difficult.

ST. PETERSBURG, *April, 1907.*

MEDIAEVAL schoolmen had an axiom to the effect that causes operate in accordance with their nature. And of the present Duma this is manifestly true. The second Russian Parliament consists of a very mixed crowd of ill-assorted individuals, most of whom are themselves sorely in need of elementary instruction, yet who, taken together, are supposed to give light and guidance

to a nation of 150 millions and to change for the better the institutions of the country. Troglodites gathered together to restore an old Gothic Church, would have a much easier task. Like the wedding guests in the Gospel, they are men picked up in the highways and byways who are become legislators in spite of themselves, and might just as well have become astronomers or physicians. There are Russians and Germans, Esthonians and Letts, Poles and Lithuanians, Georgians, Armenians, Tartars, Bashkirs and Ruthenians, all loving their own language and respecting their own traditions. If we classified them by creeds we should find Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Orthodox Christians, Old Believers, Stundists, Mohammedans, Buddhists and Jews. And these are but a few of the divisions. Political shades give rise to more. Many of the deputies, for instance, are men with a past of which they are proud: some have been in prison, others in Siberia, many under police surpervision or banished from their native provinces, while a few were exiles abroad; in a word, they and the *régime,* which is also represented in the Duma, have been at daggers' ends too long to regard each other with any feelings but bitter hatred or supreme contempt.

Forty-three per cent. of the deputies are quite uneducated men, who might perhaps make laws for a tiny State like the Republic of San Marino, but are utterly unfitted to legislate for a vast nation like Russia, during one of the most terrible crises that any community has ever undergone. Indeed, they are incapable even of forming an idea of the task set them. Many of them look upon the universe as Homer's contemporaries might have contemplated it, while others could have lived without feeling strange in the days when Christianity was first recommended to Prince Vladimir on the ground of the sweet singing that forms part of its liturgy. It is noteworthy that the larger the percentage of educated members in a party, the more moderate are its views and the more parliamentary its behavior. Thus in the "Octoberist" group, whose programme is identical with that which the Tsar himself enounced in the Charter of October, 1905, not less than 59 per cent. of the members received instruction either at universities or at other high schools. The "Cadets" — as the Constitutional Democrats are called—come next in the matter of schooling and moderation. They were once, last year, on the point of being summoned by the Tsar and commanded to form

a Cabinet. Of the "Cadet" deputies, 45 per cent. have passed through the higher educational establishments, some of them being professors, lawyers, journalists, ex-bureaucrats. More to the Left still stand the deputies of the Labor party, of whom 55 per cent. have no claim to be regarded as educated, and the Social Democrats, of whom just one-half lack intermediate school instruction.

A couple of days ago one of the peasant deputies complained to a journalist in the Duma that he could not make head or tail of the whole business. "We came here to get land," he said, scratching his head in token of despair, "but we are tripped up wherever we turn. Each of us has received mountains of printed documents. Among them are the Finance Minister's estimates, the second half of which contains two thousand pages." "Do you read them?" "Not I. How could I? Why, in three years I could not flounder through all that; and besides, I don't understand anything about it." "Then, why, pray, did they elect you instead of somebody capable of understanding?" "Well, you see, this is how the elections were made. At first we didn't know whom to choose. Then, just before the voting-day, the police made a raid on some of the villagers' houses, seeking for revolvers or bombs. Well, that was enough. Our people elected the men who were suspected by the police."

Now, even if this scratch assembly were willing to prescribe for the ills of the Russian Empire, it could not carry out its intention, because it is not intellectually and morally equipped for the task. Over five hundred individuals, mostly uneducated men, of violent prejudices, sluggish minds and wholly inexperienced in public affairs, cannot be expected, even with the best will in the world, to bring into harmony the conflicting interests of the many nationalities, religions, climates, of which the vast Russian Empire is made up. "Nobody can give what he does not possess," is an adage of the mediæval schoolmen, which is certainly applicable to this case. Then how hopeless the effort to get these political tigers and lambs, wolves, sheep and shepherds, sharks, rhinoceroses, hawks and sparrows to combine and work for an object of which only a few have any understanding, and which even they generally misunderstand!

But the bulk of the deputies themselves are determined not to undertake the task. Like the Irishman who described himself

as sober enough to know that he was not sober, they are quite qualified to see that they are not qualified. And what is more, they would not, even if they could, set their hands to the work. On the contrary, they are bent on doing everything in their power to thwart any efforts that may be made in that direction. And in a matter of this kind it is superlatively true that where there's a will there's a way.

Like most Parliaments, the Duma, despite its thirty-three different parties, may be roughly split up into three sections: the more or less moderate Centre, the conservative Right and the radical Left. Each of these is in turn divisible into groups and fractions, which may, under certain conditions, again fall apart, but for all practical purposes they may be treated as indivisible units. The kernel of the centre is made up of about a hundred Constitutional Democrats, who will probably form the governmental party of the future, but are in opposition to-day. They are mostly enlightened, ambitious men who, while they can count upon no powerful following in the country, have turned the court and government against them by coquetting with revolutionists and truckling to Social Democrats. Putting their trust neither in the princes nor the people, they seek to make up by parliamentary strategy for what they lack in number. They live on their wits, and are therefore not thriving. But they attract the votes now of the Left, now of the Right, and are able at times to wield a powerful influence on the course of the debates. It was thus that they had their own man, M. Golovin, chosen speaker of the House as the result of a compromise by which they gave seven other posts, including those of vice-presidents and secretary, to various fractions of the Left, entirely excluding those of the Right, whose members constitute one-fifth of the Duma. It was ingenious, unjust and successful.

But the "Cadets," who are opportunists, have a political programme which, however, they are quite ready to modify when necessary. Their specific for the present ills of Russia may be summarized thus: "Our programme modified by circumstance and carried out exclusively by ourselves. Men and measures are indispensable, but especially men. And we alone know the magic word." Land expropriation is one of the remedies prescribed by the Cadets and anathematized by the Court.

The "Octoberists" are less radical and much less numerous

than the Constitutional Democrats. Their programme is peaceful development on the lines traced by the Tsar in his Ukase of the 30th October; their chief weakness lies in their lack of organization in the Duma and in the country, and it is intensified by their irresolution, and by their lack of faith in their aims, in themselves, in anything. A third party, which is also looked upon as part of the centre, is composed of the thirty-four Poles, whose ideal is autonomy, whose discipline is exemplary, and whose tactics reveal a degree of political training which is unexampled in Russia.

The Right, like the other two sections, is a composite entity. Part of its members feel drawn towards the Government and willing to uphold M. Stolypin's line of policy, while another part is resolved to frustrate that policy by every means in its power. The latter are reactionaries, who deplore the line of action which led to the granting of a constitution by the Tsar, and place the salvation of the country in a frank return to the autocratic *régime*, quickened perhaps with an infusion of the modern spirit of progress. Among those reactionaries are the anti-Semites of the type of Krushevan and Purishkevitch, who sum up all the hostile forces that encircle and threaten the Russian people in the one word "Jews." Every national catastrophe, every partial calamity, war and famine, trade stagnation and industrial strikes are all the handiwork of the Jews. And these reactionaries have a strong following in the land. It would be strange, indeed, were it otherwise among a population which is still mediæval in superstition and Bœotian in intellectual enlightenment. Foreigners can hardly realize the mental and moral condition of the Russian masses.

The fractions of the United Left are implacable enemies of the Government and the *régime*. Between the two there can be neither peace nor truce. Some among them perhaps would be contented with the peaceful establishment of a democratic republic, but the others want very much more, and are further convinced that nothing worth having can be obtained without violence and bloodshed. The nationalization of land, of capital and machinery, the abolition of the death penalty, and a number of other equally far-reaching changes in the social and political framework of Russia are among the aims of these reformers. Now they are well aware that they can carry these

measures only by force, well organized and actually employed. At the last Duma they imagined that they were already strong enough at least to terrify the Government and force it to evacuate the outworks of the fortress. But when the decree of dissolution was carried out without provoking a rising or even a protest in the provinces, it became evident that they had made a gross miscalculation. This time, therefore, they are aware of their weakness and resolved to run no risks. Their plan is to organize the masses against the Government, and their method consists in spreading subversive doctrines from the tribune of the Duma. Therefore they hold that the existence of the Duma must not be endangered by any such outbreaks of indignation as wrought the destruction of the first Russian Parliament. That is the view taken by the social revolutionists and the Social Democrats; in a word, by all the fractions of the United Left. And everything that has taken place in the Duma since the first sitting was held becomes intelligible and reasonable when interpreted in the light of those tactics.

The first Duma tried to storm the citadel of the Monarchists, the second is resolved to lay siege to it patiently. Ministers were peremptorily summoned to resign by the first batch of deputies; they are being cleverly pressed into the service of the revolution by the second batch. And hitherto they have lent a helping hand right willingly. Indeed, an onlooker, unacquainted with Russian affairs, would be tempted to set down the Tsar's ministers as lukewarm fellow workers of the revolutionists — they offer them such excellent openings and favorable opportunities, and they fall in so readily with the plans of their enemies. And all this is done so cheerfully and deliberately that one is sometimes disposed to assume that the Ministers know what they are about, and have in reserve some magic spell which in the nick of time will change the enemies into friends and helpmates.

Over a month has now elapsed since the Duma first met, but as yet not a bill has been passed or approved, and only the budget has been discussed. But, then, the work of organizing the masses has moved apace, and even the troops are showing signs of the changes which persevering propaganda can effect. The Generals are alarmed and powerless. They see disaffection gnawing the vitals of the army, but they may not do anything against the malady. Countless leaflets and inflammatory appeals—in the

form of speeches delivered in the Duma by inviolable deputies—have been distributed broadcast over the land, and the peasantry, whose respect for the printed word borders on idolatry, is being drawn further and further away from the cause of monarchism and order. If the Duma were not sitting this food of disaffection would be forbidden by the police, but now the very Government helps to distribute it impartially. If that process were continued for a twelvemonth the dynasty which could not, as things now stand, survive the death or deposition of Nicolai Alexandrovitch, would be swept into the limbo of the past, and with it all the traditions, achievements and failures of the monarchical *régime*. And the Tsar's Ministers are working hard to prolong the life of the Duma, which is toiling for that. Even as it is, the revolutionists have advanced their cause perceptibly, and certain of the reactionary changes which the Tsar's Government might have effected without provoking serious troubles after the dissolution of the first Duma have now become impossible.

Every question hitherto raised by the Opposition and discussed by the Duma has been carefully selected with an eye to the opportunity it offers for inflammatory speeches and to the ease with which it may be used as a text without necessitating any such decision as would render a dissolution necessary. After the Premier's official announcement, for example, the first topic debated was whether the Duma should despatch deputies to the provinces to ascertain whether the public corn granaries, which are kept for the purpose of feeding the peasantry in famine years, were full, and if not, why not. But the real object of this proposal was to enable the deputies under cover of inviolability, to travel from place to place preaching rebellion at the public expense. The Constitutional Democrats, whose self-imposed duty it is to keep the balance between the extremes, then proposed not to send commissioners, but to form a committee to study the documents bearing on the subject. And M. Stolypin closed with the suggestion right joyfully. His friends applauded warmly, and his press claimed that he had won a signal victory over the Left. And to some extent that apparent victory has implanted in the Premier's mind the conviction that besides being an orator he is also a parliamentary leader, and can find a *modus vivendi* which will enable him to work with the Duma for the well-being of the nation.

The next topic mooted in the Duma turned upon the military field tribunals, which deal death to murderers with a degree of uncertainty that is truly demoralizing. It was a splendid theme for declamation, and the revolutionary deputies made the most of it. Examples of unfairness, of crying injustice, were given in abundance. But as usual there were true and false. For nothing that is asserted in the Duma or published in the newspapers can be accepted unless confirmed by independent evidence. For example, the Socialist leader, Alexinsky, narrated a case which caused a certain sensation among his hearers. Two Letts in the Baltic Provinces, Kelle and Janson by name, were tried by the field tribunal in January and acquitted, but were kept in prison until March and then shot. That was one tale; the other was just as sensational. And the Russian public still believes them both. As a matter of fact, they are false. The two Letts were not tried in January, but their trial was postponed then. Neither were they shot in March or at any time. They are still alive and in prison. That, however, is but a characteristic detail. Another equally characteristic detail was the challenge thrown by the Prime Minister to the Duma to condemn publicly and solemnly all political assassination, whether as an end or a means. But it was left unanswered. The Duma will not condemn political assassination. And the men who thundered against the death penalty as immoral, inhuman and intolerable, refused to raise their voices against the cruel murders of thousands of citizens who care nothing for politics and crave only for a life of peaceful activity. The main point throughout this debate was the facility which it offered for appeals made to the revolutionary elements of the nation over the heads of the deputies.

How to find work for the unemployed was the next riddle propounded to the Chamber. Some members asked that the State should bind itself to pay every operative who has nothing to do one-half his wages while out of work. Others made other proposals hardly more practical. The Premier pointed out that wanton strikes were at the bottom of much of the misery that now prevails in the Empire, and he instanced the crews of the Caspian steamers who have refused to go back to work until their employers accede to a number of demands, some of which are preposterous. For example, seamen shall be allowed to rest from work of all kind on Sundays and holy days—of which Russia

has more than her share—even when the steamers are sailing! But nobody paid attention to M. Stolypin's warning that these and similar strikes would work the ruin of Russian trade and industry. For that entire discussion, as well as the debates on the agrarian question, had but one object, to enable the revolutionary members to inspirit their followers in the country.

As the key-word of the aims of the Duma is notoriously the organization of the masses in the provinces against the Government, it is worthy of remark that the Premier should be constantly on the alert for every fresh device by which he may save the Parliament from destruction. His solicitude is touching, almost tragical. For M. Stolypin is a man without guile, whose word is an adequate exponent of his intentions, and whose intentions emanate from patriotic considerations. On his part there can be no question of mental reservation. All the more amazing is the line of action he is pursuing. The dispassionate onlooker cannot but feel that while the Duma is demonstrating its unwillingness to legislate, the Cabinet is proving its incapacity for governing the nation.

The centre of gravity is therefore in the country. And the country is moving towards revolution and anarchy uninterruptedly. The students of high schools have proclaimed publicly that, imitating the tactics of the Duma, they will strive to keep the universities open as revolutionary centres and sanctuaries, beyond the threshold of which the police may not penetrate. They will do everything but study there. Crimes against property and person are increasing in number and in cruelty. In some districts the peasants have cut down wood, rifled mansions, fought skirmishes with the police or the troops, leaving over twenty dead on the field. Human life has fallen enormously in value. Here is an extract from one day's telegrams in the morning paper: "*Kharkoff.*—Last night the university was surrounded by Cossacks and police. The latter, entering, found three illegal meetings going on, in which about 100 outsiders were taking part. *Grodno.*—At eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th eighteen prisoners escaped from the gaol by breaking down the stone wall, climbing up the spout to the roof and letting themselves down by strips of linen sheet. *Lodz.*—On the night of the 15th the police, entering the lodging of Kopcheffsky to make a search, were met by five men who emptied their revolvers at them. Three

policemen fell wounded. *Cherkassy.*—In the village Khlipovka the priest has been robbed. His daughter was dishonored before his eyes. He died on the spot of heart paralysis. His wife went mad. *Vladimir.*—Five hundred drunken peasants gutted a tavern. After unavailing exhortations to disperse the crowd, the police fired. Ten men were wounded, eight died. Order is restored."

But few incidents could characterize the lawlessness of the country and the demoralization of the people more fully than the wanton murder of the ex-Deputy Yollos in the very centre of Moscow in the broad daylight. Yollos was not only a harmless politician, he was a man of warm impulse, generous inspiration and great learning. A member of the Cadet party, he was moderate and straightforward, modest and retired. His murder could do nobody any good. It was obviously calculated to discredit irremediably the party to which it could be brought home, so obviously that no party wicked enough to conceive such a crime would be stupid enough to perpetrate it. The revolver-shot was fired at the gate of a house in which a press organ of the extreme reactionary Right is published. But that party—which has publicly condemned assassination—could gain absolutely nothing by this murder, which the revolutionists at once accused them of having plotted. The authorities who are investigating the dastardly crime have arrested three persons on suspicion—but all three have turned out to be revolutionary agents. And now the conservatives' heart is made glad, and the revolutionists are accused of having hired assassins to do Yollos to death in order to hold up the extreme Right, which alone supports the Government, to the execration of the world. Whichever of these charges proves founded is immaterial to the outsider. The significant fact is that such revolting crimes should be thoroughly threshed out in such businesslike fashion by professional politicians.

Happily there are also moral and religious forces at work in the country, as yet hardly noticeable to the outsider, but none the less powerful. And they are growing fast. These may perhaps yet infuse the ichor of ethical life into the veins of the diseased nation. But of such elements there is no sign in the Duma, many of whose deputies merely darken counsel by words. And from the second Duma, constituted as it is, little else than words can be reasonably expected.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *April 29.* A Galaxy of Spinsters.

WE herewith make brief replies to the following interesting communications from obdurate women who persist in thwarting the clearly defined plans of their Creator.

SIR,—You say, "Why not tax old maids?" It has long been an axiom in our land of the free that taxation without representation is tyranny; and although it is not unlike man to give woman cause to call him a tyrant, it is more short-sighted than usual in him to allow her such excellent proof of the truth of the accusation. Why not tax bachelors? You say, "There was never yet a woman who could not marry, as she should, if she would," but you have been discreetly silent regarding the men. They are not so numerous as women, and so have all the more chance to find mates "as they should, if they would." What keeps a man from marrying? Possibly because he cannot find the woman he wants, or some one else has found her first; perhaps because he is too selfish (or unselfish) to ask a woman to share his life; not improbably because he profits by his friends' experience. We contend the same reasons would make a woman "look before she leaped."

You say it is only necessary to be a woman to win a man; but you add, "*some* man." Possibly the woman may prefer spinsterhood to wifehood with "*some* man." The average woman does not always stop to consider whether she is fulfilling her destiny any more than does the average man.

You say that Eve, without being rich, beautiful or clever, managed to captivate Adam. But was Adam any richer, any better to look upon or any less stupid than poor Eve? And is it likely that they would have mated had there been any other men or women on the earth? Or would not Eve have considered matrimony longer and more hesitatingly had she realized all that it entailed?

You say that spinsterhood is purely a voluntary condition. I beg to differ. It is merely the lesser of two evils. If a woman finds a man she can love and respect, she will choose matrimony every time; but is it not better to be sorry (if sorry one must be) because one is *not* married than because one is? So the spinster argues.

Why an "old maid" should "humbly recognize the ignominy of her

position" any more than a bachelor should I cannot understand. Her position, according to you, is a voluntary one; why, then, ignominious? But even if, as I hold is the case, she chooses to remain a spinster merely because it is less bad than marrying a man who is not for her *the* man, I cannot see why her position is ignominious. Surely, she deserves more credit than the woman who marries for money, for a home, or "to fulfil her destiny." Nowadays, the average "old maid" is not a "burden upon patient relatives"; for if she is not financially independent, she courageously shoulders the burden of earning her own living. Naturally, the "old maid" is more exacting than the matron; if this were not so she would probably have married. But that she is petulant, contemptuous of children, and only in rare exceptions kindly disposed toward animals, is open to dispute. It is the nature of the woman rather than her environment which makes her petulant; rarely is the "old maid" contemptuous of children; usually the complaint is that, having none of her own, she is entirely too interested in those of her neighbors. The statement that she dislikes animals more than other women is groundless, for many stray dogs, homeless cats, and abused horses find a protector in her rather than in the matron who is more busily employed. Decorous behavior is, I have found, still extant among "old maids"; and if the Puritanic primness has disappeared, it has been replaced not by a resentment against conventions, but by an independence of spirit rather than actions, which by rights belongs to those who have the courage of their convictions, as have spinsters in one direction, at least.

Lastly, since there are more women than men in this world of ours, I fail to see how you will dispose of the remaining women after all the men have mated. When you kindly tell how this is to be done we may consider the taxation of spinsters, not before.

I am, sir,

D. H. W., spinster.

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.

Our correspondent fails to recognize the fundamental truth that the few men who succeed in evading matrimony are actuated, not by selfishness, but by fear. We have already patiently explained that the spinster's position is ignominious *because* it is assumed voluntarily; it is the man who, if wanted, cannot escape. Adam was an ass, of course, but patently helpless in common with each of his male descendants; apparently it was a small garden, and he could neither hide nor get away. Moreover, it is a horrifying thought, which we occasionally contemplate with serious dissatisfaction, that history fails to record that our first parents were ever properly married at all, and that, consequently, from the high moral standards of the present day, we are all illegiti-

mate offspring of an irregular alliance. The most desirable method of disposing of superfluous females is truly a subject worthy of serious consideration. Possibly a solution might be found in the Yale professor's conclusion that polygamy affords the only effective remedy for race suicide.

SIR,—Your article on taxing spinsters so persistently haunts me that I cannot resist the temptation to try to defend myself and other unfortunate(?) women belonging to my class.

You say we enjoy all the advantages of civilization, which is quite true; but that we make no adequate return I must differ from you. Such noble examples as Frances Willard, Florence Nightingale, Jane Addams, and others too numerous to mention refute this charge.

You say our possessions are only made to yield a "slight"(?) contribution to the common fund.

Wrong again. My taxes are much higher than my man neighbor's, though his house is much more expensive in every way than mine. My personal-property tax is also equal to that of the next to the richest man in town, which is absurd. When I called the attention of the assessor to the figures, he said it was because I had no vote. Yet "taxation without representation is tyranny." I do not care to vote; I am no politician; but I should like to be exempt from taxes if I cannot at least be assessed on the same scale as my neighbor.

I have seen few unmarried women that were burdens on their relatives. Spinsters have a great many of the cares of married life without any of its joys. I will be personal. For illustration, I am a high-school and college graduate; can sew, knit, paint; have been soloist in the church choir, having a clear soprano voice; can cook anything, bake anything, make butter, candles, soap; I have all the old-fashioned virtues which were taught to me. I can also embroider nicely, and have done lace-making. I make my own hats and some for my friends. I worked as bookkeeper and stenographer in an office for the same men for five years. During this time I was called to take charge of my little niece six hours old and my nephew one day old, and I have been with them in all their little sicknesses during their lifetime. My sister married, eighteen years ago, a wealthy farmer. She was then a young schoolteacher of twenty-three. The match seemed a desirable one. I never have received any remuneration for work done in her home. The husband is land-crazy, and a mean man. She has to ask for money, and account for every penny she spends. He goes to town, buys tobacco and whatever else he likes, and returns when he gets ready. I practically clothe her and the children, as I buy the material and make their clothes, and get my money back in dribs of one dollar and less, as she can sell a few eggs or chickens. The world thinks she has done so well; but I, who know him, would not take that overbearing brute and live with him if he had all the farms in the United States.

I deny that women can marry "as they should, if they would." I have had three proposals, but I should have hated myself for being sold as a slave, for that is what marriage without love would mean for me. I am sensitive and refined, not beautiful or homely. There are thousands just like me all around you. There are not enough good men to go around, and there are too many clinging vines.

Old maids are born, not made. I love children, and can enter into their pleasures, plans and pains more readily than most of their mothers. I like women, and get along beautifully with the old ladies; they frequently try to think of some one good enough for me. But as long as I can work I am satisfied. I do my share to make the community self-supporting, self-respecting, and God-loving.

I am, sir,

YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND.

ILLINOIS.

Since our prosperous Unknown Friend is not willing to vote, what right has she to complain of the acts of those chosen by others to fill public positions? It is idle to hark back to "no taxation without representation," while refusing to represent even oneself. And why, in conscience, deny our primary assertion that every woman can marry if she will, and with the next breath confess to three proposals brazenly and inhumanly rejected? To enter voluntarily a state of slavery is clearly unwise, but in this case of one for whom all of the old ladies in the neighborhood have been unable to find a worthy mate, we venture to suspect that the other party to the contract, had there been one, would have discovered very quickly that marriage does not invariably involve subjection of the female.

SIR,—Your "Diary" is delightful, and the letters you are publishing are intensely amusing. Being a spinster, I cannot keep out of the row —so here's a suggestion:

Why not compel each spinster, bachelor and divorcee to become personally responsible for the care and education of a child laborer? For unmarried folks to have a *living, growing* interest *outside* of themselves is a great thing. This is a poor substitute for real parentage. All women should be, and can be, mothers (or so it seems to some of us); but how much do we really know about it? To tax them for not marrying would simply be another incentive for women to tell fairy-tales about their ages.

You mention several books with German titles on sex propagation. Are these published in English? If so, where can I buy them? Thanking you for the pleasure your "Diary" gives me,

I am, sir, D. B. J.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

No spinster or bachelor is competent to train up a child in the way he should go; divorcees do not interest us.

SIR,—The satirical way in which you wave aside as over-squeamish the demand of a correspondent that a man be "good" and "honest" if he is to recommend himself to a good woman in marriage, arouses me to protest. The subject is not one for flippancy; it lies at the root of society. Deeper than any other social question lies this one of the right kind of fatherhood and motherhood for the race.

Some of the best women I have known, some of those best fitted for motherhood, have either, by their own confession, remained wholly unnoticed by men, or from fine pure motives refused to join their lives to men who could not make good fathers to their children. When every woman will insist on the goodness and honesty that you dismiss so lightly as unobtainable, we shall begin to raise a race of which we can be proud; and until that time comes, long hence (but you, Mr. Editor, can help it to be shorter), we shall have to continue to be ashamed of our race, male and female.

There is in every large-souled woman an innate motherhood, a spiritual motherhood, that must somehow find its outlet. The opportunity for marriage, advantageous or ordinary, by no means comes to every woman of this type; such women are, on the whole, less attractive to men than their shallower sisters; and this is natural, since the world holds more shallow men than fine spiritual men. Such women will lavish their love on the children of those parents who lightly and carelessly propagate the race; and they need not grieve too deeply when the world of males fails to appreciate them. To some of them life is one long, sore lack. But I think it need not be so. The God who plants in a woman the craving for children can also show her that the mere physical maternity is but the shadow of real motherhood. From the latter, no accident of circumstance can cut her off. Her love will overflow the barriers of family that sometimes narrow a woman's usefulness; children not her own will rise up and call her blessed; and in their love there will be no touch of anything mechanical; it will be the pure devotion of a love that she has earned by her own intrinsic worth.

Do you not understand, Mr. Editor? Do you not see that spinsters of this kind are one of society's valuable assets, indispensable so long as marriage and family ideals continue to be so ignoble as they are at present? You should neither slur nor tax; you should reward!

I am, sir,

PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND. M. E. D.

The spinster, however large-souled, more often does harm than good when she undertakes the upbringing of other people's children, whose natures she cannot understand, and whose actual needs she cannot appreciate. She would much better marry a bad man and reform him.

SIR,—Your ironical "Diary" entries concerning spinsters have been very interesting to me—naturally so, as I am a member of the reprehensible(?) class. But I disapprove of your sentiment when you say that a man may remain single because he cannot get the woman he wants, but that a woman shall marry whether or no. Is she to have no choice? Or is she simply to take "O Lord, anybody for a husband"? Perhaps some other woman has the man who "might have been" her choice. Or shall she torture her sensibilities by taking some one who might be more acceptable to some other woman? Far worse than not having the man one wants, is having a man one does not want.

Her presence in greater numbers is but a provision of Nature to guard against the supply being unequal to the demand.

And what would the world do without its superfluous women? Who else would take a disinterested interest in other people's children? Who would teach them from *first primary* to *grammar A*? To whom would nieces and nephews look for comfort and sympathy were it not for the "old maid auntie"? And not for that only, but for the ultimate legacy which parents are often too heavily *taxed* to give them?

So, please, do not impose an additional tax on old maids.

I am, sir, I. L. V.

NEW HOLLAND, OHIO.

Surely she should take him whom the Lord sends; any contrary suggestion is irreverent; besides, those whom He withholds are not available.

ESPERANTO.*

PART X.

THE correlative words, forty-five in number, consisting of pronouns and adverbs, are of the utmost importance in Esperanto, and should be learned by heart. The tabulated view of them here presented virtually explains itself. The following exercise by Dr. Zamenhof explains the formation of the words:

Vocabulary.

ia, some kind of.
ial, for some cause or reason.
iam, at some time, ever.
ie, somewhere.
iel, in some manner, somehow.
ies, some one's.
io, something.
iom, somewhat, some quantity.
iu, some one.
konsili, to advise, to counsel.
serio, series.
pronomo, pronoun.
adverbo, adverb.
litero, letter (of the alphabet).
rilati, to relate to.
prefikso, prefix.
ajn, ever.
diferenci, to differ, be different from.
helpi, to help.
sufikso, suffix.

Ia, ial, iam, ie, iel, ies, io, iom, iu. La montritajn naŭ vortojn ni konsilas bone ellerni, ĉar el ili ĉiu povas jam fari al si grandan serion da aliaj pronomoj kaj adverboj. Se ni aldonas la literon "**t**," ni ricevas vortojn montrajn: **tia, tial, tiam, tie, tiel, ties, tio, tiom, tiu.** Se ni aldonas al ili la literon "**k**," ni ricevas vortojn demandajn aŭ rilatajn: **kia, kial, kiam, kie, kiel, kies, kio, kiom, kiu.** Aldonante la literon "**ĉ**," ni ricevas vortojn komunajn: **ĉia, ĉial, ĉiam, ĉie, ĉiel, ĉies, ĉio, ĉiom, ĉiu.** Aldonante la prefikson "**nen**," ni ricevas vortojn neajn: **nenia, nenial, neniam, nenie, neniel, nenies, nenio, neniom, neniu.** Aldonante al la vortoj montraj la vorton "**ĉi**," ni ricevas montron pli proksiman; ekzemple: **tiu** (pli malproksima), **tiu ĉi** (aŭ **ĉi tiu**) (pli proksima); **tie** (malproksime), **tie ĉi** aŭ **ĉi tie** (proksime). Aldonante al la vortoj demandaj la vorton "**ajn**," ni ricevas vortojn sendiferencajn: **kia ajn, kial ajn, kiam ajn, kie ajn, kiel ajn, kies ajn, kio ajn, kiom ajn, kiu ajn.** Ekster tio, el la diritaj vortoj ni povas ankoraŭ fari aliajn vortojn, per helpo de gramatikaj finiĝoj kaj aliaj vortoj (sufiksoj); ekzemple: **tiama, ĉiama, kioma, tiea, ĉi-tiea, tieulo, tiamulo,** k. t. p. (=kaj tiel plu).

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—ED.

TABLE OF CORRELATIVE WORDS.

	Indefinite.	Distributive, General or Collective.	Interrogative and Relative.	Negative.	Demonstrative.
Quality Kind of (adjectival)	**IA** some } kind of (any) } some (any)	**ĉIA** every kind of each, every (any sort of)	**KIA** what kind of? of what kind? what a! .... as	**NENIA** no kind of no, no such of no kind (not any kind of)	**TIA** such kind of such a of that kind
Motive Reason for (adverbial)	**IAL** for { some } reason { (any) } or cause	**ĉIAL** for every reason for all reasons	**KIAL** for what reason why? wherefore	**NENIAL** for no { reason { cause	**TIAL** for that reason for such a reason therefore
Time (adverbial)	**IAM** at { some } time { (any) } ever	**ĉIAM** always every time for all time ever (at any time)	**KIAM** at what time? when	**NENIAM** at no time never	**TIAM** at that time at such time then
Place (adverbial)	**IE** in { some } place { (any) } somewhere (anywhere)	**ĉIE** everywhere in every place (anywhere)	**KIE** in what place where	**NENIE** in no place nowhere (not anywhere)	**TIE** in that place there yonder

Manner (adverbial)	**IEL** in some way (in any manner) somehow (anyhow)	**ĉIEL** (in) every manner (in) every way all ways	**KIEL** in what manner how? ..... as like	**NENIEL** in no { manner / way nohow by no means not at all	**TIEL** in that manner thus, so, like (that) as ..... in such a manner
Possession (pronominal)	**IES** somebody's (anybody's) (any one's)	**ĉIES** every one's each one's	**KIES** whose	**NENIES** no one's nobody's	**TIES** that one's such a one's
Thing (not specified) (substantival or pronominal)	**IO** something (anything)	**ĉIO** everything all things all	**KIO** what (thing) which that which	**NENIO** nothing not anything	**TIO** that (thing)
Quantity (adverbial)	**IOM** some quantity somewhat rather, some a little (any)	**ĉIOM** every quantity all, the whole all of it	**KIOM** what quantity how much how many	**NENIOM** no quantity none none at all	**TIOM** that quantity so { much as { many
Individuality Person or thing (pronominal)	**IU** some one (any one)	**ĉIU** each one each *ĉiuj*=all, all the... everybody	**KIU** who, he who which, that what one	**NENIU** no one nobody	**TIU** that one the former

The regular grammatical terminations and suffixes may be added to these correlatives, thus converting them into nouns, adjectives, adverbs, etc. Thus: **ĉiame**=everlasting. **Tiea**=of there, of that place. **Tieulo** =a man of that place. **Tiama**=of then, of that time.

By adding the word **ĉi** to the demonstratives, we obtain the sense of proximity. For example: **tie**=there; **tie ĉi**=here. **Tiu**=that one; **tiu ĉi**=this one.

By adding the word "**ajn**" to interrogatives we get indefinite expressions. For example: **Kia ajn**=whatever kind of; **kie ajn**=wherever; **kiu ajn**=whoever.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, see advertising pages for membership application form.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the present year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

THE RT. REV. W. CROSWELL DOANE

is a native of Boston, where he was born in 1832. He was graduated at Burlington College (New Jersey) in 1850. Having been ordained to the priesthood in 1856, he became rector, successively, of churches at Burlington, New Jersey, Hartford, Connecticut, and Albany, New York. In 1869, he was appointed Bishop of Albany. Since 1902, he has been Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, and he holds honorary degrees which have been conferred upon him in recognition of his learning by leading universities on both sides of the Atlantic. He is the author of several books, including a treatise entitled "Mosaics; or, the Harmony of the Collects, Epistles and Gospels of the Christian Year."

W. H. MALLOCK,

one of the best known of contemporary English writers on economic and philosophical subjects, was educated at Oxford. He never adopted any profession, though at one time he was intended for diplomacy. Among his writings are "The New Republic," "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New

Paul and Virginia," "Studies of Contemporary Superstitions," "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," "Social Equality," "Property and Progress," "Aristocracy and Evolution," etc. In his political and economic writings, Mr. Mallock's main object has been to expose fallacies in Radicalism and Socialism, while his philosophical writings have aimed at showing that science taken by itself can supply no basis for religion.

Charles A. Conant

has long been a student of monetary and economic problems, and has written several books on such subjects, including "A History of Modern Banks of Issue, with an Account of the Economic Crises of the Present Century," "The United States in the Orient: the Nature of the Economic Problem," etc. In 1901, Mr. Conant was appointed by Secretary Root Special Commissioner to the Philippines to investigate coinage and banking conditions there. His report in favor of a gold-exchange standard was adopted in principle in the Philippine Coinage Act. At the invitation of the Mexican Government, Mr. Conant visited Mexico in March, 1903, with Professor Jenks of Cornell and Mr. Edward Brush of New York, to confer with a committee on the reform of the currency and the best means of securing the cooperation of other Powers in giving stability to the currency of the silver-using countries. His appointment on the American Commission was in part an outgrowth of his familiarity with the subject thus gained. He is the author of "Wall Street and the Country" and "The Principles of Money and Banking." Recently he visited Cuba.

William V. Rowe,

since 1883, has been a lawyer in active practice in the City of New York, and is now a member of the firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, of that city, counsel for the Panama Canal enterprise. Educated in the public schools of Boston and at Boston University, after a short term in the office of Brooks Adams, in Boston, he came to New York, and, entering the office of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate, continued for over fifteen years thereafter in the closest personal and profes-

sional association with Mr. Evarts and Mr. Choate. He has been connected with a large part of the litigation, State and Federal, of the last twenty-five years, in relation to constitutional, taxation and corporation questions, including much railroad and interstate-commerce litigation, the last Crédit Mobilier case, the Income Tax cases and cases involving diplomatic and international questions, retaliatory insurance taxation by the States, prohibition-liquor laws, the Inheritance Tax, both State and Federal, in various phases, Federal and State anti-trust laws, rights of foreign corporations, etc.

Arthur Christopher Benson,

son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was born on April 24th, 1862, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. From 1885 to 1903 he was a master at Eton, and at present he is a Fellow of Magdalene College. He is the author of a number of admirable books, including "From a College Window," "The Upton Letters" and "Beside Still Waters." At present he is editing (with Viscount Esher) "Selections from the Correspondence of Queen Victoria."

Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin

was born in Ohio in 1857, graduated from Princeton in 1877, and from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1881. He is now Professor of the Diseases of Children at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. He is author of the "Theory and Practice of Infant Feeding," "Vital Questions" and many medical articles in various magazines.

Major L. L. Seaman

has practised medicine in New York for a quarter of a century, during which he has held many public posts, having been, successively, resident surgeon of the New York State Emigrant Hospital, Superintendent of the State Emigrant Insane Asylum, and Chief of Staff of the hospitals and the Training School for Nurses on Blackwell's Island. In 1886, he made a tour of the world, in the course of which he studied in the hospitals of India the contagious and epidemic diseases peculiar to the Orient. Three times he has been sent as a delegate to International Medical Congresses—to Lon-

don, in 1881; to Berlin, in 1894; and to Moscow, in 1897. During the recent Russo-Japanese War he was with the Second Imperial Army of Japan.

MAYO W. HAZELTINE

is no stranger to the readers of the REVIEW, to which he has been a contributor on questions of international import for many years. Mr. Hazeltine studied at Harvard and at Oxford, and he is recognized as the scholar among American journalists.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER,

literary editor of the New York "Globe," 1899-1904, was educated at Harvard and Columbia Universities. He has held assistant instructorships and assistant professorships in Columbia and New York Universities. In collaboration with Arthur Bartlett Maurice, he wrote the "History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature."

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

was born at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and graduated from Smith College in 1894. She was literary editor of the Worcester "Spy," 1894-5, and a member of the staff of the New York "World" from 1895 to 1902. She has contributed to the "Century," "Harper's," "The Critic" and other magazines, and recently has been on the editorial staff of "Everybody's Magazine."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and was educated in France, Germany and England. Later, she studied for two years at the Conservatory of Leipzig, and for two years in Birmingham, England. She has lived in Virginia since 1887, and has been a contributor to "East and West," "The Chap-Book," "The Century," "The Outlook," "Poet-Lore," "The Times-Democrat" of New Orleans, "The Boston Transcript" and "The Evening Post" of New York. For several years, she has been a reader and adviser of one of the leading publishing houses, and has regularly contributed editorials to "Harper's Weekly."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XVIII*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated December 21, 1906.*] I wish to insert here some pages of Susy's Biography of me in which the biographer does not scatter, according to her custom, but sticks pretty steadily to a single subject until she has fought it to a finish:

Feb. 27, '86.—Last summer while we were in Elmira an article came out in the "Christian Union" by name "What ought he to have done" treating of the government of children, or rather giving an account of a fathers battle with his little baby boy, by the mother of the child and put in the form of a question as to whether the father disciplined the child corectly or not, different people wrote their opinions of the fathers behavior, and told what they thought he should have done. Mamma had long known how to disciplin children, for in fact the bringing up of children had been one of her specialties for many years.

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She had a great many theories, but one of them was, that if a child was big enough to be nauty, it was big enough to be whipped and here we all agreed with her. I remember one morning when Dr.—— came up to the farm he had a long discussion with mamma, upon the following topic. Mamma gave *this* as illustrative of one important rule for punishing a child. She said we will suppose the boy has thrown a handkerchief onto the floor, I tell him to pick it up, he refuses. I tell him again, he refuses. Then I say you must either pick up the handkerchief or have a whipping. My theory is never to make a child have a whipping and pick up the handkerchief too. I say "If you do not pick it up, I must punish you," if he doesn't he gets the whipping, but *I* pick up the handkerchief, if he does he gets no punishment. I tell him to do a thing if he disobeys me he is punished for so doing, but not forced to obey me afterwards.

When Clara and I had been very nauty or were being very nauty, the nurse would go and call Mamma and she would appear suddenly and look at us (she had a way of looking at us when she was displeased as if she could see right through us) till we were ready to sink through the floor from embarasment, and total absence of knowing what to say. This look was usually followed with "Clara" or "Susy what do you mean by this? do you want to come to the bath-room with me?" Then followed the climax for Clara and I both new only too well what going to the bath-room meant.

But mamma's first and foremost object was to make the child understand that he is being punished for *his* sake, and because the mother so loves him that she cannot allow him to do wrong; also that it is as hard for her to punish him as for him to be punished and even harder. Mamma never allowed herself to punish us when she was angry with us she never struck us because she was enoyed at us and felt like striking us if we had been nauty and had enoyed her, so that she thought she felt or would show the least bit of temper toward us while punnishing us, she always postponed the punishment until *she* was no more chafed by our behavior. She never humored herself by striking or punishing us because or while she was the least bit enoyed with us.

Our very worst nautinesses were punished by being taken to the bath-room and being whipped by the paper cutter. But after the whipping was over, mamma did not allow us to leave her until we were perfectly happy, and perfectly understood why we had been whipped. I never remember having felt the least bit bitterly toward mamma for punishing me. I always felt I had deserved my punishment, and was much happier for having received it. For after mamma had punished us and shown her displeasure, she showed no signs of further displeasure, but acted as if we had not displeased her in any way.

Ordinary punishments answered very well for Susy. She was a thinker, and would reason out the purpose of them, apply the lesson, and achieve the reform required. But it was much less easy to devise punishments that would reform Clara. This was

because she was a philosopher who was always turning her attention to finding something good and satisfactory and entertaining in everything that came her way; consequently it was sometimes pretty discouraging to the troubled mother to find that after all her pains and thought in inventing what she meant to be a severe and reform-compelling punishment, the child had entirely missed the severities through her native disposition to get interest and pleasure out of them as novelties. The mother, in her anxiety to find a penalty that would take sharp hold and do its work effectively, at last resorted, with a sore heart, and with a reproachful conscience, to that punishment which the incorrigible criminal in the penitentiary dreads above all the other punitive miseries which the warden inflicts upon him for his good—solitary confinement in the dark chamber. The grieved and worried mother shut Clara up in a very small clothes-closet and went away and left her there—for fifteen minutes—it was all that the mother-heart could endure. Then she came softly back and listened—listened for the sobs, but there weren't any; there were muffled and inarticulate sounds, but they could not be construed into sobs. The mother waited half an hour longer; by that time she was suffering so intensely with sorrow and compassion for the little prisoner that she was not able to wait any longer for the distressed sounds which she had counted upon to inform her when there had been punishment enough and the reform accomplished. She opened the closet to set the prisoner free and take her back into her loving favor and forgiveness, but the result was not the one expected. The captive had manufactured a fairy cavern out of the closet, and friendly fairies out of the clothes hanging from the hooks, and was having a most sinful and unrepentant good time, and requested permission to spend the rest of the day there!

From Susy's Biography of Me.

But Mamma's oppinions and ideas upon the subject of bringing up children has always been more or less of a joke in our family, perticularly since Papa's article in the "Christian Union," and I am sure Clara and I have related the history of our old family paper-cutter, our punishments and privations with rather more pride and triumph than any other sentiment, because of Mamma's way of rearing us.

When the article "What ought he to have done?" came out Mamma read it, and was very much interested in it. And when papa heard that she had read it he went to work and secretly wrote his opinion

of what the father ought to have done. He told Aunt Susy, Clara and I, about it but mamma was not to see it or hear any thing about it till it came out. He gave it to Aunt Susy to read, and after Clara and I had gone up to get ready for bed he brought it up for us to read. He told what he thought the father ought to have done by telling what mamma would have done. The article was a beautiful tribute to mamma and every word in it true. But still in writing about mamma he partly forgot that the article was going to be published, I think, and expressed himself more fully than he would do the second time he wrote it; I think the article has done and will do a great deal of good, and I think it would have been perfect for the family and friend's enjoyment, but a little bit too private to have been published as it was. And Papa felt so too, because the very next day or a few days after, he went down to New York to see if he couldn't get it back before it was published but it was too late, and he had to return without it. When the Christian Union reached the farm and papa's article in it all ready and waiting to be read to mamma papa hadn't the courage to show it to her (for he knew she wouldn't like it at all) at first, and he didn't but he might have let it go and never let her see it, but finally he gave his consent to her seeing it, and told Clara and I we could take it to her, which we did, with tardiness, and we all stood around mamma while she read it, all wondering what she would say and think about it.

She was too much surprised, (and pleased privately, too) to say much at first, but as we all expected publicly, (or rather when she remembered that this article was to be read by every one that took the Christian Union) she was rather shocked and a little displeased.

Clara and I had great fun the night papa gave it to us to read and then hide, so mamma couldn't see it, for just as we were in the midst of reading it mamma appeared papa following anxiously and asked why we were not in bed? then a scuffle ensued for we told her it was a secret and tried to hide it; but she chased us wherever we went, till she thought it was time for us to go to bed, then she surendered and left us to tuck it under Clara's matress.

A little while after the article was published letters began to come in to papa crittisizing it, there were some very pleasant ones but a few very disagreable. One of these, the very worst, mamma got hold of and read, to papa's great regret, it was full of the most disagreble things, and so very enoying to papa that he for a time felt he must do something to show the author of it his great displeasure at being so insulted. But he finally decided not to, because he felt the man had some cause for feeling enoyed at, for papa had spoken of him, (he was the baby's father) rather slightingly in his Christian Union Article.

After all this, papa and mamma both wished I think they might never hear or be spoken to on the subject of the Christian Union article, and whenever any has spoken to me and told me "How much they did enjoy my father's article in the Christian Union" I almost laughed in

their faces when I remembered what a great variety of oppinions had been expressed upon the subject of the Christian Union article of papa's.

The article was written in July or August and just the other day papa received quite a bright letter from a gentleman who has read the C. U. article and gave his opinion of it in these words.

It is missing. She probably put the letter between the leaves of the Biography and it got lost out. She threw away the hostile letters, but tried to keep the pleasantest one for her book; surely there has been no kindlier biographer than this one. Yet to a quite creditable degree she is loyal to the responsibilities of her position as historian—not eulogist—and honorably gives me a quiet prod now and then. But how many, many, many she has withheld that I deserved! I could prize them now; there would be no acid in her words, and it is loss to me that she did not set them all down. Oh, Susy, you sweet little biographer, you break my old heart with your gentle charities!

I think a great deal of her work. Her canvases are on their easels, and her brush flies about in a care-free and random way, delivering a dash here, a dash there and another yonder, and one might suppose that there would be no definite result; on the contrary I think that an intelligent reader of her little book must find that by the time he has finished it he has somehow accumulated a pretty clear and nicely shaded idea of the several members of this family—including Susy herself—and that the random dashes on the canvases have developed into portraits. I feel that my own portrait, with some of the defects fined down and others left out, is here; and I am sure that any who knew the mother will recognize her without difficulty, and will say that the lines are drawn with a just judgment and a sure hand. Little creature though Susy was, the penetration which was born in her finds its way to the surface more than once in these pages.

Before Susy began the Biography she let fall a remark now and then concerning my character which showed that she had it under observation. In the Record which we kept of the children's sayings there is an instance of this. She was twelve years old at the time. We had established a rule that each member of the family must bring a fact to breakfast—a fact drawn from a book or from any other source; any fact would answer. Susy's first contribution was in substance as follows. Two great exiles

and former opponents in war met in Ephesus—Scipio and Hannibal. Scipio asked Hannibal to name the greatest general the world had produced.

"Alexander"—and he explained why.

"And the next greatest?"

"Pyrrhus"—and he explained why.

"But where do you place yourself, then?"

"If I had conquered you I would place myself before the others."

Susy's grave comment was—

"That *attracted* me, it was just like papa—he is so frank about his books."

So frank in admiring them, she meant.

[*Thursday, March 28, 1907.*] Some months ago I commented upon a chapter of Susy's Biography wherein she very elaborately discussed an article about the training and disciplining of children, which I had published in the "Christian Union" (this was twenty-one years ago), an article which was full of worshipful praises of Mrs. Clemens as a mother, and which little Clara, and Susy, and I had been hiding from this lovely and admirable mother because we knew she would disapprove of public and printed praises of herself. At the time that I was dictating these comments, several months ago, I was trying to call back to my memory some of the details of that article, but I was not able to do it, and I wished I had a copy of the article so that I could see what there was about it which gave it such large interest for Susy.

Yesterday afternoon I elected to walk home from the luncheon at the St. Regis, which is in 55th Street and Fifth Avenue, for it was a fine spring day and I hadn't had a walk for a year or two, and felt the need of exercise. As I walked along down Fifth Avenue the desire to see that "Christian Union" article came into my head again. I had just reached the corner of 42nd Street then, and there was the usual jam of wagons, carriages, and automobiles there. I stopped to let it thin out before trying to cross the street, but a stranger, who didn't require as much room as I do, came racing by and darted into a crack among the vehicles and made the crossing. But on his way past me he thrust a couple of ancient newspaper clippings into my hand, and said,

"There, you don't know me, but I have saved them in my scrap-book for twenty years, and it occurred to me this morning that perhaps you would like to see them, so I was carrying them down-town to mail them, I not expecting to run across you in this accidental way, of course; but I will give them into your own hands now. Good-by!"—and he disappeared among the wagons.

Those scraps which he had put into my hand were ancient newspaper copies of that "Christian Union" article! It is a handsome instance of mental telegraphy—or if it isn't that, it is a handsome case of coincidence.

From the Biography.

March 14th, '86.—Mr. Laurence Barrette and Mr. and Mrs. Hutton were here a little while ago, and we had a very interesting visit from them. Papa said Mr. Barette never had acted so well before when he had seen him, as he did the first night he was staying with us. And Mrs.—— said she never had seen an actor on the stage, whom she more wanted to speak with.

Papa has been very much interested of late, in the "Mind Cure" theory. And in fact so have we all. A young lady in town has worked wonders, by using the "Mind Cure" upon people; she is constantly busy now curing peoples deseases in this way—and curing her own even, which to me seems the most remarkable of all.

A little while past, papa was delighted with the knowledge of what he thought the best way of curing a cold, which was by starving it. This starving did work beautifully, and freed him from a great many severe colds. Now he says it wasn't the starving that helped his colds, but the trust in the starving, the mind cure connected with the starving.

I shouldn't wonder if we finally became firm believers in Mind Cure. The next time papa has a cold, I haven't a doubt, he will send for Miss H—— the young lady who is doctoring in the "Mind Cure" theory, to cure him of it.

Mamma was over at Mrs. George Warners to lunch the other day, and Miss H—— was there too. Mamma asked if anything as natural as near sightedness could be cured she said oh yes just as well as other deseases.

When mamma came home, she took me into her room, and told me that perhaps my near-sightedness could be cured by the "Mind Cure" and that she was going to have me try the treatment any way, there could be no harm in it, and there might be great good. If her plan succeeds there certainly will be a great deal in "Mind Cure" to my oppinion, for I am *very* near sighted and so is mamma, and I never expected there could be any more cure for it than for blindness, but now I dont know but what theres a cure for *that*.

It was a disappointment; her near-sightedness remained with

her to the end. She was born with it, no doubt; yet, strangely enough, she must have been four years old, and possibly five, before we knew of its existence. It is not easy to understand how that could have happened. I discovered the defect by accident. I was half-way up the hall stairs one day at home, and was leading her by the hand, when I glanced back through the open door of the dining-room and saw what I thought she would recognize as a pretty picture. It was "Stray Kit," the slender, the graceful, the sociable, the beautiful, the incomparable, the cat of cats, the tortoise-shell, curled up as round as a wheel and sound asleep on the fire-red cover of the dining-table, with a brilliant stream of sunlight falling across her. I exclaimed about it, but Susy said she could see nothing there, neither cat nor table-cloth. The distance was so slight—not more than twenty feet, perhaps—that if it had been any other child I should not have credited the statement.

From the Biography.

March 14th, '86.—Clara sprained her ankle, a little while ago, by running into a tree, when coasting, and while she was unable to walk with it she played solotaire with cards a great deal. While Clara was sick and papa saw her play solotaire so much, he got very much interested in the game, and finally began to play it himself a little, then Jean took it up, and at last *mamma*, even played it ocasionally; Jean's and papa's love for it rapidly increased, and now Jean brings the cards every night to the table and papa and mamma help her play, and before dinner is at an end, papa has gotten a separate pack of cards, and is playing alone, with great interest. Mamma and Clara next are made subject to the contagious solatair, and there are four solotaireans at the table; while you hear nothing but "Fill up the place" etc. It is dreadful! after supper Clara goes into the library, and gets a little red mahogany table, and placing it under the gas fixture seats herself and begins to play again, then papa follows with another table of the same discription, and they play solatair till bedtime.

We have just had our Prince and Pauper pictures taken; two groups and some little single ones. The groups (the Interview and Lady Jane Grey scene) were pretty good, the lady Jane scene was perfect, just as pretty as it could be, the Interview was not so good; and two of the little single pictures were very good indeed, but one was very bad. Yet on the whole we think they were a success.

Papa has done a great deal in his life I think, that is good, and very remarkable, but I think if he had had the advantages with which he could have developed the gifts which he has made no use of in writing his books, or in any other way for other peoples pleasure and benefit

outside of his own family and intimate friends, he could have done *more* than he has and a great deal more even. He is known to the public as a humorist, but he has much more in him that is earnest than that is humorous. He has a keen sense of the ludicrous, notices funny stories and incidents knows how to tell them, to improve upon them, and does not forget them. He has been through a great many of the funny adventures related in "Tom Sayer" and in "Huckleberry Finn," *himself* and he lived among just such boys, and in just such villages all the days of his early life. His "Prince and Pauper is his most orriginal, and best production; it shows the most of any of his books what kind of pictures are in his mind, usually. Not that the pictures of England in the 16th Century and the adventures of a little prince and pauper are the kind of things he mainly thinks about; but that *that* book, and those pictures represent the train of thought and imagination he would be likely to be thinking of to-day, to-morrow, or next day, more nearly than those given in "Tom Sawyer or "Huckleberry Finn."*

Papa can make exceedingly bright jokes, and he enjoys funny things, and when he is with people he jokes and laughs a great deal, but still he is more interested in earnest books and earnest subjects to talk upon, than in humorous ones.†

When we are all alone at home, nine times out of ten, he talks about some very earnest subjects, (with an ocasional joke thrown in) and he a good deal more often talks upon such subjects than upon the other kind.

He is as much of a Pholosopher as anything I think. I think he could have done a great deal in this direction if he had studied while young, for he seems to enjoy reasoning out things, no matter what; in a great many such directions he has greater ability than in the gifts which have made him famous.

Thus at fourteen she had made up her mind about me, and in no timorous or uncertain terms had set down her reasons for her opinion. Fifteen years were to pass before any other critic—except Mr. Howells, I think—was to reutter that daring opinion and print it. Right or wrong, it was a brave position for that little analyzer to take. She never withdrew it afterward, nor modified it. She has spoken of herself as lacking physical courage, and has evinced her admiration of Clara's; but she had moral courage, which is the rarest of human qualities, and she kept it functionable by exercising it. I think that in questions of morals

* It is so yet.—M. T.

† She has said it well and correctly. Humor is a subject which has never had much interest for me. This is why I have never examined it, nor written about it nor used it as a topic for a speech. A hundred times it has been offered me as a topic in these past forty years, but in no case has it attracted me.—M. T.

and politics she was usually on my side; but when she was not she had her reasons and maintained her ground. Two years after she passed out of my life I wrote a Philosophy. Of the three persons who have seen the manuscript only one understood it, and all three condemned it. If she could have read it, she also would have condemned it, possibly,—probably, in fact—but she would have understood it. It would have had no difficulties for her on that score; also she would have found a tireless pleasure in analyzing and discussing its problems.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE "ROCK" OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND WM. CROSWELL DOANE, BISHOP OF ALBANY.

JUST why Professor Briggs lays so stupendous a foundation in his article "On the Real and the Ideal of the Papacy," it is difficult to say; for what he builds on it is a house of cards. His own admissions in the latter part of the paper so absolutely destroy the value of his statements in the introduction as to the Petrine succession, that the opening assertion is quite emptied of all value. "It seems not essential," he says, "that the successor of St. Peter should be Bishop of Rome"; and, again, "There is no sufficient evidence that he ever was Bishop of Rome"—which is a very mild statement of the fact.

And yet, he says, "Christianity in the world is organized in one church under the Apostolic Ministry, culminating in the Universal Bishop, the successor of St. Peter." How and where is he to be found? "The Pope, as the successor of St. Peter, is the executive head of the Church"; but why is the Bishop of Rome the successor to St. Peter, if St. Peter never was Bishop of Rome? Really, the Primacy of the Bishop of Rome, in the early days of the Church, was due, not to any theory of Petrine descent, but to the commanding position of Rome in the world at that time.

Professor Briggs says that "the Council of Jerusalem decided for St. Peter"; but he did not seem to be recognized as Primate, because St. James presided and delivered the decree in these words, "Wherefore *my* sentence is." And the quoted statement of Irenæus that, "every church should agree with the church at Rome," describes that church, not as founded *on* St. Peter, but as founded "*by* the two most glorious Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul."

One is tempted to deal critically with the closing dream of this

paper, except that really its admissions demonstrate its dreaminess. "The Papacy has absorbed into itself the authority of Councils and of the peoples also." "There is no obstacle to the movement for some form of Ecclesiastical Council except the consent of the Papacy." That is to say, this is actually impossible.

My chief purpose, however, in this paper is to correct the statement that "all attempts to explain the 'Rock' in any other way than as referring to St. Peter, have ignominiously failed."

As I read this statement, my mind and my eye went back to a row of books ("The Library of the Fathers"), published in 1842, in my father's library (now mine), which, as a boy and a student of theology, I used to study. I went to it, and took down from the shelf the first volume of Tertullian, and turned quickly to the well-remembered note which I always understood was by Dr. Pusey, and which certainly bears the mark of his wonderful mastery of learning, and I merely condense that note here.

The heading, running over the six pages of the note "Q" on page 455, is: "Various interpretations do not exclude each other, but present different portions of the same truth. The same Fathers explain the Rock, of Christ chiefly; then of St. Peter; the Faith which he confessed; the Apostles: The Rock, the deposit of faith, committed to and confessed by the Church Catholic." In summing up the patristic interpretations, the writer says: "Tertullian interprets the Rock of St. Peter's person." Cyprian also explains it of St. Peter personally, "as a type of unity, as representing the Church and speaking in her name; but the authority he speaks of is derived through him to all Bishops; so that the Church is placed on the Bishops." Gregory Nazianzen and Epiphanius interpret it of him individually, "yet with reference to his faith"; so that Epiphanius says, "that it was built upon him and upon the faith which he confessed, because he confessed Christ the living God, and was told, 'upon the Rock of this solid faith I will build my Church.'" St. Augustine at first explained the Rock of St. Peter personally, and then very frequently of "Christ whom Simon confessed as the whole Church since confesses." "On myself, the Son of the living God, will I build my Church; on Me will I build thee, not thee on Me."

The writer of the note refers without quotation to Theodoret, Chrysostom, Gregory the great, Gregory of Nyssa and six other

less-known writers, as interpreting the Rock of "the faith which St. Peter confessed." And then he adds: "These expositions, however, in no way exclude each other. The words were pronounced to St. Peter by virtue of the true faith in Christ which he had just confessed. He was a rock by reason of his union with the Rock. That faith in Christ as the Son of God was his stability, and that of the Church afterward, and of those who at any time were pillars in the Church." Origen, who says, "that on St. Peter, as on the earth, the Church was founded," argues at length that "every disciple of Christ, of Whom they drank, who were of the spiritual Rock which followed them, is a rock, all imitators of Christ becoming a rock as He is a Rock." Hilary writes: "On this Rock of the confession of Christ as the Son of God is the Church built. This faith is the foundation of the Church." And again: "This is the one immovable foundation, this is the one blessed rock of the faith confessed by the mouth of Peter." Ambrose, who in one place applies the term simply to St. Peter, in another place explains it "of the Flesh which redeemed the Heaven and the whole world." "Christ is the Rock. To His disciple also He denied not the grace of this name that he also should be Peter, because, from the '*petra,*' he hath the solidity of steadfastness, the firmness of faith." (It is worth while here to call attention to the fact that through all these quotations the distinction is made between *Petra* the *Rock,* and Petros, the name given to Simon: the first, *Petra,* being always spelled with a capital R, and the second, when it is translated Rock, being spelled with a small r.)

Again, St. Ambrose says: "Faith, then, is the foundation of the Church; for not of the human person of Peter, but of the faith, is it said that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." So St. Augustine combines these same meanings. "This name, that he should be called Peter, was given him by the Lord, and that in a figure, to signify the Church. For since Christ is the Rock, Peter is the Christian people. For *Petra* is the chief name. Peter then is called from *petra,* not *petra* from Peter, as not Christ from Christian, but Christian from Christ. 'Thou, then,' He saith, 'art Peter, and on This Rock which thou hast confessed, on This Rock which thou hast known, saying, "Thou art The Christ, The Son of The Living God," I will build My Church.'" Jerome applies it generally, yet regards Christ as

really the Rock. "This House is built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, who, themselves also, are mountains as imitators of Christ." "The Rock is Christ, Who gave to His *Apostles* to be called rocks." Cyril, of Alexandria speaks generally of the Church being built on St. Peter, but explains himself: "By the Rock, in reference to which He gives the name, He means, I deem, nothing else than the unshaken and most settled faith of the disciple, on which Faith the Church of Christ is founded and fixed." "He said to the blessed Peter, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church,' meaning, I deem, by 'rock' immoveableness in the Faith of His disciple." Leo, Bishop of Rome, speaking of Peter as the chief of all the Apostles, speaks of "the Rock of the Catholic faith, whence was derived the name which the blessed Apostle Peter received from the Lord." In one of his sermons he paraphrases our Lord's words: "I say unto thee, as My Father has manifested to thee My Divinity, so do I also make known to thee thy eminence, 'that thou art Peter,' *i. e.*, whereas I am the unassailable Rock, I the Cornerstone Who made both one, I the 'Foundation other than which can no man lay,' yet thou also art a rock, because thou art strengthened by My might, so that what of right belongs alone to Me, by My communication should be shared by thee. On this strength, I will build an everlasting temple, and the height of My Church, which shall reach to heaven, shall rise upon the firmness of this Faith."

And the writer of this note concludes with these words: "The Rock, then, according to St. Leo, was the revealed Faith in the Rock, the Ever-blessed Son of God, which whosoever confessed partook of the solidity of that Rock, which St. Peter confessed; which faith St. Peter first, in the name of the other Apostles, confessed, and for them received the blessing, himself possessing it first in order and dignity; which Faith also he preached, and delivered it, as the title-deeds of the Church, especially to the Churches over which he himself presided, to Antioch as to Rome, yet not in any other sense to Rome than to Antioch, nor as though new doctrine might be added, or as though doctrine, not virtually contained in the Apostles' Creed, formed a part of it."

Surely there is proof enough here that not "*all* attempts to explain the Rock in any other way than as referring to St. Peter have ignominiously failed." WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF SOCIALISM.—III.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

I HAVE shown abundantly in the two preceding articles that socialism, as a distinctive theory, issuing in a distinctive programme, or even as a theory embodying any definite ideas of any kind, is essentially a theory which appeals to the many, as distinct from the few; and, farther, that it owes whatever success has been achieved by it to its success in the popularization of one fundamental doctrine—that the many contain in themselves all the active forces of society; whilst the few, the employers, the present possessors of capital, are merely an encumbrance, or a sort of parasitic growth, and may, since they thus perform no productive functions, be completely dispossessed by the many, if the many will only realize that they are supreme, not alone as a social force, but as a legislative force also.

I have illustrated this fact by reference to actual history; and have shown how this theory, with regard to the power of the many, was first made the nucleus of a definite and coherent party by the genius of Karl Marx, who invested it with a quasi-scientific form, and managed to impose the doctrine that all wealth is due to labor on multitudes of the laboring classes as a strict economic truth.

Now, this feat of reasoning has two practical merits. It reduces the vague idea of the potential supremacy of the many to a proposition so simple and definite that the meanest intelligence can comprehend it. It also reduces it to a proposition so simple and definite that its truth or falsehood can be submitted to the most rigorous tests; and I have shown that labor, or the manual effort of the individual, as directed solely by the mind of the individual himself, is the sole productive agency in primitive societies only, whose wealth consists of no more than the bare

necessaries of existence; and that industrial effort becomes more productive, as a whole, only in proportion as another species of effort develops itself—that is to say, the mental ability of the few, by which the manual efforts of the many are directed, organized and coordinated. I also showed how this process of minute and all-embracing direction is accomplished by means of capital, in what is functionally its fundamental form—that is to say, by wage-capital and the modern system of wages, capital being thus the vehicle of directive ability, and not, as Marx conceived of it, a mere functionless and accidental monopoly. I showed, moreover, that so far are the profits of capital from being, as Marx contended, abstractions from the products of individual labor, that the wages of modern labor are largely abstractions from the products of directive ability functioning by means of capital.

I showed all this, and I showed something else besides. I showed, by quotations from their writings, that the more thoughtful socialists of to-day are beginning to admit the truth of every one of the above contentions. In the first place, whenever they address themselves to any cultivated and critical audience—as has been illustrated by a variety of replies which, in various parts of America, they have made, with curious unanimity, to my own late lectures on socialism, they vie with each other in repudiating the crude reasoning of Marx, declaring that they are quite aware, without instruction from anybody else, that labor alone is powerless to produce that wealth by the amplitude of which the modern world is distinguished, and that the direction of labor by the keenest and most energetic minds is no less essential to the result than is mere labor itself. They now admit that the few, as represented by capital, are, instead of being the mere appropriators of wealth, the producers of a very large portion of it. Further, they are beginning to recognize that the essence of the capitalistic wage system is not the underpayment of labor, but the direction of labor by ability; and some of the leading spirits amongst them, such, for instance, as Mr. Sidney Webb, exhibit their recognition of this last fact most clearly by their efforts to make good the earlier promises of their party, and devise a means by which the wage system may be abolished, and give place to a substitute. The substitute which they offer is, as I pointed out, neither more nor less than a system of state coercion, under which

every citizen would be remunerated irrespectively of the labor performed by him; and the requisite conformity to the industrial orders issued to him would be secured, as in the case of slaves, by the application of external force—a system which, as the history of slavery shows us, is, if not so efficient as the wage system, at all events not unworkable, and theoretically might take the place of it, if the laborers really like it better. Indeed, so far as our enquiry has yet proceeded, the system sketched out by the intellectual socialists of to-day differs, with the exception of the proposed reintroduction of slavery, from the existing capitalistic system in one particular only. It retains the employing class—the men whom Mr. Webb aptly describes as "the natural monopolists of special business ability," and requires of them that they shall exercise all their highest powers in the direction of labor, precisely as they do now; but, whilst thus making them still the technical masters of labor, it would reduce them, in their turn, to the position of servants of the state, so that the products of their ability would be taken by the state, not by themselves, and would thus be available for distribution amongst the general mass of the community.

Now, such an organization of society might, for anything that we have yet seen to the contrary, be no less workable than society as it exists to-day. But we shall find, having admitted this, that a further question arises, which it still remains for us to consider. That the state should supply every laborer with board, lodging and pocket-money, without any regard to the specific labor performed by him, and then secure the requisite labor and obedience by force, by punishment, or by the fear of them, is a plan which experience shows to be, within limits, effective. The pyramids were constructed by precisely such a method as this. But to secure and to control the requisite manual labor is, on the admission of the more thoughtful socialists themselves, only half of the task which would lie before the socialistic state. The other half of the task, which they are now beginning to recognize as one even more important, is to secure the services of those exceptional men by whom all this labor is to be directed in the most efficient way—the men of science, the chemists, the mathematicians, the men of constructive imagination, the men of executive talent, on whose constant activity the productiveness of ordinary labor will depend. By what means will the socialistic state be able to com-

mand the services of men like these, and insure the exercise of their powers at a constant maximum of intensity?

Here we have to deal with a problem which, for one reason, at all events, if for no other, is entirely different from that of the control of ordinary labor. To secure from men the exertion of their ordinary manual faculties by positive coercion, instead of by the inducement of wages, is, let me repeat, possible; but it is possible for one reason only. In respect of the faculties embodied in ordinary labor, any one man by looking at another can tell how far he is possessed of them—whether he can trundle a wheelbarrow, carry a hod of bricks, hit a nail on the head, and so forth; and—what is still more important—every director of labor knows exactly the individual task which he wishes each laborer to perform. But in respect of the faculties—not ordinary, but exceptional—which are distinctive of the men by whom alone labor can be successfully directed, both these conditions are wanting. It is impossible to tell that any man of exceptional ability possesses any exceptional faculties for directing labor at all, unless he himself chooses to show them; and, indeed, until circumstances supply him with some motive for showing them, he will probably be hardly aware that he possesses such faculties himself. Moreover, even if he gives the world some reason to suspect their existence, the world at large will not know what he can do with them, and will consequently be unable to impose on him any definite task. Any Scotch farmer, by looking at Burns, could have told that he had in him the makings of a sufficiently good ploughman, and could have forced him, under certain circumstances, to do so much ploughing daily. Any one could have told that Shakespeare was capable of holding horses at the theatre door, and could have compelled him to hold them as the condition of getting his daily bread; but no one could have compelled Burns or Shakespeare to write "Auld Lang Syne" or "Hamlet." A press-gang could have forced Columbus to labor as a common seaman, but not the whole population of Europe could have forced him to discover a new world; for the mass of his contemporaries, until his enterprise proved successful, obstinately refused to believe that there was any new world to discover.

The men, therefore, by whose ability alone labor is successfully directed, and on the exercise of whose ability the wealth of the modern world depends, would stand, with regard to the socialistic

state, in a position fundamentally different from that of the ordinary laborer. The exercise of their distinctive power, unlike those of the laborer, could never be secured by coercion, because neither the state nor the nation could know that these powers existed except in so far as the possessors of them chose to reveal the secret. They could not be made to reveal it. They could only be induced to do so; and they could only be induced to do so by a society which was so constituted as to offer for an exceptional performance some exceptional reward, just as a reward is offered for evidence against some unknown murderer. The reward which is offered to them by society as at present constituted is the possession of exceptional wealth, proportionate to the amount produced by them; but it is precisely this species of reward that the intellectual socialists of to-day aim at abolishing no less completely than did their predecessors of the school of Marx, though they have learned to explain its origin and present existence on totally different principles, and to recognize its abolition as a totally different problem.

Now, not only have the more intellectual socialists come, as we have seen already, to realize that the productiveness of industry in the modern world depends, both for its progress and its sustentation, on the ability of the directing class, and that its direction must be accomplished either by the wage system, or by state coercion, but they have also come to realize that the question we have been just considering—namely, the question of how, if the pecuniary motive is withdrawn, the ability of the exceptional few can be induced either to reveal or exert itself—is the question on which the entire practicability of the socialistic scheme depends. Nor can it be said that, having realized this fact, the more recent socialistic thinkers have shown any inclination to shirk it. They have, on the contrary, during the past fifteen years, been devoting themselves with increasing frequency to the elaboration of a satisfactory answer to it. Mr. Webb and his English allies have in this way been especially active; and their attempts to discover a motive which shall stimulate the able man, other than that now in operation, and yet equally certain and effective, throws more light than anything since the original folly of Marx on the kind of intellectual soil in which socialism, as a theory, germinates.

It may be looked on as evidence of the methodical and quasi-

scientific accuracy with which modern socialists have set themselves to discuss the required motive, that the thought of all of them has moved along exactly the same lines, and that what all of them fix upon as a substitute for the desire of pecuniary gain is one or other, or all, of a few motives actually in operation, and notoriously effective in certain spheres of activity; the socialistic argument being that nothing can be more easy than to extend their operation to the sphere of ordinary production also. These motives practically resolve themselves into four, which have been classified as follows by Mr. Webb, or one of his coadjutors: "The mere pleasure of excelling"; "the joy in creative work"; the satisfaction which working for others brings to "the instincts of benevolence"; and, lastly, the desire for approval, or the homage which is called "honor." Any one of these, according to our socialistic philosophers, would stimulate industrial ability in quite as efficient a way, if the prospect of all pecuniary gain were withdrawn, as that in which the desire of such gain stimulates it under the existing system.

Now, that the motives here in question are motives of extraordinary power, all history shows us. The most impressive things accomplished by human nature have been due to them. But let us consider what these things are. They are not only impressive, but thus far they have been strictly limited in number. We shall find that they are referable to one or other of the following kinds of activity—those of the artist, of the speculative thinker, of the religious and philanthropic enthusiast, and, lastly, that of the soldier. This list, if understood in its full sense, is exhaustive. Such being the case, then, the argument of the socialists is as follows: that, because a Fra Angelico will paint a Christ or a Virgin; because a Kant will immolate all his years to philosophy; because a monk and a sister of mercy will devote themselves to the victims of a pestilence; because a soldier in action will eagerly face death—all without any thought of exceptional pecuniary reward, the directors of industrial labor, if only such rewards are made impossible for them, will at once become amenable to the motives of the soldier, the artist, the philosopher, the inspired philanthropist and the saint. This is the assertion of the socialists, when reduced to a precise form, and what we have to do is to consider whether this assertion is true. Does human nature, as experience, as psychology, and as physiology reveal it to us, give

grounds, in fact, for taking such an assertion seriously? Any one who has studied human conduct historically, who has observed it in the life around him, and noted the diversities of temperament which go with diversities of capacity, will dismiss such an idea, on reflection, as at once groundless and ridiculous.

Let us—to go into details—take the case of the artist. What reason is there to suppose that the impassioned emotion which stimulates an adoring monk to lavish all his genius on an altar-piece will stimulate another man to devise and to organize the production of some new kind of liquid enamel for the decoration of cheap furniture? Yet again, let us consider the desire for speculative truth, as actually exhibited in the lives of the great philosophic thinkers. These men—men of the type of Kant and Hegel—have been proverbially, and often ludicrously, indifferent to all material details. Who can suppose that the disinterested passion for truth which had the effect of making such men forget their dinners, will stimulate others to devote themselves to the improvement of stoves and saucepans? Yet again, let us consider the area of the industrial influence of the motives originating in religious fervor and benevolence. The most important illustration of this is to be found in the monastic orders. The motives in question, for example, prompted St. Francis and his followers to a life of effort whose object not only was not the acquirement of exceptional wealth, but was the abnegation of it. But, even in the days when Christian piety was at its highest, those who were capable of practical response to motives of this lofty kind formed but a fraction of the general population of Christendom; and even amongst them these motives constantly failed to operate, and desire for personal gain insisted on reasserting itself. One might as well argue that, because the monastic orders renounced matrimony, the rest of mankind may be induced to renounce it also, as argue that, because some exceptional men have been united by religious enthusiasm to do certain kinds of arduous and exceptional work, other men, with totally different temperaments, are likely to be stimulated by the same or similar motives to do other exceptional work of an entirely different character—that is to say, to produce exceptional wealth, and not to expect a reward of the same order as their products.

But the quality of the reasoning of the socialists, in this connection, is best illustrated by their treatment of the fact on which

they themselves lay the greatest stress. This is the conduct of the soldier, who is, as they say, not only willing, but eager, to perform duties of the most painful and dangerous kind, without any thought of receiving for it any higher pay than his fellows; from which fact, they argue, as we have seen already, that conduct of a similar kind may be naturalized in the world of industry. And a similar moral has been drawn from the soldier's case, not by socialists only, but by other thinkers also—thinkers of very high distinction. Thus Ruskin says that his whole scheme of political economy is based on the moral assimilation of industrial action to military. "Soldiers of the ploughshare," he exclaims, "as well as soldiers of the sword! All my political economy is comprehended in that phrase." So, too, Mr. Frederic Harrison, the English prophet of positivism, has declared that the readiness with which the soldier will die in battle is a type of a readiness latent in men generally to spend themselves and be spent in the peaceful service of humanity. Again, in the same sense, another writer observes: "The soldier's subsistence is certain. It does not depend on his exertions. At once he becomes susceptible to appeals to his patriotism, and he will value a bit of bronze, which is the reward of valor, far more than a hundred times its weight in gold"—a passage to which one of Mr. Webb's collaborators refers with special delight, exclaiming triumphantly, "Let those notice this last fact who fancy we must wait till men are angels before socialism is practical."

Now, to all these arguments drawn from the facts of military activity there is one answer to be made. They are all of them founded on a failure to perceive that military activity is, in many respects, a thing apart, and depends on psychological and physiological conditions which have no analogies in the domain of ordinary economic effort. That such is the case can be very easily seen by following out the train of reasoning suggested by Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Harrison sees that, in ordinary life, a man will not deliberately run the risk of being killed or mutilated, except for the sake of some object the achievement of which is profoundly desired by him; and Mr. Harrison and the other writers just quoted assume that such must be the case on the field of battle also—in other words, that the willingness of the soldier to be wounded, or killed, if need be, results from and is a measure of his devotion to the country on whose behalf he fights. And, in

certain cases, this inference is, no doubt, justified; but that it does not explain the nature of the soldier's behavior generally, and that there must be behind this some deeper and more general cause, is shown by the fact that some of the bravest and most reckless soldiers known to history have been mercenaries who would fight as readily for one country as for another. And this deeper and more general cause, when we look for it, is sufficiently obvious. It consists of the fact that, owing to the millenniums of struggle which have made men what they are to-day, the instinct of fighting is inherent in the dominant races, and will always prompt numbers to do, for the smallest reward or for none, what they could hardly, in its absence, be induced to do for the greatest. This instinct, no doubt, is more controlled than formerly, and is not so frequently roused; but it is still there. It is ready to quicken at the mere sound of military music, and the sight of regiments marching stirs the most apathetic crowd. High-spirited boys, again, for the mere pleasure of fighting, will run the risk of having their noses broken, whilst they will wince at getting up in the cold for the sake of learning their lessons, and would certainly rebel against being set to work as wage-earners at a task which involved so much as a daily pricking of their fingers.

Here we have the reason, embodied in the very organism of the human being, why military activity is something essentially distinct from industrial, and why any inference drawn from the one to the other is valueless. This fact, which is of primary scientific importance, the philosophy of the socialists altogether overlooks; and I have called special attention to the conduct of men as fighters, partly because the socialists themselves attach such extreme importance to it, and partly because their treatment of it affords us an exceptionally striking illustration of the utterly unscientific manner in which they are accustomed to reason about matters with regard to which they profess themselves to be the pioneers of accurate science. One of the principal grounds on which they attack what they call the economics of capitalism is that it deals exclusively with the actions of the economic man, or the man whose one motive is the personal appropriation of wealth. Such a man is, they say, an abstraction. He does not exist in reality. The actual man is a complex being, whose selfish and acquisitive motives are traversed by many others; and if economics, they

continue, is to have any scientific value, it must deal with man as a whole, in all his living complexity. This contention has an element of truth in it, as a criticism of the orthodox economists; but when the socialists attempt to act in accordance with their own professed principles and deal with human nature as a whole, instead of only one of its elements, they do nothing but travesty the class of error which they set out with denouncing. The one-motived man who cares only for personal gain is, no doubt, an abstraction, which has no actual counterpart. Still, the motive ascribed to him is one which has a real existence; it has been defined with accuracy, and by studying its effects in isolation we reach many true conclusions. But the other motives with which the socialists declare that we must supplement this are treated by them in a manner so indefinite, so crude, so childish, so utterly deficient in the mere rudiments of scientific analysis, that they do not correspond to anything. Instead of forming any true addition to the data of economic science, they are like images belonging to the dream of a maudlin schoolgirl, which have only the effect of obscuring, not of completing, the facts of human nature to which the orthodox economists confined themselves, and which, though incomplete, are, so far as they go, actual. Now, however, let us, without getting out of touch with the socialists, return to firmer ground; and, having seen the futility of their efforts to indicate any motive which shall stimulate the higher productive efficiencies, other than that supplied under the existing system by the prospect of possessing wealth in proportion to the amount produced, let us consider this motive itself, as history and experience reveal it to us.

And here, in the presence of facts which no one seeks to deny, we shall find that the socialists themselves are amongst our most pertinent witnesses, affording in what they assert a solitary and signal exception to that looseness of thought and observation which is otherwise, as I said, characteristic of them. The motive now in question on the part of the exceptional wealth-producer, the director of labor, the man of business ability, which the socialists propose to supersede, but which is at present in possession of the field, commonly receives from these theorists the vituperative name of "greed." What they mean by "greed" is simply the desire of the producer to retain a share of wealth for himself, proportionate to the amount produced by him. And what have the

socialists got to tell us about greed, when they turn from their plans for superseding it in the socialistic future to consider its operations in the actual past and present? They tell us a great deal. For what is and always has been their stock moral indictment against the typical men of ability, the capitalistic directors of labor, the introducers of new inventions, the amplifiers of the world's wealth? Their chief indictment against such men has been this — that, instead of working solely for the pleasure of benefiting their fellows, their motive has been greed, and personal greed alone. Its influence, they say, is as old as civilization itself, and was as operative in Tyre and Sidon as it is in London and Pittsburg. In other words, they declare that, so far as history and observation teach us anything, the desire of personal gain is just as inseparable from the temperament which goes with the power of producing exceptional wealth as "joy in creation" is from the highest art of the painter, or the love of some woman is from the lover's efforts to win her.

We thus see that those thinkers who, when they are dealing with an imaginary future, are being driven to stake all their hopes on the possibility of a complete elimination of a certain motive from a certain special class of persons, are the very men who are most vehement in declaring that in this special class of persons the motive in question is so inseparable a part of their character that it has never as yet, in any age or country, showed signs of appreciable modification. Nor does the matter end here; for the curious contradiction in which socialistic thought thus lands itself—between its assertion, on the one hand, that greed is inveterate in the temperament of the great wealth-producer, and its contention, on the other hand, that this inveterate motive can with the greatest ease be eliminated and replaced by others—is emphasized by the fact that, when turning from the few to the many—from the few who produce much to the many who produce little—they assume, in the case of the many, as an instinct of eternal justice, the very desire for personal gain which, in the case of the few, they first describe as a hideous and incurable moral disease, and then propose to cure, as though it were the passing ailment of a baby. For what is the bait with which, from its first beginnings till to-day, socialism has sought to secure the support of the general multitude? It is mainly, if not solely, the promise of increased personal gain, without any increased exer-

tion on the part of the happy recipients. With Marx and the earlier socialists, this promise took the form of declaring that every man has a sacred right to the whole of the wealth produced by him, that all the wealth of the world is produced by the manual laborers, and that the laborers must never be satisfied until they have secured all of it. The intellectual socialists of to-day, having gradually come to perceive that labor itself produces but a fraction of this wealth only, have had to alter the form of this promise; but they still adhere to its substance, and the altered form which they give to it does but bring out more sharply the fact that they appeal to the desire of personal gain as the primary economic motive of the great majority of mankind. For, whereas the earlier socialists contented themselves with promising the laborer the whole of what he produced, and promising it on the ground that he had produced it, what the laborer is promised by the intellectual socialists of to-day is not only all that he has produced—which in most cases he gets already—but a great deal more besides which is admittedly produced by others.

We thus see that, according to the socialistic speculation of to-day, the kind of moral conversion which is to make socialism practicable is to be rigidly confined to one particular class; for, on the part of the majority, no change is required at all in order to render the socialistic evangel welcome. So far as they are concerned, the old Adam is quite sufficient. None of us need much moral converting in order to welcome the prospect of an indefinite addition to our incomes, which will cost us nothing but the trouble of stretching out our hands to take it. Socialists often complain that, under the existing dispensation, there is one law for the many and another law for the few. They propose themselves to introduce a difference which goes still deeper, and provide the few and the many, not only with two laws, but with different natures, and two antithetic moralities. The morality of the many is to remain, as it always has been, comfortably based on the familiar desire for dollars; the morality of the few is to be based on some hitherto unknown contempt for them; and the class which the socialists fix upon as the subjects of this moral transformation is precisely the class which they denounce as being, and as having always been, in respect of its devotion to dollars, the most obstinately and hopelessly incorrigible.

That arguments such as these, ending in an absurdity like

this, and starting with the assumption that it is possible to animate a manufacturer's office with the spirit of soldiers facing an enemy's guns, should actually emanate from sane men, would be unbelievable if the arguments were not being repeated from day to day, and repeated by men who, in many respects, are ingenious reasoners. Of the depths of absurdity to which such men can descend, when engaged in the discussion of this question of the transformation, I will give one example more, which is supplied to us by Mr. Sidney Webb. In order to show how readily the great directors of labor may be induced in the future to forego all personal claims on the wealth which will be due to the continued exercise of their talents, Mr. Webb declares that it will be very easy to convince them that the special ability with which persons like themselves are born "is an unearned increment, due to the effect of the struggle for existence on their ancestors; and that, consequently, having been produced by society, it is as much due to society as the unearned increment of rent." Now, of course, in a certain sense this contention is true, and for the purely speculative sociologist it possesses its own significance; but that it has no bearing on the problems to which Mr. Webb seeks to apply it, and that it will have no practical influence on the conduct of any man, woman or child, may be seen at once by following Mr. Webb's example, and carrying his own logic a little farther than he has done himself. If the able man, who produces more wealth than his fellows, has no claim to the possession of exceptional wealth himself, because he owes his exceptional productivity not to himself, but to society, it is to society as a whole that the idle man owes his idleness, the stupid man owes his stupidity, and the dishonest man his dishonesty; and if the man who produces much is able to claim with justice no more wealth than the man who produces little, the man who is so idle or drunken that he will not produce anything may with equal justice claim as much wealth as either. Can the force of nonsense go farther than this?

Such is the reasoning to which the more thoughtful socialists of to-day, having escaped from the crudity of the original doctrine of socialism that the wealth of the modern world is due wholly to manual labor, are now driven to resort, so as still to promise the masses a general redistribution of wealth, whilst abandoning the theory of production on which that promise

originally based itself. We find their reasoning, in proportion to its own logical consistency, moving in a vicious circle, tethered to an impossible conclusion like a cow tethered to a stake, and escaping from absurdity of one kind only to land itself in another — escaping from a theory of production which is worthy only of a child, by adopting a theory of human nature which is even more elaborately childish.

The explanation of this phenomenon is, as we shall see hereafter, to be found, not in the fact that these theorists—such, for instance, as Mr. Sidney Webb—are deficient in their mere powers of reasoning, but in the fact that they are deficient in their knowledge of those complex social forces to which their reasoning is applied. And that such is the case is indicated by the remarkable fact that the men who are foremost in demanding that wealth shall be redistributed are notoriously men who have been impotent to do anything towards increasing, or even maintaining, the already increased production of it themselves. But, in addition to their personal inacquaintance with the productive and constructive forces at work in the modern world, the more thoughtful socialists of to-day owe their naïve ideas with regard to the plasticity of human motive to a theory of society which is not peculiar to socialism. This is the theory that, in any community or nation in which each citizen is equally free to express his will by his vote and realizes the extent of the power which thus resides in him, the will of the majority has practically no limits to its efficiency, and will be able in the future to bring about moral changes which seem at present to be beyond the limits of possibility only because the means for effecting them have never yet been fully utilized.

This conception of voting majorities, as possessing an absolute power of moulding societies in accordance with their recorded will, forms, as it were, a reservoir of vague and unanalyzed thought, from which many kinds of opinion other than socialistic are irrigated. Socialism, however, in all its forms alike, appeals to this conception of democracy with an insistence peculiar to itself; and with this conception of democracy I shall deal in the following article.

W. H. Mallock.

(To be Continued.)

OUR DUTY IN CUBA.

BY CHARLES A. CONANT.

THE United States have a duty to perform in Cuba which was definitely assumed by treaty with Spain, and afterwards defined by the voluntary act of the two Houses of Congress. The treaty with Spain declared that the United States would maintain order during the American occupation of Cuba. It was, indeed, prescribed that the obligations of the United States were limited to the period of occupancy; but our Government declared that "it will, upon the termination of such occupancy, advise any government established in the Island to assume the same obligations." This obligation of the United States to the world was further strengthened by the language of the Platt Amendment to the Army Appropriation Act of March 2nd, 1901, which declared, among other things:

"That the Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba."

It is in pursuance of these obligations to the civilized world that United States troops are now in Cuba, and that the Government is being administered by an American Provisional Governor appointed by the President of the United States. Under such conditions, the question becomes important how far the United States should go in establishing sound political and economic conditions in Cuba and meeting the wishes of those of her people who desire a stable and progressive Government.

A very short time in Cuba brings home to one the fact that nearly every member of the business and financial community

prefers American control to native government. Not Americans only, but English, German, French and even Spanish merchants and bankers feel that their interests will be safer under American authority than under a native Cuban Republic. The reason for this is found in the legacy of shiftlessness and idleness left by the long wars among the lower orders of the population. If Cuba were South Carolina or Louisiana, it would be a question of race, for on the one side are arrayed substantially all the whites and on the other side the blacks. In Cuba, however, the race question is only an incident. Between the whites and blacks is a large population of mixed blood, shading imperceptibly from the almost black to the practically white. Traces of negro ancestry carry in themselves no such social stigma as in the United States. Apart from a few old families which have kept pure their Spanish blood, the inhabitants of the middle class—professional men, clerks and shopkeepers—are in considerable proportion persons of mixed blood. No hard and fast line is drawn against them because they are not pure Caucasians.

The essential question, therefore, is not one of race, but of the control of the Island on the one hand by those who have something at stake, and on the other hand by those who by many years of nomadic life, looting and marauding have lost much of the disposition to labor and much of the sense of civic responsibility. The conservative men of Cuba are determined that the latter element shall not become their governors, but there is great danger that this will occur if order is not enforced with a strong hand.

The President of the United States has declared that the United States will withdraw from Cuba and remit the Government to the Cuban people as soon as conditions will permit. In pursuance of this policy, Secretary Taft announced in a letter written before leaving Havana last month that a census of the Island would be taken, and that this would be followed at intervals by the municipal and provincial elections, by the Presidential election, and afterward by the surrender of the Government by the United States to the new President and the Congress chosen in the elections. Secretary Taft thought it prudent, however, to add this significant clause:

"The carrying out of this plan is, of course, strictly dependent upon the tranquillity of the country, which must continue through the two

elections and must give assurance of the stability of the new Government, because without this the United States will not be discharging the obligations devolving upon it by reason of the intervention."

The census of the Island will probably require about six months, and some interval will elapse after its completion before the holding of the first elections. If these pass off peaceably, the Presidential election will then be in order, but not for an interval of at least three months. Then, under the Constitution of Cuba, one hundred days are to elapse before the inauguration of the new President and the surrender to him of the authority which is now being exercised by Governor Magoon. With the delays which usually accompany important Governmental measures, these various steps will extend the period of American occupation practically to the end of the year 1908, if not longer. Any hitch or jar in the process of ascertaining the popular will and installing the new Government will cause additional delay.

Great rejoicing was felt among the sugar-planters, merchants and bankers of Cuba when this announcement was made by Secretary Taft. The planters, with the bankers upon whom they rely for advances, felt that they would be able to harvest their crops and export their products under conditions of security for another two years. They would have been even better satisfied with the definite assurance that the United States would not withdraw from Cuba, but in view of the resolute position of President Roosevelt, that the Cubans should have self-government if they were capable of carrying it on, it was not possible for Secretary Taft to go farther than he did go.

Having thus obtained the assurance of security for two years, far-sighted business men and statesmen in Cuba are naturally turning their attention to the functions which the American Government is exercising. Thus far, the policy of Governor Magoon has been, perhaps wisely, a policy of meddling as little as possible with the ordinary processes of administration. In the language of the leading Spanish journal, the Government of the first intervention "dictated laws, made reforms, established new forms of administration, and worked efficaciously for the country's social betterment"; but, says the Spanish journal, the "*Diario de la Marina*":

"The character of the provisional Government now in force is altogether different. Where before there were creative activity, regenerative

work, fecund spontaneity, resoluteness, energy and quick accomplishment, there are inertia, indifference and paralysis. The Government of intervention seems to propose to itself no other end than the maintenance of material peace, the preservation of public order."

It is then urged that, since the United States by intervention checked the creative functions of the Cuban state, it should not neglect to exercise all of its authority for the protection and active direction of Cuban affairs. In other words, in summing up the necessities of the situation, "the Government of intervention should not be a mere sterile parenthesis or hiatus in the political life of Cuba."

This definition of the proper functions of the American Government is apparently intended less as a criticism of what has been done in the past than as an expression in favor of doing something more constructive in the future. Only since the visit of Secretary Taft has it become clear that American authority will continue long enough to permit definite constructive measures. Now that it is clear that this opportunity will exist, the most far-sighted residents of Cuba appear to believe that the opportunity should be taken advantage of. If the American Government honestly intends, as President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft so emphatically declare, to return Cuba to the control of her own people, then, obviously, this result will be more certainly attained by turning over to the Cuban people an efficient working machine, rather than one which has been allowed to rust by disuse or which has become out of date by neglect to adopt the latest and most efficient mechanism. President Roosevelt, with that love of action which has so endeared him to the American people, should be quick to catch the significance of this opportunity—to do in Cuba, as far as possible in a short time, the creative work done by Lord Cromer in Egypt.

Little of a constructive character was done by the Cuban Congress during the four years of self-government in Cuba. Its activities were limited largely to the issuing of loans for paying the soldiers, and to granting franchises which were earnestly sought by a certain type of Americans. To preserve, however, is much easier than to build up. If the American Government should adopt the same constructive policy which during the first intervention gave clean streets to Havana, stamped out yellow fever, introduced the American system of bookkeeping into the

Treasury accounts, and prepared the way for improved means of communication, the new forms of administration created would probably in many cases be carried on without difficulty by the Cuban Government, where it could hardly be expected to take up the work of their creation.

Among the reforms which might well be set on foot by the American Government, are the organization of the banking system upon the basis of official inspection and public reports, which would protect the people against unsound banking; the organization of the fiscal service so as to return to the channels of trade the large surplus accumulating in the Treasury; the introduction of a national subsidiary silver coinage and a national gold standard; the organization of postal savings-banks, which are needed to instil the essential lesson of thrift into the people; and, perhaps, reform of the system of taxation. Most of these reforms are of a character which could be put into operation without friction within a short period of time, and they would tend so to improve economic conditions in the Island that the prospect of stability under a restored Cuban Government would be vastly greater than if such reforms were not undertaken.

The adoption of broad economic reforms might tend to solve in some measure the political problem, as well as the economic one. While many of the men who spent many years in the revolution, bivouacking, marching and raiding, are disinclined to labor, yet those who are would probably be better contented if the large surplus in the Cuban Treasury began to be disbursed for important public works. There is no doubt that Cuba badly needs good roads and other improvements, and the money for much of this work is already in the Treasury. Labor on the plantations is well paid, the most unskilled often demanding two *pesos,* which is the equivalent of $1.80 in American money. Some of the plantation-owners find difficulty in getting labor even at these prices, but the question is probably one of locality, rather than of the absolute lack of proper labor on the Island. If measures could be devised which would put at honest work some of the revolutionary soldiers who loiter about Havana and other cities, they would be restored to the ranks of self-supporting citizens, and the Government would be relieved in a measure of the dangers of an idle and discontented proletariat.

If the Government of Cuba is restored to her own people, it

will still be necessary, in the opinion of conservative Cubans, for the United States to exercise a stronger influence in the future than has been exercised in the recent past. The American Minister has the authority under the Platt amendment to intervene to check unwise legislation. Metes and bounds have not yet been set, however, to the measure and the frequency of this intervention. It would probably greatly strengthen the position of the American Minister and facilitate his work if he were aided by a financial adviser who devoted his entire time to aiding the Cuban Government in promoting the economic progress of the Island. The task of the American Minister to Cuba would be simplified if he could lean upon such an official, with the understanding that behind them both stood the entire moral force of the United States. Probably some such solution as this is the only way of avoiding future intervention. Such a solution is essential in any case to assure the business community of Cuba that order and respect for law and contracts will prevail continuously in Cuba, unless circumstances compel the United States to take the more drastic action of converting into a permanent Government the present provisional one.

The future of Cuba is bright if she is well governed. The natural resources of the country in sugar and tobacco alone can be greatly enlarged with proper railroad facilities, with the return of the blacks to honest labor, and with the assurance of good government; but capital will not be invested in important permanent improvements, like railway extensions, tramways and new mills, until order under some form of government is permanently assured. It should be the mission of the United States to give this assurance. It is not incompatible with self-government in Cuba, provided that government is sane and progressive. To this result the present Provisional Government of Cuba will contribute if it introduces into the Island some of the methods and the constructive reforms which have made Egypt blossom as a rose under British authority, and which made the American flag welcome in the early days in Florida, in Louisiana, in Texas, and in California, and still make it welcome wherever it is planted.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

NATIONAL TENDENCIES AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY WILLIAM V. ROWE.

At this time, in the midst of an underlying popular ferment and discontent, and in the common interest of our people's welfare, of the rights of property, and of our natural and continuous development as a *nation,* a plea is here entered for the national life and *constitutional* centralization, and for the only sane and effective regulation of wealth and its activities, and the correction of prevalent abuses, by the use of certain of the practically unlimited powers of the Federal Government. It is not intended, however, to seek a cure-all in legislation. That is a will-o'-the-wisp. It cannot too often be reaffirmed that the wrongs of business and the ills of humanity, which arise from the weakness of human nature, cannot be cured by statute. Nor is it the purpose to discuss any isms or panaceas, or to advance any new or radical ideas, or destructive criticism, for patience has been exhausted by merely academic debate; but it is the purpose to offer a few simple, concrete suggestions for real and practical remedies, operating in ways well understood. Of course, it is constantly insisted that all this is unnecessary, and that we need only force proper action on the part of the States. That assertion has a familiar ring, and it will be tested.

As against wealth and property—merely withdrawals from the common store—the people have determined to protect themselves from depredations; and wealth and the interests of property, which must find their only security in the respect and regard of the people, must win and entrench themselves in that regard by the service of humanity and the assumption of a proper share of the public burdens. An intelligent public opinion, however, in safeguarding the public interests, will insist that absolute justice

be measured out to all. Our hopes for the future, in that behalf, rest confidently upon the character of our individual citizens and upon the even-handed justice established by our institutions.

This existing spirit of discontent found among a majority of our people, especially in the East, is not hysterical, or otherwise impulsive or ephemeral. It is based on certain fixed ideas concerning the abuses of wealth, and of opportunities open to wealth, and concerning causes for the admitted startling increase in the cost of living—ideas which have been fostered by reflection, aided by the constant campaign of exposure and investigation maintained by our newspapers and the public authorities. The questions involved are no longer debatable. The conclusions which the majority of our citizens have formed on these questions are sober and deliberate, and have become a crystallized public opinion, by which, in our country, we must be governed. It is useless, and will be prejudicial, to attempt further discussion. The people state as a fact the existence of what they regard as nationally stultifying and individually crushing and grinding abuses. They demand remedies.

This unrest and discontent, in view of our extraordinary general prosperity, is certainly a phenomenon, and it is increasing, even among those classes in the community which are distinctly intellectual and leaders of thought and action, and which are never led or misled by mere demagogic clamor or journalistic charlatanism. Our boasted prosperity has benefited chiefly the wage-earner and the man of wealth. The great class of salaried and professional men has felt no corresponding improvement. On the contrary, hand in hand with prosperity has come a disproportionate increase in the cost of living, and this latter class—the most important element in our citizenship—failing to share proportionately in the increased riches of the times, has been sorely oppressed by this abnormal growth in the material, routine burdens of existence. Feeling that the hue and cry of the insincere, cheap and irresponsible elements of society is justifiable, such men have reasoned out the problem for themselves. When that part of our citizenship speaks, its voice must be heeded. And it has spoken. The recent elections, for instance, in New York and Massachusetts, have left, written large upon the wall, what may be called our latter-day warning of "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*" This we are bound to take to heart, for it is now seen

that the real forces in our democracy are already at work on this tremendous modern problem—the use and the abuse of wealth.

Our country stands for absolute equality in opportunity, and public opinion is right in its assumption that great aggregations of wealth, even when properly used, by virtue of their mere weight and momentum, necessarily tend to produce inequality, and, when misused, may even absolutely destroy, as, in many instances, they are said to have destroyed, all opportunity for individual and competitive effort.

The people are also weighed down by the conviction that wealth, though confessedly derived from the common store, and absolutely dependent for its security upon the good-will of the community, is rendering practically no service to society in return for its protection, and is bearing no proportionate part of the burdens of taxation.

Nevertheless, if we draw our inspiration from the past, and are guided by the signs of the times, it is evident that too much stress cannot be laid on the suggestion that much can be done to stem this tide of discontent, and to satisfy this existing public opinion, if the possessors of wealth, in wisely chosen ways, not only will return to the public service a fair share of their accumulations, but also will devote themselves to the creation of a leisure class, of wide culture, training and experience in affairs of state, whose lives shall be given to the public service and to the general welfare, and upon whom the workers of the community may learn confidently to rely for skilled and expert guidance in public affairs, and for an efficient, clean and decent performance of the duties of public office. This is the real use, as distinguished from the selfish abuse, of wealth. Let the gospel of service become the gospel of wealth, and purely obstructive distrust will give place to an uplifting mutual confidence. Indeed, conditions are rapidly improving. The cultured sons of wealthy parents are already entering politics and the public service, and securing the people's confidence. The dawn of a better day in public affairs is already breaking. No one can possibly overestimate the value, in this respect, of President Roosevelt's life and action, as an example, and of his personal force and initiative in what we may term this new life of the nation.

At the moment, however, in order fully to restore the people's confidence, something more is required than mere social and pub-

lic service. Wealth must be made to pay its way, and its acquisition, use and transmission must be regulated; but the people must be influenced to proceed slowly and conservatively. In our country, we do everything without deliberation and upon the spur of the occasion, and solve, offhand, all problems, however serious or novel. This is our national habit and our national fault, which, if allowed to control in this particular matter, may lead to the gravest consequences. Familiarity with the statutes and legislative methods of the States and the Nation during the last twenty-five years has led to the abiding conviction that the two greatest evils in our American life (they are grouped, and the superlative is used advisedly) are over-legislation, on the one hand, and hasty, ill-considered (or unconsidered) and improperly framed legislation, on the other. The first is the direct result of our dual system of Government, which, with its unnecessarily and absurdly frequent sessions of half a hundred lawmaking bodies, promoting ceaseless agitation and destroying calmness and deliberation, we have not yet learned to operate to advantage; and the second is due to, and is the natural product of, the uncultured and untrained character of our legislators and public men. We are now laboring and suffering keenly under this legislative incubus, which is increased by the large number of that worst of parasites on the body politic—the citizen who is a mere selfish politician without any proper conception of either private obligation or public duty. This situation is largely responsible for these present-day disturbed conditions of the social atmosphere; and yet it is but a passing phase. We are growing rapidly, and education, training and natural development will work out the obvious and needed remedies.

At the outset, it is proper to note that an unjustifiable general indictment has been made of accumulated wealth in corporate form, and of its alleged exclusive monopolistic privileges and franchises. We cannot prevent by law the union and association of wealth in corporations, for union and consolidation — the formation, for instance, under our Constitution, of a "more perfect union"—are of the very essence of our existence, and are in accordance with the course of nature. Without such association and combination, the extraordinary resources of our vast domain, for the lasting benefit of the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer, could never have been developed. As one of the

wisest members of the Supreme Court of the United States said, in writing for that court many years ago concerning these very suggestions:

"Nor can it be truthfully denied that some of the most useful and beneficial enterprises set on foot for the general good have been made successful by means of these exclusive rights, and could only have been conducted to success in that way."*

It is, then, merely the abuses of these special and exclusive privileges, in the accumulation and employment of excessive wealth, of which our citizens justly complain.

The people have two agencies which they may employ to check and regulate such abuses—the one, the Nation, the other, the State. It is said that, in interfering in such matters, the Nation is trenching on "State rights," and that the States alone can act. This suggestion overlooks the fact that the *people,* the source of all authority in both State and Nation, are making their own choice of an agent, within the constitutional limitations which they have themselves set up, and that, in all matters which, like this, admittedly affect the "*general welfare,*" the people are now invariably turning to the National Government, created by them for the very purpose of promoting and protecting their general well-being.

In that most perfect statement ever made of the objects of all government, contained in the preamble to the Federal Constitution, *the people,* in stating their purpose and intent in forming this Nation, have finally and conclusively disposed of all such questions. In that brief paragraph they solemnly affirm that:

"*We, the people* of the United States, in order to form a *more perfect union,* establish *justice,* insure *domestic tranquillity,* provide for the *common defense,* promote the *general welfare,* and secure the blessings of *liberty* to *ourselves* and *our posterity,* do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

As Chief-Justice Marshall long ago declared:

"The Government proceeds *directly from the people.*" "Its powers are granted *by them,* and are to be exercised *directly on them and for their benefit.*"†

The States are merely subordinate instrumentalities of the people.

* Mr. Justice Miller, in *Slaughter-House Cases,* 16 Wallace, at page 66.
† *M'Culloch* vs. *Maryland,* 4 Wheaton, at pp. 403 and 405. (1819.)

At this somewhat momentous period of our national existence, we are chiefly interested in this announcement of the purpose to "form a more perfect union," to "establish justice" and to "promote the general welfare." Union there was, then, but of separate entities and segregated communities, imperfectly joined. Union, the consolidation of thought and effort, was, however, the accepted foundation of the structure, and the primary purpose and desire were to make it "more perfect" and complete. Our fundamental law has thus embodied a recognition of the natural tendency to cohesion and consolidation, and of its value to human society as a whole. The union of wealth and of effort in corporate form is no less natural; but, whereas the people have protected themselves by their Constitution against the abuse of consolidation in governmental matters, there has heretofore been lacking specific and efficient protection in respect to industrial consolidations.

Accompanying the formation of this union, and immediately following it, were to come "the establishment of justice" and the promotion by each of the State communities, which, theretofore, had been seeking to advance its own particular selfish interests, of the "general welfare" of the whole.

This "more perfect union" of the fathers' dream is being realized. Through the radical upheaval of the Civil War—at which time we ceased to regard ourselves as a confederation, and became in fact, and called ourselves, a Nation—and by the vast increase, throughout the country, in the power of the press, in the activities of our commercial and agricultural life, and in the means of intercommunication furnished by the many extraordinary applications of steam and electricity, and lastly through the welding power of the Spanish-American war, we are rapidly approaching our national maturity, and are developing a complete homogeneity. This perfecting of the union has involved the voluntary elimination of all sectional lines and differences —we have almost been able to see them disappear, day by day— and the burial of alleged States' rights and of their selfish separate interests; and the wiping out of these lines of demarcation has left us, in these recent years, one people, absolutely united in purpose and in action. In short, the Nation, in the best sense, has now assumed all the powers and duties of *nationality*.

The national life really began with this self-renunciation—

shall we call it redemption?—of the States and of the people of the several States as distinct communities. In these latter days, it has been wonderfully rounded out. The obligation to serve bears as imperatively upon the Nation, in its international relations, as upon the individual in his social environment, and who will undertake to measure, in either case, the developing and refining influence of the faithful observance of that obligation, and of the golden rule, in personal and national conduct? In this respect, as a nation, we have always welcomed the inpouring immigration of the oppressed from all other lands, and have recently, with Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, China, Japan, Russia, Santo Domingo and Morocco, in Central and South America, and in the conference of The Hague, still further kept the faith and carried the burden, and, assuredly, our bread will return upon the waters of life. The law of compensation, in its operation, is inexorable, but absolutely just. The Nation's sin will find it out, but the Nation's virtue will reap its everlasting reward. Our national provincialism, like the provincialism involved in the selfish assertion of States' rights, is dying, if not already dead. Peace to its ashes! We have now taken our place among the *nations,* and henceforth our responsibility is to civilization and the world at large.

Moreover, notwithstanding the dual nature of our government, due to the independent State and National sovereignties, the full preservation of which our welfare undoubtedly demands, we are now, as a matter of fact, after passing through the many embarrassments of our crude, provincial minority, duly recognizing our international obligations; for we are now ceasing to plead an absurd and belittling national disability in respect to State action, and, as a nation, are accepting our proper responsibility for our treaty obligations, and for the action or non-action of the individual States or the people thereof. Internationally, we are now acting as a nation, and not as a confederation or group of independent and separate sovereignties. The States cannot have international relations or recognition. The Nation alone can create treaty rights and obligations; and these, as the supreme law of the land, must, under the Constitution and in the nature of things, be controlling and enforceable throughout the national domain, and within the jurisdiction of each State.*

* See *Ware* vs. *Hylton,* 3 Dallas, 199, 236–7.

Then, too, we are now witnessing, in every-day experience, constant appeals to the national power. These are often attributable, it is true, to efforts on the part of the States and the people to promote their selfish and material welfare, but love of country is at the bottom of it all. Even spiritual progress is frequently dependent upon, or due to, action dictated by the most selfish and material motives. Whatever their real motives may be in particular cases, the people are now freely committed to the national idea and a centralized form of government, and we are thus sweeping onward with the strength of united effort to our accepted place in the world's history and the fulfilment of our lofty mission in the unprecedented advancement of humanity. Increased love of country, as the dominating motive, will surely follow.

In the light of this national growth, and of these national tendencies, when we ask, Does the tariff need revision? Do individual wealth, its acquisition and use require further regulation? Do the growth of corporations, their income, franchises and other business activities require controlling action? we do not seek the answer in a consideration of what may best suit the interests and desires of Massachusetts, New York, Texas, California or Alaska, alone, or of any one section, whether North, South, East or West, but in the determination of what is best for the "*general welfare*"—for the commonwealth—for the promotion of which this Government was organized. At this late day, it does not seriously interest us to learn what particular view, with reference to her own selfish interests, California may entertain concerning the Japanese question, or Massachusetts in respect to the doctrine of reciprocity, for it is folly longer to discuss selfish State purposes or selfish State interests. They do not exist—at least, when we are discussing measures which necessarily must affect our people as a whole. With this renunciation of all selfish interests by the States, we are entering upon a new and inspiring era in the higher development of the Nation. It is not too much to assume that, in the present temper of our people, they are prepared, in all trustfulness, and within the constitutional limitations which they have themselves prescribed, and which they may enlarge at their pleasure from time to time, to surrender to the Nation, as far as practicable, substantially all such "powers" as have been deemed to be reserved to the States and the "people"

by the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution, so far, at least, as such surrender may be necessary to carry us forward to a perfect and effective union as one Nation.

State rights, then, as formerly interpreted, are no longer insisted upon. They are gone, and forever. This is not a theory or subject for debate. It is an existing condition, a fact, and must be accepted. The phrase "State *rights,*" or "reserved *rights* of the States," indeed, always involved a misnomer. The Tenth Amendment reserved "*powers*" to the "States respectively, or to the *people,*" and whatever "powers" were thus reserved to the States, they, in turn, had always derived, primarily, from the *consent of the people,* the source of all right, power and authority. "Rights," in the proper sense, the States never had. As governmental agencies, they had certain "*powers,*" conferred by the *people,* and reserved by the Constitution.* Such powers are revocable by the authority conferring them—here, the people—but the essence of a right, in this broader sense, is its inalienability, and such rights the States did not, and do not, possess.

State pride, also, like the former eloquent appeals for "State rights," is, fortunately, a thing of the dim past, and, in the light of what has already been said, must be deemed to be a relic of barbarism, whose advocates, in the irresistible onward march of the Nation, the people have finally sent to the rear. There is no longer any pride of State, in the old sense, to stand in the way of national growth, or any peculiar homely interest in State welfare. The great, throbbing people of this land are paying heed only to the interests of the whole Nation, as a single entity, for whose well-being they make their daily invocations. Prayers for the State one almost never hears, but prayers for the Nation, always. The past has buried its dead, and the strict constructionist of the Constitution has had his day. This element, like every other obstacle to national growth, has been either sloughed off or outgrown, and the natural laws, governing growth and development, centralization, consolidation and union, have taught the people

* "The *powers* the *people* have given to the General Government are named in the Constitution, and all not there named, either expressly or by implication, are reserved to the *people,* and can be exercised only by *them,* or upon further grant from *them.*" (Mr. Justice Brewer, in concurring opinion, in *Turner* vs. *Williams,* 194 U. S., at page 296).

"There can be no limitation on the power of *the people of the United States*" (*Ware* vs. *Hylton,* 3 Dallas, 199, at page 236—United States Supreme Court in the year 1796, by Mr. Justice Chase).

to seek and to find, within the Constitution, those fundamental principles which not only sanction and justify, but actually encourage and promote, the greatest conceivable extension of the national territory and the national functions. The dead letter may be that of an eighteenth-century constitution, now confronting twentieth-century conditions; but the living spirit is in harmony with the youth of our people, expanding and developing with their needs. What the people really seek within the four corners of their charter they invariably find. Amendment of the letter may hereafter occasionally be required; but to refer to it as an antiquated and inadequate production of the eighteenth century is to ignore the eternal life of the spirit which the genius of the framers breathed into its phrases.

And so it is that we now hear of the "reserved rights of the States" only as an incident in the discussion of long-desired possible extensions of the national functions under the Constitution. In short, the States are, in these days, treated by the people only as so many uninteresting and cumbersome, but necessary, local governmental agencies for home rule and the administration of purely local affairs.

The people, influenced by the demonstrated inefficiency of the State governments in the more important matters affecting their "general welfare," have tacitly permitted, and are, now, constantly promoting the assumption by the central authority—the National Government—acting within constitutional limitations, of a great part (not purely local in nature) of the real police powers and functions of government. This is significant. In it we see both the modern craving for sincerity and efficiency in public service, and the naturally increasing demands upon centralized power arising from the rapidly growing homogeneity of our people.

In our daily life there are many striking illustrations of this natural growth of the national life, and many evidences of the constant study of the people, and of the separate States, to increase, under the Constitution, the power and efficiency of the united people as a Nation. In action of this nature, we find an open confession of weakness and helplessness on the part of the States, quite conclusive in support of the demands for centralized action wherever constitutionally possible. We refer, particularly, to the repeated and persistent attempts, on the part of

the different States, to secure *uniformity* of State legislation and action in all matters (insurance, divorce and commercial law, for example) admitted to be, perhaps exclusively, within State jurisdiction, and in respect to which the conflicting practices of forty-six different States have produced evils seriously interfering with the life and growth of a people, now united in the pursuit of common interests. Speaking generally, whenever the subject-matter of legislation covers two or more States, such uniformity of regulation becomes essential, and it can be absolutely secured only through *national* control, exercised under the Constitution or an amendment thereof. That is the national tendency, which, as the generations come and go, will unquestionably be completely worked out.

Centralization itself, indeed, is but the natural striving of the people for *uniformity*—for real and "perfect union" and mutual trust, as distinguished from the disintegrating and devitalizing selfishness of independent State action. The separate State sovereignties, revolving about the national centre, are, through the natural operation of cohesion and centripetal force, gradually being brought together on all subjects of common interest. Mutual trust and confidence, mutual service and interdependence, are working out the golden rule in interstate relations and activities. Truly, their provincial and selfish bachelorhood has been succeeded by the national intermarriage of the States, and upon the fruition of that marriage the welfare of the world now hangs.

The calls upon the Nation, for the performance of particular duties bearing upon the "general welfare" of the people, are numerous—as, for instance, frequently, for the preservation of peace within State boundaries, the establishment of an adequate quarantine, the promotion of irrigation and forestry, the prevention or remedying of loss and damage due to extraordinary catastrophes within the States, the universal enforcement of the national anti-trust law and other Federal interstate-commerce laws, the aid and advancement of memorial and historical celebrations and expositions by the States, the development and enlargement of agricultural pursuits within the several States (and, in that connection, we may note the recently reported request for the destruction, for example, in the South, of the boll-weevil in the cotton-fields, and, in New England, of the gypsy-moth pest)—although many of these matters may, at times, decidedly strain

the expressly granted powers of the National Government, and although, very often, they directly affect State interests and property rights of individuals secured by State franchises and laws.

What is more to the point, it has now become self-evident that, inasmuch as this problem of wealth of necessity affects most seriously the "general welfare" and "domestic tranquillity" of the whole people, it cannot be dealt with satisfactorily by the several States, but must be cared for by the nation itself, which was constituted for the express purpose of dealing with subjects of that nature. In that respect, the Confederation was a failure, for that experiment demonstrated that nothing less than the entire people, united as a Nation, can possibly cope effectively with such conditions. Accordingly, we find that the attempts of the States to regulate so-called "trusts" or monopolies have, for this reason, been abortive, and, as the President has said, with much justice, it was mere "sham and pretence" to expect anything else. It is both physically and constitutionally impossible for one State to legislate or act for the whole, and, besides, each State has its own special and selfish interests to subserve. Texas, for example, one of the parents of anti-capitalistic legislation, having attempted, like Illinois in another connection, by every sort of device and indirection, to except her own agricultural and cattle interests from the operation of her anti-trust laws, when informed by the courts that she had not legally made, and could not make, such exceptions, at once lost much of her ardor in her anti-trust activities.

That uniformity and effectiveness of regulation, which can come only from national intervention, is made necessary by the constant shocks to business produced by these fragmentary attempts of the different States to enforce their many different anti-trust laws, of which, it is believed, there are three or four score in existence. All of the important business of the country is now interstate, demanding uniform laws and regulations. It is, in large part, conducted by foreign corporations—that is to say, corporations organized in States other than those in which they are found from time to time carrying on business. Many of these foreign corporations are called "trusts." Startling as it may seem to the lay mind, such corporations, formed in one State, have, under the Constitution, no absolute right to enter

and do business in such other States, and, in carrying on business there, act only in the exercise of a mere license, which all States, other than the parent State granting the charter, may revoke at pleasure. It has even been seriously argued, if not judicially determined, that such corporations and their property, in States other than those of their origin, may, under certain circumstances, become bound by statutes unconstitutional as to all other persons; and it is settled that no corporation is entitled to any of the privileges or immunities of citizens. Bearing in mind the magnitude of the property interests represented by such foreign corporations in the several States—for, probably, the larger part of the vitally important business of the country is now being conducted by such foreign corporations—we at once see that, under existing circumstances, their security, like that of the corporate interests of England, rests only upon the conservatism and good-will of the people—here, the majority of the voters in the several States.

It is practically impossible for these great corporate interests to comply with the widely diverging requirements of the laws of forty-six States, which are constantly changing, and are applied with no uniformity as to either procedure or subject-matter. The "establishment of justice," for which this Union stands, demands that these great interests, many of them vital to the people's welfare, be protected by that uniformity of regulation which can come only from the Nation; and that same justice, for the protection of the people themselves, requires that this use of corporate wealth by foreign corporations be *effectively and uniformly* controlled. As it is, substantially all that any State can do is to tax such corporations, in the form of license fees, and in other ways, or exclude them from its boundaries, besides imposing, for the violation of State laws, a fine, which, for present purposes, we may assume to be confiscatory. All this, however, is plainly inadequate, for the corporations (or so-called "trusts") excluded by Massachusetts, Missouri or Texas, for example, will continue their business in adjoining States (which, from considerations of material gain, may purposely refrain from adverse action), and, acting by other agencies, or under other names, will even return to the originally hostile States. There have been many instances of this procedure. By this crude enforcement of inadequate laws, the people, acting through the agency of the

States, practically, thus far, have accomplished nothing toward the solution of this problem of wealth. Here, then, is a point at which the people are beginning to insist upon uniformity of remedial control, which the Nation alone can furnish.

This archaic and wholly unpractical and incapacitating doctrine as to foreign corporations operating within the several States is plainly unjust to both the corporations and the people. The corporations themselves would enthusiastically welcome the uniformity of national regulation — and this, for the sake of the uniformity, and not by reason of any assumed comparative facility in controlling the action of Congress, as a single legislative body. Such facility does not, and cannot, exist, and there is no such danger to the body politic. A large part of the wealth of the country is under the control of, and is produced by, these very foreign corporations. Looking to the common advantage and the general welfare, the people demand, indeed have determined, that the acquisition, use and distribution of that wealth should be controlled. On the part of the corporations, the time has come when their best interests require uniformity in such control. How shall it be accomplished? And how shall the individual wealth, amassed through the use of this corporate wealth, be controlled in respect to acquisition, use and transmission? These questions are of great moment, and, as indicated, State action cannot be effective, and, indeed, has been demonstrated to be, at the best, utterly ineffective.

In any consideration of the proper ways and means at the command of the Nation, with which, under present conditions, to meet this possible emergency in our national life, due to this spirit of discontent, it must be borne in mind that the evident folly of expecting, or assuming, that adequate remedies can be furnished by the individual States is no greater than is the folly of the assumption that so-called "trusts," in the form of incorporated aggregations of excessive wealth, are mainly responsible for the conditions complained of, and that a few penalties, more or less, imposed upon them, perhaps accompanied by their dissolution and the punishment of their individual officers, will remedy the whole evil and satisfy the public desire. Nothing could be further removed from the fact. It is possible, by these and other methods, to regulate, to some extent, the abuse by wealth of its opportunities, but the regulation, to be effective, in

the estimation of our people, and to be fair to the interests of all citizens, must be so adjusted that it will regulate the interstate business, not only of plethoric incorporated wealth, but also of associated, partnership or individual wealth, as well. Regulation, to be such in substance and not merely in form, must operate upon all interests, whether individualized or associated.

The "anti-trust" crusade has never been satisfactory, in either motive or result. It has been, heretofore, always more or less spasmodic on the part of both the State and Federal authorities, and has been aimed only at the alleged abuses of opportunity by wealthy corporations. On the part of the States, prosecutions, it is believed, have been dictated usually by selfish or political considerations, or by the cupidity of petty prosecuting officers entitled to a share of the penalties. There has been no disinterested, whole-hearted, earnest and systematic effort to discover and remedy real abuses, and no effective step has been taken to reach the individual, alone or in association with others. Until individual wealth is reached and regulated, little can be accomplished in satisfying the demands of the people.

We must never lose sight of the fact, for it is a fact, that the dissolution of a few great corporations, or combinations of corporations, will not, and cannot, even seriously curb the evil sought to be controlled, for the reason that the property of the corporations cannot be taken from them, except in the form of *ordinary* penalties (the law will not tolerate excessive, unusual or extraordinary fines, forfeitures or punishments, or confiscation in any form), and that the dissolution of the combination or corporation merely means the formal and nominal subdivision of the combined wealth, and the organization of new corporations by the same individual owners. Or, if confiscation of property be indulged in (Missouri now claims the right), the property, unless physically destroyed, will always return by purchase, directly or indirectly, to the original interested individuals. That is the uniform experience in such matters. This natural course and order of things cannot be seriously obstructed by law. The result of the Northern Securities dissolution—greatly adding to the wealth and opportunities of the individual constituents of the combination—and the equally ineffectual attacks on the Standard Oil Companies, are unanswerable illustrations in point. The actual ineffectiveness of these methods of procedure is only fully

appreciated by those having competent knowledge of the situation. They only serve to scratch the surface or to stir up muddy waters. Such results can never satisfy the people, now thoroughly aroused, and will no longer even serve the purpose of political plays to the gallery. These methods will, however, without producing substantial results, needlessly inflame the worst passions of a certain section of the populace, and in that way the sober judgment and purpose of the great majority of our citizens will be defeated. In short, incorporated wealth is but a means; and, to reach the difficulty, we must find the individual organizers of the corporations, whose great wealth has been combined in that form, so that, whatever the *form* of its use, that wealth, in its substance, wherever employed, will be regulated in its use and made to bear its proper burdens. Toward the accomplishment of that end, it is at once seen, the regulation of corporations is but a step. What, then, can we properly do to reach the individual, the association and the partnership, as well—the real users and abusers of wealth?

For one thing, the rights of property must be respected, and Anglo-Saxon traditions on that head must be observed. Life, liberty and property are alike protected by constitutions and by laws. Under our institutions, property is almost as sacred as life itself. We can never deprive a citizen of his fundamental right to acquire property; and, even conceding the recognized power, it is not in the nature of things that we should ever deprive him of the ability and capacity to transmit at least a large portion of the property acquired. The right of acquisition and the ability to dispose of property furnish the necessary selfish motive power and incentive for human development. A law fundamentally impairing either would affect each citizen in a vital degree, upset the social structure and disrupt the State itself. It has been well said that the right to transmit property has a tendency to make of a man a good citizen and a useful member of society, prompting him to deserve well of the public, when he is sure that the reward of his services will not die with him.*

It is, therefore, the suggestion of a merely academic proposition, the prompting of a vivid imagination, to say that the States have the abstract power to prevent the transmission of property by will or upon intestacy. That power will never be exercised. We

* 2 Blackstone's Commentaries, page 11.

have passed beyond the era of semi-savagery when it might have been called into play. The right to acquire and to use is unlimited, except as controlled by taxation and the requirements of the public use. The transmission of what has been acquired will, as a consequence, always be left practically intact, except as regulated and controlled in respect to manner and amount, and as limited by taxation.

It is, however, evident that the creation and increase, by different methods of use, as well as the transmission, of individual wealth, must be regulated—all this in the interest of its possessors, as well as of the public; for, as we have said, on the consent and action of the people at large must, in the last analysis, depend the security of wealth.

In the first place, because involving this whole subject, our system—or lack of system—of Federal taxation should be scientifically overhauled and remodelled by a commission of qualified experts. This is of the essence of the situation, and its importance cannot be over-emphasized. The time for haphazard taxation, through the tariff or otherwise, has passed. A proper use of the taxing power, for the "general welfare," coupled with an exercise of the plenary interstate-commerce power, will remedy most of the evils complained of from time to time.

The greatest source of discontent, even among the majority of our citizens who believe thoroughly in the principle and system of protection, is the existing tariff. Their complaint is a just one, for, where protection for several important industries long ago ceased to be necessary, there have been built up, in the name of the protective tariff, special privileges on which great capitalists have fattened, under the very eyes, and at the sore expense, of our citizens as domestic consumers. When, in the ordinary course of business, and as a matter of daily routine, the domestic manufacturer regularly sells his product in foreign markets for a sum substantially less than his price to the home consumer, under similar circumstances and conditions, in order to maintain the high-tariff price in the home markets, originally established and acquiesced in a generation ago for the benefit of infant industries, it is high time that something be done, since the difference between these prices, plus freight and other items, represents the voluntary contributions of our citizens to the already overgrown surplus-capital of the manufacturer.

That method of using wealth has become an abuse which the American electorate, now well informed on the situation, will no longer tolerate. Let the protective tariff, as a system, stand, by all means; but let the Republican Party remove these abuses. Let an end be made of these shocking special privileges, which are plainly, day by day, adding to the wealth of the few. The people are watching and waiting. If one agency refuses to act, another will be made to act.

Again, while watching the inordinate growth of mere surplus wealth from such unjustifiable tariff abuses, the people are confronted by an extraordinary increase in the cost of the necessaries of life. The press and public officials have made superficial references to this latter fact, and reasons for an ordinary and temporary increase in the prices of many things are apparent; but no attempt has been made to trace the cause of the almost intolerable burden of the permanently enhanced cost of most of our necessary food-supplies. The people, however, have been thinking. It is believed to be the fact that never before in human history has the practice, condemned of old, of forestalling, engrossing and regrating in articles of prime necessity (that is to say, the monopolistic purchasing, in advance of market requirements, and the storing, of an entire food-supply, with a view to the creation of a future stringency, and a consequent artificial market with an artificially enhanced retail price) been carried to so diabolically perfect and scientific a consummation as at the present time. The cold-storage plants of the country, supposed to be "trusts" of the first magnitude, are believed to be wonderfully complete, and into their capacious maws, it is understood, are poured substantially entire supplies of vegetables, fruits, meats, eggs and fish, to be doled out at times and prices arbitrarily fixed to suit the pleasure and the pockets of the powers in control. The foreign markets, in order to maintain domestic prices, are favored with shipments of any surplus supplies. The results are seen in our current high prices, and the distinct inferiority of our raw-food supplies. This is a crying evil, and, if we do not pay heed to the conditions, the passions of the people may be unduly aroused. New legislation is needed. Speculation in food products should be made impossible. Let us learn the truth concerning this matter. Let the whole cold-storage business and

the laying up of our food-supplies be carefully investigated, and then wisely regulated, under both Federal and State laws.*

Next in order should come, in the interest of the corporations and the public alike, a complete system of Federal control of corporations doing an interstate business, which means substantially all corporations doing any important part of the business of the country. The Supreme Court of the United States will eventually be called upon to determine whether, in the exercise of the power to authorize and require the incorporation under Federal laws of all corporations engaged in interstate commerce, Congress may, at the same time, confer upon such corporations the power to manufacture and produce within the States. Much may be said in favor of the contention that the latter power must be regarded as a necessary incident of the former—as a means to the end—since there can be no commerce without production and manufacture, the basis of all trade and the first step in commerce itself. It is said that, unless Congress can regulate the first step, and this means to the end, it cannot effectually exercise its power of control. While that is probably not true, it is to be hoped that a scientifically framed Federal corporation law may be adopted and sustained. Operating uniformly throughout the country, and offering to the public opportunities for effective regulation, such a law would, as we have said, be welcomed by all corporations, and would be a boon both to them and to the people. Whether Congress may empower corporations to manufacture and produce within the States or not, it is clear that the privilege to engage in interstate commerce may be conditioned upon incorporation under Federal law, and the submission to Federal regulation, such Federal incorporation to be *supplemental and in addition to incorporation under State laws,* which may confer original powers to manufacture, produce or engage in other business. This is not an unusual expedient. The corporation will then be protected in all its interstate relations by both charters, and in all its interstate and foreign relations by its Federal charter, in this way avoid-

* In advance of an investigation, it would be unjust to pass final judgment in this matter, and what is here said only expresses a belief and understanding. Nevertheless, the very nature of the subject and its intimate relation to the well-being of our people create a necessity for a prompt and searching inquiry. The Agricultural Departments and penal statutes of the States are believed to be utterly ineffective.

ing the absurd embarrassments resulting from the foreign-corporation doctrine as now understood and administered.*

Whatever may be possible in the matter of Federal incorporation, it is clear that Federal control and regulation of all corporations, associations, partnerships and individuals doing an interstate business may be exercised and enforced through the medium of a required license for the conduct of such a business. Such a license may, as a condition precedent, require compliance with all of the restrictive regulations which Congress may see fit to impose. There is practically no limit to the control which the Federal authorities may thus exercise over the affairs and conduct of corporations, including all of the great corporations or so-called "trusts," for they are necessarily all engaged in interstate commerce.

This brings us to the really effective regulation of the use and transmission of all wealth, both corporate and individual—indeed, there is hardly a subject-matter that cannot be regulated—through the exercise, for the "general welfare of the United States," of the *taxing power* of the Federal Government. For

* Mr. Pinkney, in his argument in *M'Culloch* vs. *Maryland*, 4 Wheaton, at page 381, said:

"Has Congress, abstractedly, the authority to erect corporations? This authority is not more a sovereign power than many other powers which are acknowledged to exist, and which are but means to an end. All the objects of the Government are national objects, and the means are, and must be, fitted to accomplish them. These objects are enumerated in the Constitution, and have no limits but the Constitution itself. A more perfect union is to be formed; justice to be established; domestic tranquillity insured; the common defence provided for; the general welfare promoted; the blessings of liberty secured to the present generation, and to posterity. For the attainment of these vast objects, the Government is armed with powers and faculties corresponding in magnitude."

And again, at page 384:

"The State governments cannot establish corporations to carry into effect the national powers given to Congress, nor can Congress create corporations to execute the peculiar duties of the State governments. But so much of the power or faculty of incorporation as concerns national objects has passed away from the State legislatures, and is vested in the national government. An act of incorporation is but a law, and laws are but means to promote the legitimate end of all government — the felicity of the people."

In accepting the principles thus expressed, and in referring to the enumerated powers of the Government, Chief-Justice Marshall, in the same case, said (at page 407):

". . . We find the great powers to lay and collect taxes; to borrow money; *to regulate commerce;* to declare and conduct a war; and to raise and support armies and navies. The sword and the purse, all the external relations, and *no inconsiderable portion of the industry of the nation*, are entrusted to its Government."

the ineffectiveness and wastefulness involved in the irreconcilable confusion arising from the attempts of forty-six different State jurisdictions to regulate, by taxation and otherwise, a single business, we may substitute one central authority, representing the whole people, with all of whom, it may be assumed, all of the great business in question is conducted.

The taxing power of Congress is unlimited, except that it cannot tax exports, and that direct taxes must be apportioned and indirect taxes must be uniform. It is to be exercised not merely to pay "debts" and provide for the "common defence," but for the "*general welfare.*"* Speaking of the Federal power to tax, the Supreme Court has recently said:

"The power to tax is the one great power upon which the whole national fabric is based. It is as necessary to the existence and prosperity of a nation as is the air he breathes to the natural man. It is *not only the power to destroy, but it is also the power to keep alive.*"†

The taxing power may be exercised through the medium of a license fee, or, if there be a valid Federal corporation law, a regular corporation tax, as to corporations, and a license fee, also, as to all partnerships and associations. It would also be per-

* Constitution, Art. I, Section 8, Cl. 1.

† *Nicol* vs. *Ames*, 173 U. S., at page 515.

It is well to bear in mind the utterances of Chief-Justice Marshall on the subject of taxation in *M'Culloch* vs. *Maryland*, 4 Wheaton, at pp. 428 and 431. He there said:

"It is admitted that the power of taxing the people and their property is essential to the very existence of government, and may be legitimately exercised on the objects to which it is applicable to the utmost extent to which the Government may choose to carry it. The only security against abuse of this power is found in the structure of the Government itself. In imposing a tax the legislature acts upon its constituents. This is in general a sufficient security against erroneous and oppressive taxation.

"The people of a State, therefore, give to their Government a right of taxing themselves and their property, and as the exigencies of Government cannot be limited, they prescribe no limits to the exercise of this right, resting confidently on the interest of the legislator, and on the influence of the constituents over their representative, to guard them against its abuse" (p. 428).

. . . . . .

"That the power to tax involves the power to destroy; that the power to destroy may defeat and render useless the power to create . . . are propositions not to be denied. But all inconsistencies are to be reconciled by the magic of the word *confidence*. Taxation, it is said, does not necessarily and unavoidably destroy. To carry it to the excess of destruction would be an abuse, to presume which would banish that confidence which is essential to all government" (p. 431).

fectly feasible to lay a license tax on individuals doing an interstate business, graduating it according to the amount done. This tax or fee would be in addition to the other requirements prescribed by Congress as conditions for the issuance of a license.

Not only a license fee for the privilege of engaging in interstate commerce, but a graduated income tax has been suggested—the chief burden to be placed upon income derived from investments (taxing it, with the corporations, at its source), as distinguished from earned income, and the whole to be so graduated that the larger incomes shall pay the larger tax. The tax should reach practically all of the people, and thus add to their interest in government. It should begin with small incomes, as small, perhaps, as $300—on which the tax should be comparatively trifling—and should recognize few, if any, exemptions. Substantially all of the shockingly unconscionable exemptions of the last act of 1894 should be abolished. They made of that act almost a scandal. And why should we not have such a tax? It is *perfectly constitutional,* even if it be universally applied, provided it be levied by the rule of apportionment, and be divided among the several States, as in the case of all direct taxes. So the Supreme Court of the United States has declared.

The Constitution provides that:*

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be *apportioned among the several States* which may be included with this Union *according to their respective numbers,* which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of *free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years,* and excluding Indians, not taxed, *three-fifths of all other persons.*"

And that:†

"No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census, or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken."

In the interpretation of these clauses, the Supreme Court, not disputing the validity of income taxes in general, merely condemned the last income-tax act of 1894 *because it was not levied by the rule of apportionment.* There has been much misconception on this point. It has been loudly and passionately proclaimed that the courts have declared all income taxes to be unconstitu-

* Article I, Sec. 2, Cl. 3.
† Article I, Sec. 9, Cl. 4.

tional. Nothing could be more misleading. Income taxes, as such, have always been upheld. This last income-tax law was condemned, because not laid, *in form*, as the Constitution requires.*

It is true that an income tax, as a direct tax, Congress may hesitate to levy, because the rule of apportionment, in accordance

* The Supreme Court of the United States, in passing upon the law of 1894, applied certain ancient and fundamental principles, which, now that both lay and judicial minds are no longer swayed by the passion of the hour, are recognized as fixed and immutable, and the applicability of which is admitted to be beyond the possibility of further debate. There has, however, been much conflict as to the application of certain precedents, but that can have nothing whatever to do with the conclusive effect of the principles applied in this latest case.

The Court merely held that, in respect to both real and personal property, a tax on the income thereof was a direct tax on the property itself; for, if you take of the fruit of the thing, you necessarily take, to that extent, of the thing itself. To lessen the use or the fruits of property, is directly to take a part of its value. As a direct levy upon property, therefore, the tax was held to be a direct tax, like any other property tax, as contradistinguished from a mere indirect tax, in the form of an excise tax, or duty. As a direct tax, it should have been levied by the rule of apportionment prescribed by the Constitution. Congress failed to provide for this *form* of levy, and for that failure of Congress, as to that particular law, it was necessarily held to be unconstitutional—a perfectly natural and proper outcome, which ought never to have excited comment, much less the intemperate, inconsiderate and disgraceful criticism of the judiciary with which we have become familiar. Such criticism, which, even to this day, is still heard, must charitably be assumed to be based on utter ignorance of the points involved and of the meaning of the decision of the Court. Indeed, had the criticism been technically justifiable, the decision having been made by judges whose moral character and whose personal motives and actions were beyond all possible criticism, no such comment should ever have been heard in an Anglo-Saxon community. Judicial action, taken in good faith by an upright judge, should never, under our institutions, be made the subject of general or popular criticism. This absurd criticism of the income-tax decision—frequently heard in high quarters—has simply served to cause needless grief and sorrow among that great majority of our fellow citizens who fondly cherish the justly high and immaculate repute of that greatest of Courts—the mainstay of our institutions—as the most precious possession of our beloved country.

The coldly deliberate and wholly conclusive legal argument (accepted by the majority of the Court), in support of the application of those principles, which really worked this necessary judicial condemnation of the income-tax law of 1894, although constituting the subject-matter of one of Mr. Choate's most brilliant oral arguments before that Court, was, in fact, framed in a brief by that ablest of legal minds at the American Bar, Mr. Charles F. Southmayd, of New York, the long-time partner of Mr. Evarts and Mr. Choate. He is unknown to the public at large, but for years, prior to his retirement from active practice, in 1883–4, his associates and the courts had learned, almost as a habit, to place absolutely implicit confidence in the conclusions formulated in his arguments. It is fitting that some passing note, at least, should be made of his connection with that great case, and of *his complete responsibility for the argument which prevailed.*

with the rule of representation, under the census, originally designed for the protection of the South as against an undue apportionment, based upon its total slave population, will, in the judgment of the South, due to that same population, now free, bear more heavily, in proportion, upon that section than upon the other sections of the country, and also because the Middle and New England States and the great Middle West will continue to insist that, owing to the accumulations of wealth within their borders, they will be called upon to pay an unfair amount of such tax. Still, if the people really want, and insist upon, an income tax, it will unquestionably be levied and collected. That is the sole test—the people's will and behest. If it be real and expressed, their command will prevail

There is no practical difficulty in apportioning an income tax as a direct tax. The States may pay their quotas, raising the funds therefor as they please; or the Federal Government, such payment failing, may proceed to collect in each State the portion levied therein, in the ordinary manner prescribed for the collection of an income tax.

And, then, an inheritance tax is suggested. And why not that, also? Of both income and inheritance taxes the President has spoken, and no one need be startled by the suggestion. Both are plainly constitutional, and have been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States—an income tax, even though graduated and levied on all incomes, from all property, provided it be levied by the rule of apportionment, and an inheritance tax, even though graduated and levied upon the transmission of all property, by the rule of progression, so that the larger the estate and the amount of property transferred, the greater will be the tax it shall be made to pay.

These matters have been discussed and are reasonably well understood. But now let us turn to a somewhat new and necessary departure. We may regulate the transmission of wealth, and even its possession, by these latter taxes. How can we, within the four corners of our Constitution, otherwise control its *accumulation?* Let us see. We must reach the individual, the association and the partnership, as well as the corporation, and so work out justice and a "square deal."

The power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce is, in modern interpretation, almost limitless, but we need not go to

the limit. We have seen that the interstate-commerce license fee is a practical suggestion. It is a franchise tax, and Congress may constitutionally *measure the amount* of the tax or fee in any arbitrary manner, quite at its pleasure. Let Congress combine the essential features of the franchise or license fee with those of a graduated and progressive tax. Let the interstate-commerce license fee be imposed on *all* corporations, individuals, partnerships or associations, and let it be *measured* by the total amount of the *gross sales or gross receipts* in the business of each. At the same time, let the rate of the tax or fee be graduated in accordance with the amount of capital employed, directly or indirectly, in the business, and let the rate advance, in each case, progressively, with the amount of gross sales or receipts, to the end that the small business may not be unduly or unjustly burdened. The tax, in each case, will thus depend entirely on the extent and power of the capital employed and the amount of the business done. While the chief business of the country is interstate, this *measure* of the tax, for the privilege of conducting interstate commerce, should be based upon the total gross sales or receipts *of the entire business, wherever conducted.* No avenue of escape should be left for the elusive capital employed. It should include all capital represented by capital stock, and all borrowed capital represented by bonds, certificates of indebtedness, notes, or any other obligation of the owner of the business. It should include all capital directly or indirectly represented in a common interest or ownership, through stockholding, directly or through others, or allied or subsidiary corporations or concerns, all of whose gross sales or receipts should also be included, in arriving at the total tax upon the real proprietor of the business. In this way the carefully drawn statute would prevent the securing of a lower rate of tax upon the smaller capital of a subsidiary business. The amount of *gross* sales or receipts should be taken, in order to prevent the reduction of the tax by the deduction of padded charges in arriving at so-called net sales or receipts.

This classification, by capital and sales or receipts, is reasonable and proper for the purposes of taxation, and wholly unobjectionable from the standpoint of the Constitution. The precise classification, however, should be just, and not confiscatory, and should be the result of careful and most deliberate investigation and study of the various business interests of the country. Excessive profits from the

use or abuse of special privileges and public utilities—even of patent rights—may thus be reduced and returned to the public. A just and proper return upon all capital may be, in effect, prescribed and limited by the imposition of this tax, *measured* in these ways, and a control may be exercised over the business of the country and the employment of capital which must satisfy the people.

Through wise and skilful graduation of the tax, it may not only be made possible for the small business to compete with the great aggregations of capital in the same business, but also be made impossible for the great capitalists to compete with the small; for, owing to the lighter burden of the tax, the latter should be enabled constantly to undersell or underbid the former. As a result, the overgrown consolidations would be forced to split up, and we should enter upon *a more healthy era of comparatively small dealers,* the goal toward which the people are now looking. No excessively capitalized business and no so-called overgrown "trusts" could possibly exist for any length of time, and pay a profit, under the burden of such a tax, when properly graduated and laid.

Such a fee or tax would not lead to an increase of prices, with a view of imposing its burden upon the consumer, because the motive therefor is wholly removed by the progressive feature of the tax, since the greater the prices and the returns on gross sales or receipts, the greater will be the tax. Practically speaking, therefore, the burden of such a tax can never be made to fall on the consumer.*

Indeed, it is by no means certain that, apart from an interstate-commerce license fee, Congress might not lay an excise duty on the *business* of *all* dealers and manufacturers, graduated and progressive in amount, and measured by gross sales. Such a tax should be so framed as plainly to constitute an excise or indirect tax, and not a direct tax.

The single expedient of an interstate-commerce license fee may, of course, be accompanied by all of the necessary regulations, in the matter of capitalization, reports, publicity, inspection and visitation, which the wisdom of Congress may devise as requisite to accomplish the result aimed at. That result, pri-

* While this article was in press, the legislature of the State of Texas undertook to pass an extremely radical bill taxing gross receipts.

marily the regulation of the use, and the prevention of the abuse, of wealth, will thus be brought about without committing the country to any new or untried theories, socialistic, anarchistic or individualistic, and without disturbing the rights of property, or interfering with the course of nature in respect to reasonable consolidation and combination. Then, too, as a scheme of taxation, it will always be perfectly elastic, and easily adjustable at all times to meet changes in conditions, and to remedy any injustice through proportionate inequality of burden or otherwise.

If, without adopting new and untried theories in radical legislation, Congress really wants a remedy for existing conditions, and really and earnestly desires to satisfy a just public demand and to remedy admitted evils bearing sorely upon the people, let it set to work on these simple lines, and all will be well.

As bearing upon this problem of wealth, we cannot overlook the present agitation as to the railroad situation and, generally, as to our public utilities and public-service corporations. Here, again, we are passing through a stage of development. We are aiming toward the general welfare, but that does not necessarily mean immediate public ownership, because, until public men and the people at large have been so trained and educated by the friction of years, perhaps of generations, that the public can be given a service as efficient and economical as that furnished by individuals under the incentive of reasonable private gain, there is no excuse or justification for public ownership and operation, and, from the standpoint of the people's welfare, it falls little short of a crime seriously to advocate it, at this time, as a practical proposition. The people, however, are entitled to assure themselves, by proper regulation, that the service is efficient, and the private profit derived from such utilities is only just and reasonable; and this may effectively be done through skilled and expert commissions. In this way, rates, with other charges and details of operation, may be advantageously regulated and fixed, and, speaking from experience, there is no doubt as to the practical desirability of such regulation. But the regulating body must be highly skilled and very highly paid. We have no *such* commissions or bodies now in existence. Political expediency at present plays too constant a part in their selection. To speak the truth, we are to-day, as a people, perhaps hardly ripe even for proper and effective regulation of this sort. We are still

immature, and must work out, for a much longer period, the mistakes and experiments of youth. Let it be understood, however, that such commissions are not lawmaking bodies. They are merely executive agencies, to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed," and, as such, are bodies which must be responsible solely to the Chief Executive, and for which he alone must in turn be responsible to the people. A consideration of this legal and logical condition will remove many misconceptions.

In these ways shall wealth be made to bear its proportionate burden, its special opportunities be curbed, and the opportunities of all be more nearly equalized, for thereby the returns from the employment of wealth may be absolutely limited, and its inordinate increase may be satisfactorily controlled. Thus, also, shall the possessors of wealth be secured in their property rights by the conservative good sense of our people, who will then be assured that, at last, wealth is paying to the community what it owes for the privilege of withdrawing its large share from the common stock, and for that protection of its private ownership which the community has been pleased to accord. Such is the reciprocal effect of the imposition and satisfaction of a just obligation.

Again, why not use the national taxing power to regulate evil insurance practices? Neither the interstate commerce nor any other power of the Federal Government, other than the taxing power, can operate directly upon insurance. If, for instance, deferred dividends and tontine insurance, with the abuses resulting from a consequent overgrown surplus, be deemed to be evils, why not tax all companies issuing such policies, prohibitively, through an excise tax? The burden upon the individual policyholder would be only trifling, incidental and temporary, and would be wholly justifiable. With such a tax imposed, competition between the companies would soon regulate the abuses. Or, proceeding indirectly, why not deny access to the Federal Courts and deny the use of the post-offices to insurance companies which shall fail to comply with a Federal insurance law prescribing remedies for such recognized abuses—a perfectly proper use of Federal power?*

It is well settled that, in the exercise of a recognized power,

* Recently, since this was written, it has been elsewhere suggested, but only with a limited application, that use of the post-office be refused. There need be no limit on the effective exercise of that power.

the motives of Congress for the enactment of the legislation in question are not to be inquired into, and are immaterial. The motive may involve the destruction of the subject-matter, but the legislation must be taken at its constitutional face value. We naturally recall, in that connection, the tax on State bank issues and the oleomargarine tax—both touching on the States' rights and powers most intimately, and both acting, as Congress intended, prohibitively and destructively on the subject-matter.

As to the divorce evil, for example, while exercising great care not to cast a burden upon the judicial power of the States, why not exact from the plaintiff a license fee—not so heavy as to be prohibitive, but sufficient in amount to prevent haphazard and thoughtless action—and also provide, in the exercise of the power (conferred by Article IV, Section 1, of the Constitution) to prescribe the "*effect*" which shall be given to the acts, records and proceedings of the several States, that the decree of divorce shall have *no "effect," and shall be unenforceable,* outside of the State by whose court it was rendered, until the plaintiff shall have paid such Federal license fee, *and unless* the divorce shall have been granted for such causes, and after such a period of residence, and upon such service of process, as Congress shall prescribe, or *unless all other conditions, formulated by Congress, shall have been complied with?*

Will it be said that, in this manner, the Nation will absorb the police power of the States, that, eventually, they may have no part to play in the national drama, and that home rule will become a farce? Hardly so, for the States will always be what, in analogy to town and county governments, well understood by them, the framers of the Constitution intended them to be, that is to say, primarily and ultimately, the instruments for purely local government and for home rule, on a larger scale, in the communities within their several jurisdictions. It is a striking error to assume that the passing of States' rights, as formerly understood, precludes the possibility of self-government or home rule. On the contrary, the future function of the State, as the instrument for home or local government, is fixed and determined. Of course, we must not forget that what was distinctly local, a generation ago, may now be a matter of national concern. That is natural development. The fading away of the ancient States'-rights doctrine (which is really merely the

elimination of State differences—due to our existing *homogeneity* —in matters affecting the *"general welfare"*) has nothing to do with the virile assertion of *State sovereignty,* for the preservation of our dual system is absolutely essential to the proper development of real home rule and of the best national spirit. At the same time, it has always been recognized that even State sovereignty must be sacrificed to the *happiness of the people.**

Time and space will not permit the enlargement of these suggestions as to remedies, but they are capable of almost indefinite extension, for there is no recognizable limit to the national life, and to the legitimate and proper exercise of the national functions *under the Constitution.* It is a *Constitution* of general principles, not an ephemeral statute of infinite detail, under which we live, and, with the growth of the tree, the protecting bark is constantly stretching and accomodating itself to the new conditions.†

These discussions and problems of the moment need not disturb us, for love of country has become our bulwark. We are a *Nation,* not a confederation, and the future is now secure. As with the fathers, so with us. The "stepping-stones of" our "dead selves" reach up to higher spheres of national action. God lives. Let us have faith.

WILLIAM V. ROWE.

* Madison, in the Federalist—Lodge's Ed., page 287—XLV.

† "The Constitution is a written instrument. As such, its meaning does not alter. That which it meant when adopted, it means now. Being a grant of powers to a Government *its language is general, and, as changes come in social and political life, it embraces in its grasp all new conditions which are within the scope of the powers in terms conferred. In other words, while the powers granted do not change, they apply from generation to generation to all things to which they are in their nature applicable.* This in no manner abridges the fact of its changeless nature and meaning."

South Carolina vs. *U. S.,* 199 U. S., at pp. 448–9 (1905).

Due to pardonable misunderstanding on the part of laymen (and misconceptions on the part of lawyers, even) some most enlightened and timely expositions of this settled principle, in its application to present-day conditions and the desirable enlargement of these Federal powers, because making for efficiency, have recently been unjustly and severely criticised on the ground that they suggest something new—a radical executive coercing of constitutional constructions from the Supreme Court, a packing of the Court, etc. On the contrary, they have uttered and applied only this very old thought and principle, in a perfectly legitimate and praiseworthy manner. *Constructions* of the Constitution must always be sought, when *new conditions,* from time to time, demand *new applications* of its *fixed principles.* If there be no principle in the Constitution applicable to such conditions, or if the people desire changes, of course, resort must be had to the power of amendment. No sane man could ever state or think anything else.

HAYDON.

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

I HAVE just finished reading what I believe to be one of the most tragic books in the history of art and letters—the Autobiography and Journals of B. R. Haydon.* Its tragedy lies in the fact that we have there revealed, in what may be called absolute nudity, the thoughts and struggles of a man of genius and enthusiasm, who lacked the power of adequate expression. Haydon was inspired by a devotion to art that verged on frenzy. He gave up the certainty of a comfortable maintenance for life, when he was almost a boy, by refusing to enter his father's business, in order that he might devote himself wholly to painting. He gave himself to the production of historical pictures on a gigantic scale, and refused to admit of any sort of compromise. The taste of the day was all for portraits and *genre* pictures. Later in life, under the pressure of necessity, he painted portraits and pictures of common life, but only that he might devote himself to his chosen branch of art. For over forty years he carried on an almost incredible struggle with every kind of difficulty. He saw his old companions, such as Wilkie and Jackson, succeed; he was constantly in debt; he was several times imprisoned. He could not sell his pictures, he could not get any one to listen to him. He quarrelled hopelessly with the Academy, and was the victim of constant misrepresentation and malignity. He finally died by his own hand, worn out in the struggle. More than half his days were spent in wandering about from creditor to creditor, begging and borrowing money from every possible quarter. Yet he lived on terms of intimacy with the greatest writers and statesmen of the time. He was the friend and

* "The Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals, edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, 1853."

associate of Wordsworth, Lamb, Keats, Walter Scott, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington. Indeed, there was hardly a prominent man from whom he did not borrow money, or whom he did not besiege with letters entreating them to encourage high art.

Much of his misfortune was due, no doubt, to his own fault. He was vain, irascible, egotistical, vehement. He could not keep his hands off public controversy. As a young man, being disappointed at the place assigned to one of his first pictures, he abused and vilified the Academy and its methods in unguarded terms. He was extravagant and improvident, and in money matters shamelessly importunate. But, for all that, his devotion to art was of a noble and magnificent quality. He was a deeply religious man, and never began a picture without long and earnest prayer. He was devoted to the work of early Italian painters, and was one of the first to recognize the surpassing merits of the Elgin Marbles. In the presence of great art he was like a man inspired, and the description of the delight he found in his work is deeply stimulating. Yet he effected nothing, and his pictures are practically forgotten. His chief idea was that artists should be employed to decorate great spaces in public buildings with colossal historical paintings; and the nearest he came to effecting anything was when the frescoes in the House of Lords were determined upon. But as a matter of fact, though Haydon did not know it, this decision was due far more to the influence of the Prince Consort than to any national impulse. One of the most tragic moments of Haydon's life was when he sent in designs for the competition for these frescoes, and his pictures were rejected; but he had lost by this time all his earlier force, and he mistook haste for facility. This was perhaps the determining cause of his suicide; he was certainly deranged at the end of his life, and the *post mortem* examination revealed disease of the brain, while his last memoranda, made on the morning of his death, show signs of insanity. Yet the act was in a sense deliberate. He had shown all his life an extraordinary power of recuperation, and of casting off disappointment. His art was to him a source of divine consolation and enjoyment, and when the pressure of difficulties was momentarily removed, he dashed back to his painting like a man inspired.

Thus, on October 1st, 1806, in his twenty-first year, he writes:

"Setting my palette and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting. . . . I arose with that peculiar calm which in me always accompanies such expressions of deep gratitude, and looking fearlessly at my unblemished canvas, in a species of spasmodic fury I dashed down the first touch. I stopped; and said, 'Now I have begun; never can that last moment be recalled.'"

Some ten years after this he wrote, in his thirtieth year:

"I took again the state of my exchequer into review, and asked myself, shall I paint for money, or by borrowing as I did when engaged on Solomon, keeping my mind in its high key, and go on watching, exciting, and regulating the public mind? The battle about to be fought (I said to myself) is a great battle. I cannot suffer my attention to be turned off."

Sixteen years later he writes, at the age of forty-five:

"July 20th (1831). A quarter to nine. This moment I have conceived my background stronger than ever. I strode about the room imitating the blast of a trumpet,—my cheeks full of blood, and my heart beating with a glorious beat. Oh, who would exchange these moments for a throne?

"'Here is my throne—let kings bow down to it!'

"Now, for my palette—and then, canvas, look sharp!"

Let us hear him seven years later, in 1838, at the age of fifty-two:

"When I come to dinner my dear Mary says I have been a great deal alone. Such a sensation never enters my head. I never feel alone. With visions of ancient heroes, pictures of Christ, principles of ancient Art, humorous subjects, deductions, sarcasms against the Academy, piercing remembrance of my dear children, all crowding upon me, I paint, write, conceive and fall asleep, start up refreshed, eat my lunch with the fierceness of Polyphemus, return to my room, go on till near dinner, walk, dine, read the paper, return to my study, complete what I have been doing, or muse till dusk, then to bed, lamenting my mortality at being fatigued. I never rest, I talk all night in my sleep, start up: I scarce know whether I did not even relish ruin, as a source of increased activity."

And again four years later (1842), within four years from his death:

"July 9th. How delightfully time flies when one paints! Delicious art—the bane and blessing of my life! Painted in delicious and ex-

quisite misery. A bill due and no money. Went out for it last night, and came home wet, weary and disappointed."

"July 13th. Huzza—Huzza—Huzza; and one cheer more! My cartoon is up, and makes my heart beat, as all large bare spaces do, and ever have done. Difficulties to conquer. Victories to win. Enemies to beat. The nation to please. The honour of England to be kept up.

"Huzza—Huzza—Huzza; and one cheer more!"

It will be seen from these extracts how fiercely the fire of art burnt in the man. The marvel is how, with his debts forever hanging over him, and with the consciousness of failure, perpetually renewed, he kept this spirit active. He was to a certain extent sustained by a prodigious vanity; he talks of his genius, almost without ostentation, as a simply incontestable thing. He speaks naïvely of his intention to put up a brass plate, in one of the studios he had used, to state that there he had painted his picture of Solomon's Judgment. He never seems to have had the slightest misgiving about his ultimate fame. But there can surely be few instances of artists who have prolonged this sort of youthful delirium of enjoyment and enthusiasm to the threshold of age; and even if there have been instances, I know of no one who has described it himself with such gusto.

Yet, egotistical though he was, he was an adoring husband and a tender father. He must have had a real charm of manner and nature, because he seems very seldom to have alienated a friend, even by his inveterate demands for money. His landlord, to whom he owed thousands, treated him with patience, affection, and even reverence; believed in him, lent him money, never quarrelled with him, though Haydon constantly wrote to him with extraordinary offensiveness. He had a way of taking an unfinished picture to a creditor, pointing out its merits, and saying, "There, is it not a pity to prevent that being finished?" which often produced a further loan. The fact is that there was probably something naïve, childlike, and appealing about him, which made others feel in a way responsible for him.

He was, moreover, virtuous, temperate and industrious. He wasted time only over controversy, or books in which he got absorbed, like a child, so that the flight of time and all external impressions were obliterated. He was not convivial or dissolute; he was not a gossip. He lived the quietest of family lives, and he and his wife were as lovers to the end. Perhaps the very days

when, weary and draggled, he hurried from creditor to money-lender and back again, saved him from overstrain of hand and eye and mind, by substituting one activity for another. Who knows? He certainly kept his health and his spirits in a marvellous fashion. When it is said that it is worry that kills, and not hard work, one thinks of Haydon. A month of days such as he describes in hundreds would have broken the heart of many sensitive men. But Haydon was so penetrated by the thought of his right to live and to be maintained, the greatness of his destiny, and the splendor of his vocation, that he did not suffer, it seems, from scruples about money. It did not appear to press on his mind that he was using the hard-won earnings of the tradesmen he failed to pay. When he was insolvent and had got his discharge, he thought no more of his former debts; his new debts were only to him a species of trial which he must bear with fortitude. No scruples of honor or honesty seem to have troubled him. He did not wish to have his work interrupted; but as long as he was not conscious of extravagance, as long as he considered he was living simply, he seems to have thought that he had a right to be supported, whether the money was obtained by begging or borrowing. There are many schedules of his debts and of his earnings given in the book, from which it is clear that, if he could have lived as many men of small incomes have to live, he could have supported himself. But he seems to have thought that he was entitled to live at the rate of about £800 a year when his earnings averaged about £500; but to reduce his scale of living seems not to have occurred to him. If he had chosen from the first to bestow a part of his time on saleable work, such as portraits or casual commissions, and to devote the rest of his time to idealistic work, he would not only have kept straight pecuniarily, but he would probably have painted better. But when he was once embarked on one of his great pictures, there was nothing he would not do to achieve his end. He would make studies for days together from living models and from antique sculpture; he thought nothing of blotting out a figure over which he had worked for weeks, to put it in a few inches higher. And the absorption in his work was so entire that nothing could distract him. He received the news of his father's death, by letter, while he was painting his picture of Solomon's Judgment, but he was so preoccupied, he says, in painting a head, that, though

he read the letter, he could not stop until he had finished the head, and not till then did his loss come home to him. Yet he was a man of the deepest and tenderest affections. He describes the death of two of his children with intense emotion. He lost a little girl named Fanny, to whom he was devoted, in her third year:

"My sweet Fanny died. . . . There is now such an intimate connection with me and the grave that I shall never break the chain. I pierce through the earth, the coffin and the lid, and see her lying still and awful. At breakfast, at dinner, at tea, I see her. I look forward to my own death with placid resignation, and only hope God, in His mercy, will not let me suffer much. . . .

"Peace to her little soul—born weakly, but her weakness aggravated by improper treatment: always ill, in a large family, wanting repose and rest and never getting it. What a weakly child suffers from the healthy children! Good God! The teasing, the quizzing, the tyranny, the injustice."

The same week his little boy, Alfred, of whom he was devotedly fond, lay dying too. Yet this extraordinary man could write in his diary:

"24th Oct. Began my picture with dear Alfred's head, who is dying too. I went on painting and crying. There he sat, drooping like a surcharged flower: as I looked at him, I thought what an exquisite subject a dying child would make. There he dozed, beautiful and sickly, his feet, his dear hands, his head, all drooping and dying.

"25th. Rubbed in the dying boy to-day. It will make a most piercing subject."

There is nothing heartless about this, because Haydon was the most loving of fathers. Indeed, he gave the same intense love to his two stepsons, his wife's children by a former husband, that he gave to his own sons, educating them, borrowing money to pay for them, following their careers, manifesting a simple pride in them, and grieving over one of them who died as passionately as if he had been his own child.

Yet the artistic emotion was as strong as the natural affection; and if in the midst of his tears he thought that his dying child would make an affecting subject for a picture, why, it was only a reason the more for loving him and sketching him.

Quite apart from this personal interest, and the self-revelation of these volumes, there is the extraordinary interest of the person-

alities with whom Haydon came in contact. He observed them with an artist's eye, and he had a knack of picturesque portraiture as well. His description of the Duke of Wellington, with whom he stayed at Walmer, romping with his grandchildren on the ramparts and pelting them, or driving the party to bed by lighting the bed-candles with a prodigious yawn, is a splendid piece of characterization; or the account of Lord Melbourne sitting, discussing art, in his dressing-gown, with his neck bare, and his charming half-mocking, half-affectionate smile, is imperishable. Then, too, there is the description of the famous dinner-party in Haydon's rooms, at which Lamb, Wordsworth and Keats were present, when Lamb declared that Newton had destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to prismatic colors, and proposed the toast, "Newton's health and confusion to mathematics!" The party were joined by a respectable comptroller of stamps who wished to see Wordsworth and plied him with questions. "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Lamb was dozing by the fire, half intoxicated, and turning round said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir," said the comptroller, "I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not." Charles Lamb began to sing nursery rhymes, and, taking a candle, said to the poor comptroller, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" "Charles! my dear Charles!" said Wordsworth. The others got Lamb away, and into the painting-room, where he continued to sing the nursery rhymes, and to ask to be allowed to feel the comptroller's bumps.

But, of all the affecting descriptions, the last sight Haydon had of Sir Walter Scott, who was just on the eve of starting for his last voyage to Italy, is the most pathetic. He was much distressed at the alteration in Scott.

"He said he feared he had occasionally done too much at a time, as we all do. . . . After a quarter of an hour I took my leave, and as I arose he got up, took his stick, with that sidelong look of his, and then burst forth that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality of soul, manly courage and tenderness of mien, which neither sculptor nor painter has ever touched. It was the smile of a superior creature, who would have gathered humanity under the shelter of its wings, and while he was amused at its follies, would have saved it from sorrow and sheltered it from pain. Perhaps it may be the last time I am ever to see him, as he sails in a day or two; and if it be, I shall rejoice that this was the last impression."

The man who writes thus is not a mere artist or a mere observer, but a true hero-worshipper, with a desirous glance that pierces into the soul.

But there falls upon us a melancholy shadow of reflection. If the result of Haydon's life of wild enthusiasm, of wrestling with difficulties, of fervent prayer, of solemn, abstracted, secluded visions, had been to produce some imperishable pictures, how we should have glowed and luxuriated over the record! How often we should have said, "Here we can look into the very fiery furnace of genius, and see the forms that walk there, see the divine visitant attend upon shrinking humanity!" How unquestionably should we have attributed the result to the process, the beauty of conception to the fine reverie, the finished technique to the indefatigable patience! How preachers and lecturers would have bidden us to observe the unflagging hand, the uplifted heart, the almost intolerable glow of genius! And yet the truth is that we have every manifestation of genius here except the great result; we have all the rapture, all the perseverance, all the self-consolation, all the indomitable courage; and yet there were half a dozen artists of the day, painting tranquilly and indifferently, whose pictures are not only better known, but actually finer, more inspiring, more beautiful than Haydon's. Take the fashionable sociable life of Lawrence; almost the only thing he had in common with Haydon was his inability to manage money. Take the tranquil, kindly, comfortable life of Reynolds, always the same, as Johnson said, perfectly equable in spirit and benevolent in mind. Take the sordid, ugly, laborious, mean, suspicious life of Turner, and compare these with Haydon's exaltations and raptures. Of course, it may be said that perhaps Turner and Reynolds did not say what they felt, while Haydon had the art of expression, the egotistical need for self-revelation. But we have no reason to suspect Reynolds or Turner of these joyful visions, and we can hardly believe that some hint of it would not have escaped them if they had been there.

And here lies the supreme sadness of this record. The life of Haydon is the record of a man of real genius, who joined to an intense and absorbing enthusiasm for art, a delight in detailed labor, a patience, a tenacity, a courage and a tenderness that deserved the highest rewards. Yet he received little but discouragement,

sordid trials, contempt, derision, malignity. His consolations were his art and his friends; and it is curious to note that, though his conduct is singularly wanting in many of the qualities that earn respect, he seems to have won and retained the respect and admiration of his friends in a singular degree. Yet with all this devotion to art he achieved very little. His pictures are melodramatic, distorted, disjointed, unequal. Hundreds of artists, without a tenth of Haydon's enthusiasm and tenacity, have attained and deserved success by a certain dexterity of hand. Men of mean, petty, ungenerous and spiteful character have had the power, through their skill in arousing the emotions of their admirers, to a degree that Haydon never attained. Haydon's art was the imperfect expression of a character which, with all its patent faults, had yet something divinely inspired about it. And yet artists who have had no sort of depth of inspiration, no particular tenacity of character, no passionate quality of soul, have contrived to do the very thing that Haydon agonized to do and failed to achieve. The story has a hard and a sad moral, which seems to be that no amount of enthusiasm, no amount of sedulous or strenuous practice, can ever make up for the absence of a certain instinctive knack of presentment. Given this knack of presentment, intellectual force, enthusiasm, zest, patience all tell; but, without it, all these qualities can effect nothing. For want of it, Haydon has no permanent place in the hierarchy of art. Yet, on the other side, this very deficiency lends a touch of pathos and romance to a figure of a man who coveted not only renown, but the opportunity of exercising the noblest and purest influence. The soul-history of Haydon restores the balance, by teaching us not to be too much dazzled by the rewards of art. We are apt to think of the great artist as the benefactor of the human race, and of the unsuccessful artist as a poor dilettante creature who might better have confined himself to some humble and useful pursuit. But, after all, for each human being it is the quest, and the spirit in which the quest is pursued, that matter. When we have subtracted Haydon's gross and patent faults, his vanity, his intemperate vehemence, his inconsiderateness, his pettiness, there remains a very august figure, penetrated with glowing enthusiasm, throbbing from head to foot with divine emotion. Take away from Haydon's life his bitter days of trudging about from creditor to creditor, from prison to pawnshop, there remains an

amount, a quality, of happiness such as falls to the lot of but few of us. We may remember the sonnet, prophetic almost in character, which Wordsworth wrote for Haydon's encouragement some thirty years before the sad ending:

"And oh, when nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-liv'd pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard."

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

MILK: A REMARKABLE FOOD.

BY HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, M.D.

PERHAPS there is no article of diet with which every one is so familiar as milk, and about which so little is generally known. If the question, "What is there peculiar about milk as a food?" were asked, most persons would reply, "It is a liquid food furnished by Nature for young animals," and they would feel that the question had been answered properly. But to the inquiring mind there arise the questions, "Why is milk furnished by the mother?" and, "What is there about it that makes it suitable for young animals?" And the answers to these questions must be known before any intelligent idea of the properties of milk can be had.

Up to within a few years it was customary to regard anatomy and physiology as two distinct branches of knowledge, which were to be studied separately; but at last it dawned upon students that the structure of an animal, an organ or the composition of certain animal secretions is constituted to enable them to perform special functions to the best advantage, and that structure and function should always be studied together.

For many years the anatomy of milk, or its composition alone, was studied, and all that was discovered of a practical nature was that milk contains the elements needed for the formation of blood, muscle and bone, and that a portion of the milk would form curds either in the stomach or when kept long enough for it to sour.

These facts had been known for ages to practical observers who had had no special training, and really added nothing of value to the sum of human knowledge. But about four years ago it was suggested that possibly the curding of milk in the

stomach might serve a useful purpose in digestion, and the fact that milk formed curds might be one of the reasons for its being furnished to young animals. In other words, there was applied to the study of milk the principle that its composition and function should be considered together, and it is safe to say that, as a result, more has been learned about milk of practical value in infant-feeding in the last three or four years than in several centuries previous.

To-day we have an entirely different conception of milk as a food than was held by the leading authorities five years ago, and what was mysterious and unfathomable then is as clear as day now.

Almost every one knows that if a hen's egg is kept under suitable conditions for about three weeks, a fully formed and developed chick will emerge from the shell, but when a fresh egg is opened no sign of an organism is present. However, at one side of the yolk is a minute cell which contains the vital principle of the future fowl; and, strange as it may seem, this cell begins to eat the contents of the egg-shell and transforms them into tissues of the chick. This process may be watched by holding the egg to the light, when the developing of the chick may be followed from hour to hour. When the chick comes out of the shell, it is not dependent on its parent's body for food, but is capable of picking up worms and seeds and digesting them. It will be noticed that the hen supplies enough material in an egg to produce a fully formed progeny, and the chick is not started out in life with imperfectly formed organs. It will be further noticed that no young animal is independent of the mother until its digestive organs are developed.

Now, some birds when hatched are not as well developed as chicks, and the parents secure suitable food and bring it to their young as robins are often seen doing. In Australia is found the peculiar animal called the Duck Bill, which looks like a combination of a bird and an animal. This Duck Bill lays eggs with a lime shell like a bird and incubates them in a nest. When the young are hatched they are in an imperfectly developed condition, but instead of securing food for its young, as many birds do, the Duck Bill suckles them. In another form of animal, the Spiny Anteater, the egg is laid and hatched in an abdominal pouch, and the young is suckled in this pouch. With the

Kangaroo the egg is not laid at all, but is hatched inside the mother's body, and the young is then born and placed in an abdominal pouch, where it grows fast to a nipple, the mother ejecting milk or some suitable fluid into its digestive organs, until it is able to suckle, when its mouth ceases to be attached to the nipple. Soon the young animal thrusts its head out of the pouch and begins to nibble grass, and when it is capable of subsisting on such food it leaves the pouch and the milk secretion fails.

In the case of a chick, the young never derives any nourishment directly from its mother's body, all of the food needed for its development being secreted by her at one time; while in the case of a kangaroo very little of the food needed for its growth is supplied in the form of an egg, almost all being derived from the mother's nipple, a little at a time. Here is seen the highest development of the mammary function, and from the fact that the mouth of the young grows fast to the mother's nipple it will not be difficult to conclude that Nature did not intend any other food than that supplied by the mother to go into the young animal's stomach, and that no other form of food is entirely suitable.

In a hen's egg only one form of food is supplied to the developing chick, but during the period of a calf's life, before weaning, the cow supplies nourishment in at least five different forms to suit different stages of the calf's development. Milk is the last of the five special forms of food supplied by Nature for developing animals.

Structure and Function of Milk.—When milk is allowed to stand undisturbed, a layer of cream appears on the top, which is composed largely of butter or fat. When milk sours, a solid mass or curd forms; this curd is similar to lean meat in composition. A thin, watery liquid separates from the curd, and in it are dissolved a peculiar kind of sugar, a substance somewhat like white of egg, and some mineral matter. A chemical analysis of milk consists in determining the quantity of each of these component parts of milk.

The portion of the milk that forms curds serves to build blood and tissue; the mineral matter solidifies the bones, while the fat and sugar are used to supply fuel to maintain heat and the energy needed to carry on the vital processes. A chemical an-

alysis shows all foods that can support life to contain the same food elements, although they may differ markedly in appearance and taste. From a food chemist's standpoint there is no difference between a beefsteak, a pork chop and the curd of milk. Each is composed of the substance called proteid, required for tissue-building, and it is this ingredient that such a food analysis shows.

Placing too much value on a food analysis may lead to erroneous and often absurd conclusions, and it is now recognized by the leading investigators of the problems of animal nutrition that a food analysis is useful principally for showing whether or not a material contains the elementary food substances, and in what proportions. The *suitability* of the material as a food can only be determined by feeding experiments with various animals. It may suit one species and be wholly unfitted for another kind of animal. As an example of how misleading a chemical analysis by itself may be, it can be shown that a sandwich and a glass of water may have identically the same composition as a glass of milk.

It might be true that they were identical in nutritive value, but it would be absurd to conclude that therefore they were interchangeable as foods; but many similar conclusions have been drawn concerning milk which will have to be eradicated from the popular mind and also from many medical teachers' minds. A revolution among the medical profession concerning the milk question is now taking place.

There are few who do not know that pepsin is secreted by the stomach for the purpose of digesting meat and similar foods. When pepsin is added to cow's milk it does not commence to digest it, but changes it into a solid jelly. The gastric secretion of the adult is acid, like vinegar, and when this acid comes in contact with the jelly formed from the milk by pepsin, it causes a remarkable change to take place; the jelly begins to shrink and become tough and fibrous like the breast of chicken. In other words, the digestive secretions change milk into a solid food in the stomach, pepsin alone making a jelly, and pepsin and acid—the gastric secretion of the adult—changing it into a decidedly solid food.

The dessert junket is milk to which rennet, which contains pepsin, is added. Every cook knows how tough the junket be-

comes if the milk is slightly soured when used, and the toughening effect of acid can be readily shown by adding a little vinegar after the milk has "set."

Now, when most young animals are born their digestive organs are not developed, and while they are developing Nature supplies two different kinds of nourishment. Milk is not secreted by the mother until a few days after birth, another food—colostrum—being supplied at first. The first digestive secretion to appear in the stomach is pepsin, and when milk reaches the stomach it is converted into soft jelly, which is passed along into the intestines to be digested there, as pepsin does not digest food unless acid is present. As the stomach becomes stronger and begins to secrete acid as well as pepsin, the food becomes a little more solid and the stomach does more work; this increase of work continues as the stomach becomes stronger and really develops the stomach, for it has been found that young animals whose food does not furnish the suitable kind of work for the stomach do not thrive and develop, and that they suffer from obscure diseases, which are cured by furnishing the food that keeps the stomach properly occupied.

To state the matter in a few words, milk is a food peculiarly suited to the digestive organs *while they are developing,* and is so constituted that the digestive secretions can change it into a solid food, which is very soft when the digestive juices are weak, but becomes more solid as they become stronger.

Milks of Different Species.—If all young animals grew with the same degree of rapidity and all had the same kind of digestive organs, there would probably be but one kind of milk; but, as it is, there are many kinds, each peculiarly suited to the needs of the animal for which it was intended. Chemical analysis shows that animals whose growth is rapid are supplied with milk rich in tissue-building elements, while the milk supplied to animals whose growth is slower contains much less of the tissue-building food. Again, when pepsin and acid are added to the different kinds of milk, the solids formed from the milk are not alike. The milk of animals who chew their food thoroughly forms a finely divided mass, while milk supplied by animals whose stomachs are adapted for coarse, fibrous food forms a solid mass. The differences between human milk and cow's milk in this respect are very great, and few physicians to-day think

of feeding cow's milk to young infants without modifying it so that it will not form an indigestible mass in the infant's stomach. There are quite a number of ways of doing this, no one of which is suitable for every case, and the skill of the physician is often taxed to the utmost to find the one that is adapted to a given infant.

When weaning occurs, one kind of animal is capable of digesting meat, another grass, and another a mixed diet, and each of these types of animals has distinctive kinds of digestive organs which have been developed *by the mother's milk*. As the foods of the weaned animals are not interchangeable, it is not surprising that the mothers' milks are not interchangeable. It would be strange if they were.

At one time it was widely believed in the United States that cow's milk could be changed into human milk by a simple process, and this will be found taught in many medical books even to-day. But since the newer method of studying milk has been followed, it has been found that the process supposed to change cow's milk into human milk by the adding of alkalis had no such effect, but acted by preventing the action of the pepsin and acid of the stomach on the milk and throwing the milk in a fluid condition into the intestines. While it cannot be proved that this method of manipulating the food of infants has impaired their digestive capacity, the question has been raised as to whether the inability of modern infants to digest table food as early as the infants of a few years past is not due to this continuous prevention of stomach digestion. It is well worth pondering, and already there is a tendency among physicians to avoid the prevention of stomach digestion of milk by artificially fed infants as a routine practice, and to confine this practice to infants whose stomachs are disordered.

New View-point of Infant-feeding.—To-day it is believed by leading authorities that fresh cow's milk should be the basis of an artificial food for infants, not because it is more nutritive than many other foods, for it is not, but because of its being the only available nutritive material that will form a solid food of varying degrees of digestibility when acted upon by the secretions of the developing stomach. While human milk, which normally adapts itself to the infant's stomach, cannot be made from cow's milk, still, by careful watching and manipulating, the food can

be adjusted to the stomach and a well-developed digestive apparatus can be produced.

By having food contain about the same quantities of the basic food elements as are found in human milk, proper growth and nutrition are insured and a well-rounded-out child is the result.

When once the value of milk as a food for infants is appreciated, it will not be difficult to grasp the importance of a supply of good, fresh milk. It does not necessarily follow that milk six or eight hours old is really fresher and better than milk thirty-six hours old. It may be in a worse condition, for all depends upon how the milk is handled.

Milk, as it leaves the cow's udder, contains bacteria. If the cow is dirty or there is loose hay around, dust from the cow's body and the hay settles in the milk-pail, and this dust is swarming with bacteria. As soon as they reach the warm milk they commence to multiply, and in a few hours they may have increased until there are millions to the teaspoonful of milk. It is these bacteria that cause milk to sour, but most of them are not only harmless but positively beneficial. According to Professor Conn, half a teaspoonful of cream which was sour enough to be churned for butter-making contained 1,300,000,000 bacteria. If bacteria were as harmful as some imagine, no one would be alive, for who has not drunk buttermilk or eaten cottage-cheese made from sour milk which contains so many bacteria that few could grasp the numbers contained in a pint of it.

The bacteria are plants belonging to the same class as yeast and mushrooms. No one is afraid to use yeast in bread-making, or to eat mushrooms, so no one should be afraid to drink milk simply because it contains similar vegetable forms. Sometimes poisonous bacteria get into milk, but the cases of poisoning resulting are, comparatively speaking, rare, and no one need give up drinking milk on this account.

Whatever danger there may be attending the use of milk may be greatly lessened by care. If the cows and their surroundings are kept clean, the number of bacteria that get into the milk will be greatly lessened, and by cooling the milk to below forty-five degrees Fahr. and keeping it cool the multiplication of bacteria is prevented. Milk kept cool for a week may be in much better condition than milk ten hours old that has been kept at body temperature. At the Paris Exposition in 1900, milk shipped

from Illinois, New York and New Jersey was in better condition than the fresh milk of Paris a day old. All of the French milk soured the second or third day, and it was hard to convince the European experts that nothing was done to make the American milks keep except to exercise extra cleanliness in their production and subject them to low temperature, as they were not familiar with icing milk.

Pasteurization of Milk.—In Europe, milk is heated to kill the bacteria. Heating the milk to 212 degrees Fahr. (boiling it) is called sterilizing, and heating to about 170 degrees Fahr, for twenty minutes is called Pasteurizing. These processes are employed abroad largely because ice is not used to any extent. Five years ago the writer found that Paris used about 65,000 tons of ice a year, London 160,000 tons, while New York consumed about 3,000,000 tons; so it will be seen that conditions differ widely in these cities, and the arguments for Pasteurization that apply to Europe are not altogether applicable to America.

If Pasteurization made milk a perfectly safe food and had no drawbacks, it would be adopted everywhere. But it kills most of the harmless bacteria and leaves a free field to some of the worst forms, which are often killed off by the harmless kinds. This is often seen when unsweetened, canned condensed milk is used. If the can is left open in a warm place it does not sour, but putrefies and becomes like tainted meat, which is often intensely poisonous. Pasteurized milk should be kept cool, or it will soon be swarming with bacteria which are likely to be more harmful than the bacteria of unheated milk.

It is claimed by some that the germs of consumption, diphtheria, scarlet fever and typhoid fever are often carried by milk, and that these would be killed if all milk were Pasteurized. There can be no doubt that this occasionally happens, but it is known that these diseases are not spread exclusively by milk. Consumption among human beings is decreasing where the modern method of treatment is employed, and this consists of giving the patient a large number of raw eggs and several quarts of *raw milk* each day, and plenty of fresh air. If the milk were all Pasteurized and sold as at present, dipped out of cans, it could be readily reinfected by flies, dust, contaminated water and the hands of the milk-dealers; so unless the milk were put up in sealed bottles, which were kept cool until opened by the consumer, no real test of the effects

of Pasteurization could be made. All of this costs money and many will not, or cannot, pay advanced prices for milk. If they could, it would not be difficult to secure milk of undoubted wholesomeness that was produced under medical supervision, which renders Pasteurization unnecessary. The whole question of a safe milk-supply in most American cities and towns rests on a willingness to pay for the increased amount of care necessary to produce it.

It is often pointed out that the distribution of Pasteurized milk among the poor of New York City has reduced the death-rate among infants, but it should be remembered that this milk is not plain cow's milk that has been heated, but Pasteurized modified milk put up in nursing-bottles ready for use and kept on ice until distributed. Any one who has not practised medicine among the poor in the cities cannot appreciate the gross ignorance and carelessness shown in the feeding of infants, and how nearly hopeless it is to try to have food properly prepared and cared for among this class of patients, and what a boon it is to be able to have them obtain milk already prepared.

Is the high death-rate among children due entirely or largely to the milk-supply? This is a question the writer has tried hard to answer for his own satisfaction. Statistics may be a form of lies, as it is said they often are, but we all have to use them. In the portion of New York State outside of Greater New York and its suburbs, there were, according to the figures of the New York State Board of Health, 2,727 deaths from acute diarrheal disease from May 1 to November 1, 1895, most of which were among children. In Greater New York and suburbs there were 5,559 deaths from the same cause. In the year 1896 there were 3,039 deaths in the country districts, an increase of 312; and in Greater New York and suburbs 4,908, a decrease of 651 during the same period. If the milk carried the infection, and this came from the country districts, as New York imports most of its milk, and was older when used in the city and presumably in worse condition than when used in the country districts, there ought to have been a marked increase of deaths in New York City. But here is an example of increase of deaths in the country and decrease in the city from the same disease.

In other years the deaths in the city and country increase or

decrease together, or one remains stationary, while the other varies. In the summer of 1900 there were 1,015 more deaths from acute diarrheal disease in the country districts than in 1899, an increase of nearly fifty per cent., while in Greater New York and suburbs there were only 310 more deaths than in 1899, an increase of only about eight per cent. In 1901, during the same period, there were 1,304 less deaths in the country districts than in 1900, a decrease of forty-seven per cent., while in Greater New York and suburbs there were 2,248 more deaths than in 1900, an increase of fifty-eight per cent. This was the summer in which New York was torn up from one end to the other tc build the subway, when sewers were opened and filth and dust were everywhere. It is well known that dust and filth are the great sources of disease, and it is certainly at least suggestive that they, and not the milk-supply, caused the great increase of death from diarrheal diseases in New York during the summer of 1900.

I have tried to give a fair statement of the facts concerning milk, looking at the subject from all standpoints, so that the reader can do some thinking on his own account and draw his own conclusions, and not be forced to choose between the opinions of different authorities scattered over the entire world where conditions are often totally different. The opinions of authorities have been known to change, and it is to be feared that there are fashions in authorities as well as in clothes.

There is one point on which all right-thinking persons will agree, and that is that the milk-supply should be above suspicion. But if the general public will not voluntarily buy the purest, cleanest milk when it is offered to them, will they vote to have laws passed compelling themselves to buy it, by forbidding the sale of any other kind of milk? The price of milk will have to go up if a cleaner milk is to be sold, for the margin of profit to the farmer now is so small that it does not obtrude itself upon his attention, and cleaner and more sanitary milk means expenditure of labor, and this costs money.

HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN.

THE HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY MAJOR LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, LATE SURGEON UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

As colonizers, in the practical acceptation of the word, Americans are not and never can be successful, because of the excessive idealism of their aspirations. Despite the general belief that the acquisition of the Almighty Dollar is the height of our ambition as a people, the aims of all American military expeditions, throughout our entire history, have been absolutely altruistic—always for the elevation of the downtrodden or the relief of the victims of tyranny. We have constantly endeavored to create self-respecting, self-supporting citizens, capable of appreciating liberty and of intelligently exercising that greatest of all blessings, self-government.

Can history furnish a parallel to America's disinterested emancipation of Cuba from Spain? It involved a war with a European Power, the loss of the lives of thousands of her free-born citizens, and the expenditure, with unexampled prodigality, of a round billion from her treasury. Then, after stamping out tyranny, she completed the conquest by putting the island in sanitary condition and transferring it to a liberated people, giving them their lands, their cities and their homes, together with a promise of protection from other Powers through the Monroe Doctrine, without saddling the country with a financial claim of indemnity for a single cent. Would this have been the policy of the other great colonizing countries of the world? The recent action of the so-called "Powers" in Africa does not tend to indicate that it would. Since the wonderful discoveries of Livingstone, which so greatly stimulated the world's appreciation of the possibilities of that continent, there has been going on in that vast domain a carnival of territorial lust unprecedented in history. It cul-

minated some twenty years ago in the so-called partitioning of the continent by the Powers, who, in their division of the spoils, followed, like the robber barons of feudal times,

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

And what has been done there in the name of civilization to justify this robbery of a continent? Very little, beyond the systematized collection of taxes so onerous as to practically reduce the natives to abject servitude.

A similar spoliation, on a somewhat smaller scale, would have occurred in the Celestial Empire after the Boxer war had not the diplomacy of Europe been defeated there. The allied armies of eight nations were there waiting, watching each other like hungry buzzards, for the final dissolution of the sick man of the Far East, when they thought another opportunity would offer for an extension of their territorial spheres. But the humane and enlightened policy of Mr. Hay, demanding the preservation of the integrity of China and the maintenance of the open door, was successful, and the people of that unhappy land were rescued from the fate of the helpless, and almost hopeless, Africans of to-day. And let it never be forgotten they were rescued by America.

On the occasion of a second and recent outbreak in Cuba, when internal dissensions disturbed the peace and order of that country and necessitated its occupation by an army of intervention, America did not take advantage of the opportunity to seize that gem of the Antilles to make it a tributary to her treasury.

Nor did we seek the Philippines for territorial aggrandizement. They fell to us as the unexpected, but legitimate, result of war, and when they were definitely ceded to us by treaty we paid for them with clean American gold. Twice I have visited these islands, once as an active participant in the wretched war that began in 1898, and which is likely to continue intermittingly for centuries—if the testimony of almost every army officer who has served there can be accepted — if we remain there so long. But since our occupation of the archipelago, the real motive of America in administering its affairs has been absolutely unselfish. Of the hundreds of millions sunk in that region of treachery

and savagery it is doubtful whether America will ever reap the benefit of so much as the price of the homeward passage for its army.

Was it as a stepping-stone for the trade of the Orient that we retained possession of the Philippines? The oldest and most respected American merchant in China, one who has spent forty years in the Orient and has represented his Government in various important capacities, said to me while discussing this point: "As well might America regard the Bermudas or the Canary Isles as stepping-stones for the English, French or German trade of Europe, as require the Philippines for the advancement of trade in the East. Instead of a help they are a direct menace, requiring protection and provoking international jealousies; and, in case of war, they would be a constant source of the gravest danger because of their great distance from our base."

Is it for the financial advantage of the United States that our thousand school-teachers are now drawing salaries in the attempt to educate these semi-savage, deceitful Malays, tainted with Spanish cross, who for centuries will be unable to eradicate the treacherous and cowardly instincts of their race? "By the same path must ye walk" is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. The continuity of history cannot be broken; a people cannot break with its past; immemorial heredity must be remembered. To suppose that from the low-bred Filipino there could be evolved in a single generation one worthy or competent to exercise self-government, is to ignore every law of anthropology and natural selection, and to indulge in the wildest optimism. Is it possible to believe that such a creature, the natural product of his tropical environment—whose evolution has taken ages in the development of the instincts of cunning and treachery, the characteristics and qualities that have enabled him to preserve his existence in the land of the tiger and the viper—could be suddenly translated into a self-governing citizen? The Anglo-Saxon of temperate clime has required many centuries of natural selection to evolve from his savagery. As the cave-man, he too was full of ferocity, guarding his home and his family with his life. Evolving from the dark ages through feudal days assisted by the teaching and traditions of the Church, the example of Greece and Rome and the Free Cities of Europe, profiting by the lessons of the Reformation, the influence of the thought of great leaders, by long wars

for the vindication of right, by Magna Charta, the printing-press, the drama, the French Revolution, and our own Revolution; through all these things he gradually developed from ignorance and superstition into a thinking, self-governing man. But in this development it required a thousand years to free him from his ignorance and moral serfdom, and to prepare him to rule himself. Is the African or Malay savage so infinitely the intellectual and moral superior of the Caucasian, that he can emerge from his savagery into this sphere of civilization, and attain this rich inheritance, in a single decade? Is this self-governing ability (which is not yet overdeveloped among ourselves, as the resident of any great American city must confess) to be hypodermically injected in concentrated essence into the ignorant, treacherous, low-bred Filipino, by bullets, or prayer-books, or school-houses, in a generation, so as to qualify him for beneficent assimilation? The suggestion is preposterous.

I believe the most practical solution of the Philippine problem—if the American people are foolish enough to continue their extravagant experiment there, or if we are not relieved of the responsibility of the islands by neutralizing them, or through some foreign complication—is to allow them to follow the course of natural selection through the importation of the Chinaman. His exclusion from these islands was a diplomatic blunder, comparable only with the treatment of the Oriental on our Pacific coast at the instigation of the Sand-lot orators, the charlatan politicians, and the yellow journalism of California. When I was last in the Philippines there were about one hundred thousand Chinese there, who formed by far the most industrious class of the inhabitants. The Chinese *mestizo* (half Chinese and half Filipino) is acknowledged to be superior to the Eurasian, or *mestizo* of Occidental cross—as well as to the Japanese, Hindu, or Bornean. Many of them were wealthy bankers or merchants. Others were engaged as compradors or clerks, banking-houses employing them almost to the exclusion of other nationalities on account of their quick wit, sterling honesty, industry, and individual merit. As in the Hawaiian Islands, they formed the most valuable element of the population. The Chinese-Hawaiian half-caste is the keenest business man and the most industrious citizen to be found in those islands. The exclusion of the Chinese laborer from the Philippines will do inestimable damage by retarding

industrial and commercial development. Despite his fanaticism when directed by ignorant rulers, he has shown his superiority over other Orientals in his untiring industry, his domesticity and his honesty. In the large foreign hongs, or business houses, of China and Japan he is the trusted employee in places requiring responsibility. When put in competition with the Bornean, the Filipino, the Cingalese, the Hawaiian, the Japanese, or the Hindu, he invariably wins, as may be seen by his rise from poverty to wealth and influence in the cities of Singapore, Calcutta, Sandakan, Manila, Honolulu or Yokohama. It is time America recognized that, in the great race of civilization, and the greater race for the survival of the fittest, the nation that has preserved the integrity of its government for over six thousand years, that has witnessed the rise and fall of the civilizations of Chaldea, Egypt, Greece and Rome, that can claim the discovery of the compass, of gunpowder, the game of chess, and the printing-press, and that gave birth to that great philosopher who, five hundred years before the coming of Christ, propounded and exemplified the doctrine, Do not do unto others what you would not have others do unto you, is more to be feared for its virtues than for its vices. The presence of the Chinaman in the Philippines—with the substitution of his characteristics of honesty, domesticity and industry, for the dishonesty, laziness and treachery of the Filipino—will do more to promote the industrial development and the civilization of these islands than any other factor, and the sooner America appreciates this fact and acts upon it, the more prompt will be her relief from her present embarrassing position.

Uncle Sam has paid, and is paying dearly, for his experiment and the privilege of protecting the trade of his distant possessions for the benefit of England, Germany and Japan. Some day he will tire of the constant drain on his treasury and his army, and remove these islands from the arena of politics, and the natural law of evolution will prevail—and many there are who will welcome the coming of that day.

LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN.

THE REFERENDUM AND INITIATIVE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY M. W. HAZELTINE.

WHEN Mr. William J. Bryan declared that the Referendum and Initiative must hereafter be made cardinal features of the Democratic programme, he proposed nothing new, so far as the former institution is concerned, and, therefore, he must have contemplated a signal extension of the principle. It is well known that our Federal Constitution did not become operative until it had been referred to and ratified by conventions in nine of the thirteen States, and its fifth article provides that all amendments, in order to become valid, must be ratified by the Legislatures or by Conventions in three-fourths of the States. Similar provisions for popular sanction of constitutional amendments exist in our State Constitutions. In the previously mentioned article of our Federal organic law, there is even a suggestion of the Initiative, for it is enacted that, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, Congress "shall" call a convention for proposing amendments. Mr. Bryan has not told us in detail to how much larger an extent he would have the two institutions adopted in our Federal and State systems of government, but we presume that he has in mind the existing state of things in Switzerland, where, in both the Confederation and the Cantons the Referendum and Initiative are operative. It becomes interesting, therefore, to learn precisely what the Swiss forms of these institutions are, and how they work. The examination is likely to prove the more instructive because, in some respects, the Swiss dual system of Federal and State government is very similar to our own. Many Swiss books deal with the matter, and, among the American authorities on the subject, may be mentioned McCracken's "Swiss Solution of American Problems," and espe-

cially Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe." The last-named writer devotes upwards of 150 pages of his second volume to Switzerland, and to him all students of Swiss institutions are deeply indebted.

I.

It is obvious that the fundamental purpose of the Referendum and the Initiative is to qualify representative government by the occasional participation of the whole body of voters in the Confederation, or in a Canton, in legislation. It is natural that the desire for such qualifying institutions should show itself in Switzerland, which still presents in some of its Cantons examples of pure democracy. We refer to the Cantons of Ury, Glarus, the two Unterwaldens and the two Appenzells, where laws or amendments of the Cantonal Constitutions are made in the so-called Landsgemeinde, or mass-meetings of all the citizens, which may be likened to the primitive Teutonic folk-mote, or to the New England town meeting. Each of the other Cantons—there are twenty-two Cantons in the Swiss Confederation, or, if we take account of the half-Cantons into which three are split, we should say twenty-five—has a single legislative chamber, usually known as the Great Council, which is elected by universal suffrage, and in all but a couple of Cantons is chosen for three or four years. There is also a much smaller Executive Council elected for the same term. The whole legislative power in a Canton is vested in the Great Council, whose acts, as a rule, the Executive has no power to veto, and the judiciary has no power to set aside. There exists, therefore, none of the checks to hasty lawmaking with which we are familiar in America. Consequently, the Swiss dread the possible tyranny of the Cantonal Great Council, and have contrived various modes of controlling it. One of these is proportional representation; and the others, with which we are here specially concerned, may be collectively described as application of the Initiative and Referendum. For instance, in seven of the ten German Cantons, a certain number of citizens, varying in the different Cantons from one to twelve thousand, may require a popular vote on the question whether the Great Council shall be dissolved. If a majority of the votes cast is in the affirmative, the term of the Council comes to an end and a new election is held. Another method of getting rid of a Great Council which is

occasionally tried is that of revising the Constitution, for in almost all the Cantons the question of revision must be submitted to popular vote on the request of a certain number of citizens. Recourse to this expedient is made much less frequently than it used to be, owing to the general introduction of the Referendum, or popular veto upon laws. Let us turn, therefore, to an inspection of the Federal and Cantonal Referendum, that institution of Switzerland which has attracted the greatest attention.

For the date of the earliest form of the Federal Referendum we must go back many centuries, to the rude confederacy formed to resist the encroachments of the House of Hapsburg upon local autonomy. The delegates to the Federal Diet were not empowered to agree to a final settlement of matters of importance, but were ordered simply to hear what was proposed, and report. That is to say, they were commissioned *ad audiendum et referendum.* The old Federal Referendum, then, meant merely the right of members of the Confederation to reserve questions for their own determination. In spite of its dilatoriness and clumsiness, this system was maintained until it was overthrown by the French when they overran Switzerland in 1800. Three years later it was restored, and lasted, with some modification, down to 1854, when it was replaced by the modern Referendum.

The latter institution is based upon the abstract theory of popular rights formulated by Rousseau, who had a strong aversion to representative government. Rousseau declared that, in order to realize true liberty, the laws ought to be enacted directly by the people themselves, although he himself saw no method by which this could be done in a state too large to permit of a mass-meeting of all the citizens. As a matter of fact, the principle of the modern Referendum was invented and applied in the United States, and also in France, before it was tried in Switzerland. With one exception, which had only ephemeral consequences, no Federal constitutional question was brought before the Swiss people until 1848. Even the Cantons did not begin to submit their Cantonal Constitutions to popular vote before 1830, and the habit did not become universal until the Federal Constitution of 1848 made it obligatory.

Mr. Lowell, in his " Governments and Parties," points out that the credit for the Referendum on ordinary laws (as distinguished from the Referendum on constitutional amendments) belongs to

the Swiss, for, if we except a sporadic use of the institution here and there, it has never existed in any other country. Why, then, did this form of the Referendum arise in the Swiss Cantons? Probably because, up to the end of the eighteenth century, most of them had no experience of *representative* government. Except for the Grisons and the Valais, with their peculiar Federal structure, the Cantons either made their laws by means of Landsgemeinde (mass-meetings of all adult male citizens), and hence had no need of legislative chambers; or else country districts were ruled by a neighboring dominant city, and the city itself by a few patrician families. In those days, too, the Confederation itself was so loosely organized that its Diet was not a true legislative body, but rather, like the Bundesrath of the present German Empire, a congress of ambassadors. Being thus ignorant of representative institutions, the Swiss did not assimilate them easily, and, when they accepted them in the nineteenth century, knew not how to provide the necessary checks and balances which are forthcoming in the Federal and State Governments of the United States. No sooner, therefore, did the representative bodies established in most of the Cantons become, or seem to become, out of sympathy with the majority of the people, than a demand for some kind of reversion to direct popular legislation began, and, when granted, acted like oil upon troubled waters. The Referendum, by putting an end to doubts about the real opinion of the majority upon disputed questions, removed at once a means of agitation and a source of discontent.

Direct popular voting upon Cantonal *laws* (as distinguished from constitutional amendments) made its first appearance, under the name of "veto," in the Canton of St. Gall in 1831. The essential difference between the veto and the modern Referendum consists in the fact that, in the case of the latter, the fate of a law is determined by the majority of the votes cast, whereas in the case of the veto a law was deemed rejected only when a majority of all the voters registered voted in the negative.

The veto was adopted by Rural Basle in 1832, by the Valais in 1839 and by Lucerne in 1841. In 1842 the Great Council of Zurich refused to introduce it, but it was adopted by Thurgau in 1849 and by Schaffhausen in 1852. These were the last Cantons to take up the so-called veto, which is pronounced by Mr. Lowell a clumsy device, ill-adapted to ascertain the real opinion

of the people. Subsequently, it began to be replaced by a more perfect instrument, the modern Referendum, which in Switzerland is of two kinds, one called the "facultative" or "optional," where a law passed by the Cantonal Great Council must be submitted to popular vote if a certain number of the Canton's citizens petition for it; the other is termed the "obligatory," because it requires *all* Cantonal laws to be submitted, whether or no any petition to that end has been presented. The obligatory form of the Referendum is plainly the most purely democratic, and in Switzerland it is considered preferable also on practical grounds, because it avoids the agitation required for the collection of signatures to a petition.

The first form of the modern Referendum to be adopted in Switzerland was the obligatory. The incident took place in the Canton of Valais in 1844; twelve years later a general optional Referendum was adopted in Soleure, and two years afterward Neuchâtel established an obligatory Referendum for large appropriations of money, a move which was imitated by Vaud in 1861. The example of these Cantons was presently followed by others, until now all of them, except the strongly Catholic and reactionary Freiburg, possess a Referendum of some kind for ordinary laws, about half having the obligatory and about half the optional form. In all Cantons the Referendum is compulsory for changes in a Cantonal Constitution.

II.

By the Constitution of 1848, revised in 1874, the Confederation also made the Referendum obligatory for all constitutional amendments, and in the year last named it adopted the Referendum in the optional form, providing that, on the demand of 30,000 citizens, or eight Cantons, all Federal laws and resolutions having a general application should be submitted to popular vote for ratification, unless the Federal Assembly should declare the matter too urgent to admit of such delay. As the Constitution nowhere defines a law or a resolution of "general application," the power of definition is left to the Federal Assembly, and its use of that power has given rise to some complaint. We should mention that in order to give time for presenting a petition for a Referendum the laws to which it is pronounced applicable do not go into effect until ninety days after they have been

passed by the Federal Assembly. The application of the optional Referendum to Federal laws has been used freely by the people: During the twenty-one years following its introduction in 1874 the requisite number of voters petitioned for the Referendum in the case of 20 out of 182 laws, to which it was held applicable; that is, to one law out of nine. Of these twenty, the people rejected fourteen and ratified six. It is further to be noted that, during the same period, ten constitutional amendments were proposed by the Assembly, and had to be submitted to popular vote. Of these, four were rejected and six accepted.

Now let us look at the *kind* of Federal laws which, in pursuance of the optional Referendum, have been submitted to the Swiss people. We may thus get an inkling of Mr. Bryan's purpose in demanding an introduction of the Swiss institution in the United States. The Federal Referendum was first applied in 1875 in the case of a law defining the conditions, such as bankruptcy and pauperism, under which a citizen could be deprived of the right to vote—conditions that previously had been determined by the Cantons, and therefore varied in different parts of the country. This act was rejected by a slight majority. On the same day a vote was taken on another law establishing uniform rules of marriage and divorce, and regulating the keeping of registries of births, deaths, etc. In spite of the repugnance of the clause relating to divorce, not only to Catholics but also to conservative Protestants, the law was ratified by a small majority because the provisions about registry were necessary. We observe, next, that in 1877 a Federal law regulating labor in factories was ratified by a small majority. During the five years succeeding 1877, the only Federal law the submission of which to the people was demanded was the act granting a subsidy to the railroad over the St. Gothard, which was ratified. In 1882, on the other hand, a Federal law to prevent epidemics, which contained a clause making vaccination compulsory, was rejected by a vote of nearly four to one. In the same year the Assembly passed a law appointing a Secretary of Education for the purpose of examining the schools, on the ground that the Cantons had not obeyed the Federal Constitution, which declares that all public schools must be such that children of all creeds can attend without offence to their feelings. The Catholics and Orthodox Protestants forthwith raised a cry that the Radical majority of the

Assembly intended to take religion away from the schools. A submission of the Federal law to the people was demanded by the requisite number of voters, and the measure was voted down. In 1884 the optional Referendum was invoked for the purpose of rejecting a Federal law providing for the transfer of criminal cases from the Cantonal Courts to the Federal tribunal, when the impartiality of the former should be doubtful.

If we turn to the amendments of the Federal Constitution, in the case of which the Referendum is not optional but compulsory, we find that an amendment giving to the Confederation a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor was accepted by a large majority in 1885, as subsequently also was a law for carrying it into effect. A constitutional amendment concerning patents was ratified in 1887. In 1890 a constitutional amendment authorizing the passage of a Federal law for the compulsory insurance of workmen was ratified by an enormous majority. In 1891 an amendment of the Federal Constitution, giving the Federal Government power to establish a national bank, with the exclusive right to issue notes, was sanctioned by the people. Still another amendment authorizing the enactment of a protective tariff for the purpose of exerting pressure on France was ratified. In the same year, on the other hand, a constitutional amendment empowering the Confederation to purchase the stock of the Central Railroad Company was opposed by men who disliked the idea of a great increase in the number of Federal officials, or who disapproved of state ownership of railroads. The measure was rejected by an overwhelming majority. In 1894 the people voted against a constitutional amendment designed to give the Confederation power to legislate on labor organization, because it was so broad as to authorize a law compelling workmen to join the trade-unions. It was the opponents of socialistic principles who defeated the measure at the ballot-box. On the ground of opposition to further centralization, a majority was recorded against a constitutional amendment conferring on the Confederation a monopoly of the manufacture of friction matches. Rejected also was an amendment designed to place the Federal army more completely under the control of the Federal Government. The diminution of Cantonal authority which this measure involved was repugnant to all but a few of the largest German-speaking Cantons.

III.

The working of the obligatory Referendum may also be studied to advantage in the case of the Cantons, where it is always applied in the case of amendments of the Cantonal Constitution. The small size of the vote cast on such occasions has been the subject of criticism. It is alleged that the result of the ballot does not fairly represent popular opinion, because, in most cases, the opponents of a measure go to the polls in larger proportion than its supporters, so that the men who stay at home should really be regarded as favorable to the proposed amendment. There seems to be no doubt that, in the Cantonal Referendum, the citizens stay at home a great deal more than could be wished. In the Canton of Berne, only about forty-three per cent. of the voters cast their ballot at the Referendum, although sixty-three per cent. of them vote at elections. The proportion of citizens who vote at the Referendum varies, however, very much, according to the character of the measure in question: thus, between 1869 and 1878, it ran in Berne all the way from 81.6 per cent. down to 20.2 per cent.

Even at Federal Referenda, which excite a greater interest, because an amendment either of the Federal Constitution or of a Federal law is concerned, the average proportion of the voters in the Confederation who go to the polls is less than sixty per cent., and, if a majority of the qualified voters, instead of a majority of the votes *cast,* were required for ratification, no law would ever have been ratified. The deduction drawn by Mr. Lowell from these figures is that under no form of government can the people as a whole really rule; for the figures show that, with the most democratic system ever devised, laws are in fact made only by that portion of the community which takes a genuine interest in public affairs. Another objection to the Referendum is that the people have not sufficient means of forming a serious opinion on the measures referred to them. It is true that in Switzerland a printed copy of the law to be voted upon is sent to every citizen some time before the vote takes place; but the value of a law cannot be learned from a mere perusal of the text, and no effective method has been devised in Switzerland of giving the people adequate enlightenment concerning the object and bearing of the measures laid before them. In the case of Federal laws, the function of exposition is left entirely to

the press and to party platforms. In two of the Cantons an effort has been made to bring about serious discussion by providing that, when citizens meet at the polls, a debate shall take place before the voting begins. It is noticed, however, that, when the presiding officer asks if any one wishes to speak, no one ever responds. In other words, you can bring a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. If, however, the question at issue is one of general policy, the people may have, and often do have, very decided and rational views about it—a fact which suggests the expediency of confining the Referendum to matters on which ordinary men can readily form opinions, and not extending it to subjects with which experts alone are conversant. No such distinction, however, has been made in Switzerland.

Still another objection to the Referendum is that it lowers the sense of responsibility on the part of the representatives in the Legislature. One would naturally expect a representative to feel less responsibility when his action, instead of being final, is sure to be reviewed by his constituents, as is the case where the Referendum is compulsory. An eminent jurist in Berne once told Mr. Lowell that the members of the Cantonal Legislature would vote for a measure of which they disapproved, relying upon the people to reject it, and that he had known men to vote for a law in the Great Council and work against it at the polls. There seems to be no doubt that Swiss Legislatures have occasionally voted for a measure merely to get it out of the way, hoping that the people would refuse to sanction it. M. Droz, a high Swiss authority, says that the Referendum weakens the character of the legislators.

There is abundant evidence that the opinions, both of scholars and statesmen, concerning the value of the Referendum differ widely in Switzerland. Some men extol it as the most perfect institution in theory and practice ever devised; while others decry the principle, on the ground that the people are consulted about matters they cannot understand, and that, consequently, the actual working of the system has been bad. M. Droz, who served almost a score of years on the Federal Council, had at first a strong admiration for the Referendum, but, after long experience of its working, he became impressed with its defects, and with the abuses of which it is susceptible. He complains that it furnishes a basis for demagogy, and encourages the growth of professional politicians, whose ideas are systematically nega-

tive, and who are continually trying to instil into others their own spirit of discontent. On the whole, nevertheless, he concludes that the Federal Referendum, not only in the compulsory form applicable to constitutional amendments, but also in the optional form applicable to Federal laws, has done more good than harm. Mr. Lowell, who himself has made an exhaustive study of the subject, concurs in this opinion. He concedes, of course, that, like all human institutions, the Referendum is imperfect; but, in the existing condition of the Swiss representative system, it has supplied, he thinks, a real want, and, so far as it has helped to soften the asperities of politics, it has done a valuable service. There is no doubt that Switzerland is one of the most orderly and best-governed of countries, and to this result, which certainly it has not tended to prevent, the Referendum may fairly be supposed to have contributed.

IV.

So much for the Swiss Referendum, which, of course, has a purely negative effect, merely enabling the people of Switzerland to reject measures passed by their representatives in the Federal or Cantonal Legislatures. The Swiss have felt, however, that the Legislatures, Federal or Cantonal, ought not to have the exclusive right to originate legislation, and that democracy is not complete unless the people also have a right to enact laws directly. The so-called Initiative is intended to supply this deficiency. As we have said, the germ of the Initiative is presented in the fifth article of our Federal Constitution, which provides an alternative method of securing a constitutional amendment. The Swiss Initiative is a device by which a certain number of citizens can propose a constitutional amendment or a law, and require a popular vote upon it in spite of the refusal of the Legislature to adopt their views. The Initiative was first adopted by the Canton of Vaud in 1845, but now all the Cantons except one possess it for revision of the Cantonal Constitution; and all but three for ordinary Cantonal laws.

In the Federal Constitution of 1874, as in that of 1848, the Initiative existed only for constitutional matters. The clause relating to the subject declared that, on the demand of any 50,000 voters, the question whether the Constitution ought to be revised should be submitted by the Federal Government to the people,

and that, if the vote should be affirmative, the two Federal Councils should be reelected for the purpose of preparing the revision. The Federal Assembly decided that the provision applied only to the revision of the Constitution as a whole, but in 1891 a constitutional amendment was adopted, which extended the Initiative to particular amendments of the Federal Constitution.

In the Confederation, then, the Initiative does not apply to ordinary laws, but fifty thousand voters can propose an amendment of the Constitution, either in general terms, or in a complete and final form. When the proposal is couched in general terms the Federal Assembly proceeds at once to draw up the amendment if it approves thereof; if not, the question must first be submitted to the people whether such an amendment shall be made, and, in case the popular vote is affirmative, the duty of putting the amendment into shape is entrusted to the existing Assembly, although that body has already shown itself opposed to the measure. The petitioners, however, are not obliged to rely on the fairness of the Assembly in carrying out their intention, but are at liberty to present their amendment drawn up in final shape, and require that it shall be submitted directly to the people and the Cantons for adoption. In such a case the Assembly, on its part, is at liberty to advise the rejection of the measure, or can submit to popular vote at the time a distinct alternative.

Recourse to the Initiative has been but seldom made in the Confederation; and even in the Cantons, where it has long existed, and is applicable even to ordinary laws, it has not been found effective. The net result, for instance, of the Initiative during twenty-four years in the great democratic Canton of Zurich was the enactment of only three laws to which the Legislature was opposed, and every one of the three was of doubtful value.

That form of the Federal Initiative which provides that, if a constitutional amendment is presented in a complete and final form by a specified number of petitioners, it must be forthwith submitted to the people, is advocated in Switzerland by believers in direct popular legislation, on the ground that it embodies the most complete realization of their idea. Under it the Federal Chambers play no part except to advise the acceptance or rejection of an amendment as a whole. For that very reason the form of the completed draft is disliked by men who believe in representative government, and who hold that every constitutional

amendment, before being enacted, ought to be carefully prepared by responsible bodies and publicly debated. M. Droz is one of those Swiss statesmen who regard the new Federal Initiative in the form of the completed draft with great anxiety, and he points out that, whereas a democracy ought to rest on a secure constitutional foundation, the new Initiative puts the Constitution in question at every moment. Mr. Lowell, who thinks that the Referendum has, on the whole, been a benefit to Switzerland, in the sense that it has produced the tranquilizing effect for which it was established, concedes that as much cannot be said for the Initiative. He does not believe that this device will play any great part among the institutions of the future. Certainly, it has not yet developed much efficiency in Switzerland. It is applicable only to questions which the representatives of the people, themselves quite sensitive to public opinion, refuse to pass; and, when used in the form of the completed draft, it leaves no room for debate or for compromise and mutual concessions. The conception of the Initiative may be bold, but those who have observed the institution longest and studied it most carefully pronounce it unlikely to be of any great use to mankind.

M. W. HAZELTINE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER, OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR AND LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"THE AMERICAN SCENE."*

THERE are certain volumes in which the personal equation so frankly and agreeably obtrudes itself that they ought in fairness to be reviewed, not as separate and complete productions, but as links in the chain of an author's self-revelations, significant factors in the rounded sum of a lifetime's accomplishment. "The American Scene," by Henry James, is essentially and peculiarly a book of this class, the more intimate charm of which must elude those readers who choose to regard it as an isolated volume of travel, and who fail to recognize the continuity of thought and mood which binds it with his novel, "The Ambassadors," and his "Life of William Wetmore Story," into a kind of strangely assorted trilogy. Indeed, one may venture to hazard the opinion that, when the time comes to draw up a final balance-sheet of the life achievement of Mr. James, these three works will prove to be that portion of his writings which his future biographer can least afford to neglect; because they reveal, from three several standpoints, the chief preoccupation of the author's mind, the dominant motive of his migrations and his habits, the recurrent burden of his literary product.

Mr. James has long been accredited with the invention of the International Episode. Yet "invention" is scarcely the correct word; since, before he had reduced it to a formula for fiction, he himself was, from deliberate choice, living and breathing the International Episode, studying, analyzing, vivisecting it in the experiences of himself and of others, allowing it gradually to

* "The American Scene." By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers.

dominate him like a strangely stimulating obsession, full of infinite and tantalizing suggestion. It was "Europe," to borrow his own words,

> "that had, in very ancient days, held out to the yearning young American some likelihood of impressions more numerous and varied and of a higher intensity than those he might gather on the native scene; and it was doubtless in conformity with some such desire more finely and more frequently to vibrate that he had originally begun to consult the European oracle."

Such is Mr. James's characteristic way of explaining the impulse which led him to make his domicile "in the very precincts, as it were, of the temple"; and, through all the years which followed, the study of the racial, social and æsthetic relation of the American world to the European, seems never, for him, to have lost its original zest. The subtle note of the cosmopolitan spirit, in its finer sense, is what binds together his most divergent works, with the unmistakable tie of kinship. Viewed from this standpoint, his biography of the artist Story ceases to be merely the life of an individual. It becomes the solution of a problem which many a man with the inborn artistic temperament has had to confront; it is a luminous and fascinating interpretation of what Europe may mean to the expatriated American, the American who has strongly taken his life into his own hands, and chosen to live it out in the environment for which his nature has best fitted him. In one novel after another, from "Daisy Miller" onward, sometimes as the *Leitmotiv,* sometimes as mere side-issues, we find, in all its possible variations of form and degree, the insistent, recurrent, dominating question of what Europe "connotes" for the compatriots of Mr. James. And notably in "The Ambassadors," which one is tempted to single out as the author's supreme achievement in fiction, we have a picture drawn with infinite understanding and sympathy, of the type that forms the antithesis to the artist Story, the man of weaker nature, the "frustrated American" who has not had the courage to choose his own environment, and who realizes, when he has crossed the threshold of middle age, the golden opportunity that he sacrificed to heredity and convention. One conjectures that, in the character of Strether, Mr. James sees himself as he might now have been had he too crushed down the adventurous spirit

and consented to a lifetime in "Woolett" along the line of least resistance. And, lastly, comes "The American Scene," as a logical, inevitable sequel, a final summing up, for himself and for the world, of what America "connotes" for the "restored absentee." It is this connection of thought and mood which leads one to group these three widely divergent volumes into a strangely assorted, and yet intimately related, trilogy of Expatriation.

The first point, then, to insist upon is that "The American Scene" is from first to last intensely subjective. Yet this is no more than to say that, in writing impressions of travel, Mr. James follows the same method that he does in fiction, seeing the outside world strictly through the medium of some one temperament. For instance, in "What Maisie Knew," the field of vision is limited, in a manner which compels wonder, to the narrow segment of life that comes within Maisie's personal knowledge. Whenever the other characters pass beyond her ken, they disappear as completely from the reader's sight as the germs that wriggle from beneath the lens of a microscope. In "The Ambassadors," through all that amazing intricacy of human hopes and desires, all that we are allowed to know is what Strether himself knows—what he sees, what he thinks, what he is told that other people think. There are countless questions we long to solve, doors we would like to open, corners we would like to turn; but Mr. James will not permit it; he forces us to see life through the eyes of the none too alert Strether.

In "The American Scene" the method is the same, excepting that the temperament through which we behold places and people is that of the author himself. Moreover, it is a keenly self-conscious temperament, tremendously interested with its own sensations, and with finger constantly on pulse, to detect and record every momentary quickening. On every page one reads between the lines a tingling curiosity on the author's part to discover whether, among the emotions awakened by his "repatriation," there is a lurking regret, a single fleeting wave of nostalgia for the home of his early years. Without a full recognition of what the volume stands for in a personal way, its prime significance as an interpretation of a people will be largely missed. It is not enough to accept it as a minute and unflinching analysis by a trained psychologist, an acute observer of life and of places. More than that, it is written by one who long ago weighed America

in the balance and found it, for his own personal needs and desires, quite definitely wanting as an abiding-place, and who now, returning after long years, finds that his choice was wisely made. There have never been written subtler, keener, more luminous studies of the cities of America—but we see them through the medium of a temperament which, if not antagonistic, is at least aloof. To appreciate their marvellous delicacy of intuition, their sanity, their inherent justice, one must share in no small measure the broad, contentedly cosmopolitan spirit of the author himself. His Boston and his New York are never quite those of the complacent Bostonian and New-Yorker, any more than they are those of the critical foreigner. His observations, whether of censure or approval, are always those of the "restored absentee," and equally removed from the exaggerations of patriotic pride and the depreciation of foreign jealousy.

A great deal of complacent folly has been written about the obscurity of Henry James's style. Granted that his tricks of speech, his curious little verbal twists, have grown to be mannerisms so pronounced as to seem at times to be little less than deliberate affectation; yet these alone would never make a single page of Mr. James obscure. It is the thought behind the words which is often difficult to grasp. Indeed, thought is too definite a word to apply to those elusive mental states that he so often tries to interpret. Mr. James is seldom content to analyze thoughts, and never less so than in "The American Scene." He is continually reaching back to those obscurer, more complex phases of transition, vague, instinctive impressions, the forerunners of conscious thought. Many readers are apt to find the later chapters of this volume especially admirable, the chapters on the Southern cities of Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, where, because they are practically an unexplored territory, his impressions are fresh, clear, definite. Far more difficult and more profound are his inimitable chapters on New York, where every new impression blends with old memories, until every page suggests a palimpsest, with the vague, time-obliterated records revealing themselves beneath the freshly written script. It is New York which makes the most potent appeal to old associations; it is New York which, at the same time, most violently antagonizes him with its typically American note of the power of money and the pervading sense of instability and transition; it is New York which convinces

him that "to make so much money that you won't, that you don't, 'mind,' don't mind anything, is absolutely the American formula," and that "your making no money—or so little that it passes for none—and being thereby distinctly reduced to minding, amounts to your being reduced to the knowledge that America is no place for you." In other words, it is New York, more than any other American city, that confirms Mr. James in the inherent wisdom of his own life, and enables him to return to the precincts of the temple, more than ever "contentedly cosmopolite." There is but one way in which to read "The American Scene": refuse to let it antagonize you, remember constantly that it is the utterance of a "restored absentee"; and, with every page, you will come more and more under the charm of his descriptions and the subtlety of his judgments.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"MADAME DE TREYMES."*

NOT all readers of "The House of Mirth" were able, in following the first chapter or two of that popularly successful novel, to draw that long breath of satisfaction which an admirable writer's choice of a congenial theme elicits. It is on just this point, the choice of theme, that the opening pages of "Madame de Treymes" are reassuring. Mrs. Wharton's pleasant sentence or two about Paris, which she has chosen to present "in that moist spring bloom between showers, when the horse-chestnuts dome themselves in unreal green against a gauzy sky, and the very dust of the pavement seems the fragrance of lilac made visible"; the comment on Mme. de Malrive's acceptance of a silence which she might once have "packed with a random fluency; now she was content to let it widen slowly between them, like the spacious prospect opening at their feet"—such phrases as these suggest the drama of agreeable backgrounds, of sophisticated characters, of problems never squalidly affecting the material conditions of life, in which Mrs. Wharton has undoubtedly, so far, been most brilliantly successful. It is important to insist that the three protagonists of this story, Mme. de Treymes, Mme. de Malrive, even John Durham himself, somewhat indefinite symbol though he be, belong to a certain caste from which any

* "Madame de Treymes." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

judgment must exclude, for instance, Lily Bart; inasmuch as no other writer demands as much of her own characters, is as exigent in regard to their breeding, social experience, intellectual and artistic sophistication, or is as merciless in cases where they fail to live up to their accomplished creator. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Wharton never more effectually proves her artistic discernment than in choosing, as in the present story, characters who satisfactorily fulfil her own perhaps excessive requirements and who therefore do not retard the fluent exercise of her imaginative energy.

Though it would scarcely occur to the reader, accustomed either to more sentimental or more impassioned fiction, to classify it as such, "Madame de Treymes" is, by implication at least, a love-story—a romance, or, to put it less floridly, an incipient tenderness, defeated by the sinister strength of the French social order and written to illustrate the contrast between that order and, if we may be said to have any, our own. Those sterling American qualities which we usually count upon as sufficient to gain an individual end at the expense of any established system have, in this ingeniously constructed situation, no opportunity; and John Durham, the mature American lover, is obliged to relinquish his suit for the hand of that other, beautifully Europeanized, American, the unfortunate Marquise de Malrive, whom he first knew in her girlhood in New York. Even though Mrs. Wharton, in this case miserly of phrases, has made little effort to illuminate Durham to our interested vision, we are able to accept him as a superior, perhaps even too flawless type. Madame de Malrive, the victim of a disastrous marriage, the author has been at greater pains to present. The woman whose radiance is the more alluring for being subdued, who attracts partly by giving the "sense of unprobed depths of initiation," is made subtly and admirably intelligible. But if Mrs. Wharton was niggardly of her forces in picturing Durham, who is, perhaps, a hero of convenience only, she has squandered them at great advantage in her portrait of Christiane de Treymes, who is made the exponent of what we may take to be the least lovely qualities of the French aristocracy while securely preserving a strikingly definite charm. This formidably potent lady, who impressed Durham as "nibbling at the hard English consonants like nuts," had "a small brown glancing face, like that of a

charming little inquisitive animal"; her "dark, meagre presence" moved "like a thin flame in a wide quiver of light." It is a rare and delicate art that gives a woman the rôle of a calculating villain—or so, at least, a romantic audience would regard her—and yet contrives to make her an appealing figure. Even Durham, whom Mme. de Treymes has tricked, lied to, deprived of his great desire, is able at the end to regard her merely as the unfortunate vehicle of tradition, of ancestral will, and to leave her with the exclamation, "You poor, good woman!" Mrs. Wharton has rarely achieved a character carrying such conviction of essential, no less than superficial, truth. To produce an effect, as in this case, of an abundantly communicated personality by means of an art so largely characterized by eliminations and reserves is a triumphant bit of wizardry.

There may be an emotional relief in passing from the bloodless cruelties and irremediable sufferings of the Faubourg to the light discomfitures of those incidental figures, the Elmer Boykins; yet one almost shudders for fear of what Mrs. Wharton may ruthlessly disclose about these vulnerable beings. It is quite possible to say about Mrs. Boykin, as was often said of Lily Bart, that one has known her, hundreds of her. But the fact is often overlooked that this is, after all, not the most flattering criticism, implying, as it does, that a writer has taken a familiar type and exaggerated it. The character that is conceived with perfect truth seems always so uniquely real that the suggestion of an existing duplicate is intolerable. It may be that the compassionate reader will find the scene between the Boykins and John Durham somewhat too brilliantly derisive, little as one would wish to forego some of its delicious phrases; as he may likewise feel perversely grateful that the unity of the story forbids more than a casual reference to the groups of "earnest" women who spend their summers in Maine boarding-houses. Such material as this, in Mrs. Wharton's hands, would acquire an undreamed-of ghastliness.

It is as true that the theme of this story is one few novelists could handle as that it is one of sufficient dramatic fertility to furnish forth many novels. Therefore the fact that Mr. Henry James, years ago, made it the subject of his wonderful novel, "The American," is no reason at all why Mrs. Wharton, of whose apostleship to Mr. James sufficient has been said, should

not have made it the motive of her magazine story — which "Madame de Treymes" originally was. Still less is there any occasion for comparing the two performances, comparatively close as their lines of treatment are. Mrs. Wharton's merit is never that of a bold and dashing originality of idea, and the value of "Madame de Treymes" can perhaps rather less than its author's other stories be based upon that ground.

Although Mrs. Wharton's work may lack certain of the qualities that in this country we are most fond of celebrating, it is her freedom, on the other hand, from the most usual and glaring faults of American fiction, that makes even the briefest of her *tours de force* a legitimate subject for serious consideration. The precision of her technique—there seems almost a visible physical progress from scene to scene of this well-ordered little drama—the sensitiveness and significance of her observation, her feeling for the harmonious sentence and the suggestive phrase — the qualities, in short, which have won for her applause from the beginning—must always stamp her work as superior to that of many writers of wider sympathy and more spontaneous talent. And it is, perhaps, particularly when considered in relation to average magazine fiction, that "Madame de Treymes" stands out as a conspicuous event.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

MR. BLISS PERRY'S "WALT WHITMAN."*

THE most judicious comment in Mr. Perry's book on Walt Whitman is the last: "No American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years." The force of the comment is somewhat weakened by the very grudging tone of the book as a whole and by a direct contradiction five pages earlier, where Mr. Perry says, speaking of Keats's "Ode to Autumn": "Why is it that this poem—relatively empty of ethical significance as it is—is sure to live, while we can only say of Whitman's poetry that some of it *ought* to live?"

Biography is often an ungrateful task. At best, it means that a smaller mind is attempting to estimate a greater one. The chief endowment of the biographer, then, must be a power of self-effacement, modesty and courage for reverence. There are,

* "Walt Whitman." By Bliss Perry. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

too, certain great men in the world who serve excellently as touchstones; the men who deal with these give the measure, however unconsciously, of themselves. To prefer Keats to Shelley is to reveal the entire temperamental bias. To prefer Whittier to Swinburne and Browning is to proclaim that one's culture is derived direct from the American public schools.

Walt Whitman has been very adequately handled by John Addington Symonds, John Burroughs and Edward Carpenter, and all the material has been carefully reviewed by Henry Bryan Binns again in his recent, full biography. Mr. Perry's book does not altogether infringe upon these, because, as we lay it down, we do so not so much with any new view of Whitman, or any enthusiasm to reperuse his ever-living work, as with a very adequate picture of Mr. Perry, a very complete idea of his life, his views, his conventions, his habits, his environment, his staying capacity. The subject is a very grandiose one, and undoubtedly, toward the end of the book, the biographer was a little cross and tired, and wanted to say as many disagreeable things as he could. In this behalf he tells an anecdote of Whitman's being "incidentally" invited to deliver the commencement poem at Dartmouth College in 1872, as a sort of joke to plague the faculty. This gossip is said to derive from Professor Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth. It reflects no particular credit either upon the person who told it or upon him who repeated it; it has no bearing whatever upon the quality of Whitman's life-work, and is just the sort of small besmirching for which we blame idle and vacant-minded old women when they spice their tea with tattle. It seems a pity to have added that sort of undignified matter to such a book.

Mr. Perry also tells us that Whitman was loose and careless about money matters in various ways, and accepted subscriptions from poor fellow craftsmen when he had ample means to provide for himself. Whitman's closest friend, in the later years of his life and his literary executor, Horace Traubel, resents this statement and demands Mr. Perry's authorities, which Mr. Perry refuses to give; so that, until the matter is more definitely cleared up, the public must simply stand at suspended judgment.

Again, Mr. Perry blames Whitman for not taking into his confidence all his young friends and admirers as to the actual events of his early life. Whitman has told us only, that for the

benefit and protection of others, he kept certain details of his early life secret. It is usually considered the code to keep a secret when that secret protects another. But, apart from that, it is never the great, self-dependent, well-poised, powerful nature that yearns to impart the little events of life. It is the sewing-woman and charman who tell their private affairs. All great men keep their own counsel and use their oil to make their flame burn brighter. It is the flame that belongs to the world, the result of experience, not the steps nor the stumblings.

Poor John Addington Symonds, and even Robert Louis Stevenson, blithe and brave of spirit that he was, are branded as "nervous invalids." To be sure, both these men died of a slow consumption; but all men must die of something, and it would be difficult to hear the call in the midst of greater industry, more indomitable energy and higher courage than distinguished these two fine writers when it came to them.

On the whole, Mr. Perry's book is an exceedingly uncomfortable one to read. The virtues of an editor and a college professor are too widely different from those of a great original genius to admit of mutual comprehension. One feels like the little girl who, hearing her father make a verbal slip in reciting the psalms, sighed and said: "Never mind; it is not *your* sad business to know the psalms." It is not Mr. Perry's sad business to recognize force and original genius.

So vital a difference in product means too vital a difference in temperament and taste to span. Mr. Perry thinks that if Walt Whitman had not been a mystic he would have been a better writer, and would have lived more effectively, overlooking the fact that the greatest mystics are the most practical and enterprising of mankind—witness St. Augustine, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross. The wider the background the more accurate is the sense for proportionate values. If Mr. Bliss Perry, for example, had been a mystic, he would not have undertaken a life of Whitman. Whitman was practical enough to hew out his own path, to live free and untrammelled, with plenty of leisure, and in full communion with himself; whereas the average mortal must live and await promotion at his neighbor's dictate, and few there be who to the measure of Walt Whitman can pass on, possessing their own souls.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON.

LONDON, *April, 1907.*

No monthly commentator on English affairs can be in much doubt as to what subject at the present moment should claim his preeminent attention. There are, indeed, various matters of the first consequence now under discussion in this country. There is, for instance, Mr. Haldane's Army scheme, the most luminous and concentrated effort that has been made in our time, not only to provide England with the army she needs, but to enlist the interest and sympathies of the average Englishman in its creation and support. There is Mr. Asquith's Budget, an essay in constructive finance which so largely accords with what I may call Rooseveltian principles that a word or two on it may interest Americans. For the year 1906-7 the Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself in possession of a realized surplus of some $27,000,000. All realized surpluses go automatically to the redemption of the National Debt. For the current year, 1907-8, Mr. Asquith estimated a surplus of slightly over $20,000,000. This surplus he proposes to dispose of (1) by remitting a quarter of the income tax in cases where the earned income—Mr. Asquith is the first Chancellor to attempt to differentiate between earned and unearned incomes—does not exceed $10,000 a year; and (2) by increasing the death duties so that, in future, estates of over $750,000 and under $1,250,000 will pay 7 per cent. duty, estates over $1,250,000 and under $2,500,000 will pay 8 per cent., estates between $2,500,000 and $3,750,000 will pay 9 per cent., and estates between $3,750,000 and $5,000,000 will pay 10 per cent., while estates between $5,000,000 and $7,500,000 will pay 10 per cent. on the first $5,000,000 and 11 per cent. on the remainder; estates of $10,000,000 will pay 10 per cent. on the first $5,000,000 and 12

per cent. on the second; and estates of over $15,000,000 will pay 15 per cent. on everything over the first $5,000,000. So far, I imagine, Mr. Roosevelt would be in hearty agreement with Mr. Asquith. He would also applaud as a matter of sound finance the Chancellor's determination to set aside $7,500,000 for the redemption of the Debt. But I doubt very much whether he would approve the proposal to dedicate the sum of $12,250,000 to a nucleus fund for old-age pensions, especially as the recipients of the fund are not, as in Germany they are, to be made to contribute to it in any form. This is a blot, a moral and social as well as a financial blot, on a Budget which otherwise is a careful and businesslike venture in national bookkeeping.

Besides Mr. Haldane's Army scheme and Mr. Asquith's Budget there are all the problems of high Imperial administration and policy suggested by Lord Cromer's resignation. I cannot stay to dwell on these except to indicate the opinion that England is nearing a moral crisis not only in Egypt, but in India, and, indeed, wherever she is in contact with alien and dependent races. The crisis consists, roughly speaking, in the fact that the work of Imperial creation has reached a point where it must now proceed side by side with the infinitely more arduous and delicate work of Imperial assimilation. By her magnificent success in all the material ends of government, Great Britain is everywhere implanting among the natives she rules a desire to share in and to direct that government themselves; and the question of how she is to meet that desire, without a loss of administrative efficiency and control, is one of the master-issues of Imperial politics. It is in Egypt, I imagine, that the problem will first take on an aspect of more than local seriousness, and Sir Eldon Gorst, who succeeds Lord Cromer, will need all the balance and all the mental accessibility which his friends know him to possess, if he is to further and not hinder its solution.

Then, again, among the subjects that are engaging the thoughts of the English people, a foremost place should be given to King Edward's tour from France to Spain and from Spain to Italy, and to the ill-natured and almost virulent criticisms that have been passed upon it by the German press. Walter Bagehot used to declare that the constitutional rights of the English sovereign were three in number—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn; and he shrewdly added that a

king of great sense and sagacity would need no others. King Edward has availed himself of these rights, just as Queen Victoria did, with admirable judgment and effect. Nothing can be falser than to suppose that the occupant of the British throne plays in public affairs a part that is merely passive and ornamental. He is entitled to full knowledge and full discussion of all public transactions. He cannot overrule the Cabinet's decisions, but he may criticise, and so alter or modify, them. He may suggest amendments, raise doubts, propose alternatives, and thus help to clarify the ministerial mind. And in all such consultations it should not be forgotten that the King has some special advantages. He is permanent and his Ministers are fugitive; he is an onlooker, and they are the combatants; he can take a calm and leisurely survey, while they are blinded by a thousand bewildering details. King Edward has allowed none of his prerogatives to rust from disuse. He has even on more than one occasion pushed them so far as to provoke murmurs from the stricter Constitutionalists. The abandonment of coercion in Ireland, the appointment of Sir Antony MacDonnell, and the pushing on of that great measure of appeasement which will be known through all Irish history as the Wyndham Act, were directly the result of the King's insistence; and his influence has been not less an inspiration and a support to Mr. Haldane in his task of military reform.

But it is, I think, in foreign affairs that the King has made himself felt with the greatest effect. To the three constitutional rights enumerated by Walter Bagehot, King Edward has added a fourth—that of acting as the representative, but unofficial, Ambassador of his people to the nations of Europe. Here, again, an English King has some peculiar advantages. As a constitutional but not an autocratic ruler he can speak for England while committing her to nothing; and this condition of privileged liberty, with its endless opportunities for the play of personality, is precisely the condition that King Edward knows how to make the most and best of. An excellent judge of men and affairs, learning and assimilating with extraordinary quickness, devoid of prejudices except a certain wholesome prejudice against waverers and fools, a past master at staving off friction and bringing men together and putting them at their ease, at home everywhere, always discreet, pacific and full of *bonhomie* and enjoyment, and

with what is scarcely less than a genius for knowing both what to do and say and what not to do and say, and for holding his tongue when it is all over—King Edward is perhaps better fitted than any living statesman for the function of moderator and healer. The country has watched his latest pilgrimage of peace with a growing recognition of the manifold services the King has rendered to British prestige. Compare England's position to-day with what it was in 1901, when Queen Victoria died, and you will at once become aware of a change that is little less than a revolution. In each stage of that transformation King Edward has played a part, often the leading part. If England and France have ceased to scowl at one another from Egypt to Siam, and are now on terms of unique friendliness and confidence; if English relations with Austria-Hungary and Portugal have been recemented and strengthened; if Anglo-Italian good-will has now resumed its old traditional closeness; and if Spain has both forgotten and forgiven the outpouring of British sympathy with America during the war of 1898—the credit of these successes belongs preeminently to King Edward. And in her present mood Great Britain does not relish these successes any the less because they seem to disturb the equanimity of Germany. The fact is significant. It may even be taken as an indication of a quarter where the King's mellow and reconciling diplomacy may find further scope for its activities. But whether it is possible yet a while to arrange, or rather to rearrange, Anglo-German relations on a basis of rationality is to my mind extremely doubtful. I am more inclined to think that King Edward will rather turn his thoughts towards helping on the solution of the questions that still remain outstanding between Great Britain and Russia. The common sense of England does not understand a friendship with France that leaves the ally of France out in the cold; diplomatic negotiations with Russia are always more readily conducted with the Tsar in person than with the Foreign Office, because the Tsar alone can speak for Russia; and it is quite on the cards that King Edward may yet duplicate in St. Petersburg the inspiring triumphs he has already won in Paris, Vienna, Rome, Lisbon and Madrid. For the present, I merely wish to register the fact that his two months' tour in the Mediterranean has brought fully home to Englishmen a national consciousness of the rare diplomatic qualities that unite in their sovereign.

Another subject which is engaging the public mind, and will engage it still more in the future, is that of land reform, both urban and rural. The Liberals, backed up, as I believe, by the overwhelming approval of the nation, have entered simultaneously upon two great crusades, the one, a comparatively simple one, against the land speculator in the towns, the other against feudalism in the country. And it is upon this issue—for the two crusades, while conducted separately, form parts of a single programme—that the struggle with the House of Lords will ultimately be joined. Neither the education question, nor Temperance, nor Irish Devolution will furnish the Government with the popular momentum that can only enable them to assault the great stronghold of legislative privilege with any chance of success. But all reformers of whatever kind are at one in their attitude towards the problem of the land; and all people, in town and country, though they may not always be conscious of it, are directly or indirectly affected by it. Round the land, too, gather a vast array of national questions. Just as in America it seems impossible to approach the problem of the Trusts by any route that does not sooner or later bring you face to face with the problem of transportation, so in England any serious inquirer into the question of the unemployed, or of housing, or of physical degeneration, finds himself before long confronted by the question of the land; and, if the reforms contemplated by the Liberals are rejected or mutilated by the Lords, I fancy we shall see such an outpouring of indignation as will sweep something more than the ancient land-tenure system of this country away with it.

In the towns, the problem is to secure to the community a larger share of the wealth which its growth and industry have created. The Liberals propose to solve it by a Valuation Bill that will ascertain the value of land apart from buildings or improvements, and enable local authorities to tax it or purchase it on that value. In this way, the towns will for the first time have some control over their own development, the rating system will be remodelled, the housing question will be simplified and industry will be released from an essentially vicious and anti-social handicap. In the country districts, where society is ordered along lines of equal pleasantness and injustice, where the number of laborers has decreased by thirty per cent. in the last twenty years, where an aristocracy of birth or wealth cultivates all the

amenities of sport and a landless peasantry steadily drifts into the towns, where gamekeepers are the only class on the increase, and where magnificent estates spread their smooth lawns and coverts to the very doors of villages that are three-quarter slums, the Liberals are resolved to vest both local and national authorities with compulsory powers for the purchase of land, so that for the future a small holding may never be beyond the reach of any Englishman able and willing to cultivate it. If by these means an independent peasant proprietary can be established, leasing their holdings from the state, and if the Government bring to their assistance the indispensable equipment of cooperative societies and local land banks, and if, at the same time, the housing question in the villages is grappled with, not only will the whole structure and spirit of English rural life be revolutionized, but English agriculture will be penetrated with a new hope and a new activity. In a fine figure, in which there is equal truth and imagination, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been described as "leading Englishmen to the invasion of England."

In addition to these questions, there is one that is never for long allowed to remain in the background. I refer, of course, to Ireland. By the time this letter appears in print, Mr. Birrell will probably have introduced his Devolution Bill. Little beyond a purely speculative interest is taken in it because everybody assumes that it will be rejected without ceremony by the House of Lords. But there is a minor Irish question which has considerably interested people over here, and which may perhaps serve to explain to those Americans who concern themselves with Irish problems, why it is that opinion, both in England and in Ireland, is being steadily alienated from the Irish Nationalists. The name and work of Sir Horace Plunkett are, I take it, as well known to Americans as to Englishmen. His services to his native country have been incalculable. It was he who, amid inconceivable difficulties, introduced into Ireland the principles and practice of agricultural cooperation, that great movement which promises to raise Ireland to the competitive level of Denmark, and the moral results of which have been of even greater benefit than the material. It was he, again, who brought together representative Irishmen of all classes, parties and creeds in a non-political effort to formulate a constructive programme of industrial and agricultural betterment. Out of that effort sprang the Irish Department

of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, a popularly governed Department—the only one of its kind in Ireland or, for that matter, in the British Isles—working through councils and local committees on which two-thirds at least of the members are elected, and bringing for the first time expert assistance and advice to the peasant proprietor. Sir Horace Plunkett devised that Department, suggested the form its constitution should take, launched it, and from its inception, seven years ago, until to-day has directed it with an enthusiasm, an ability and a complete contempt for "politics" that are quite without precedent in the history of Irish administration. And now the Irish Nationalists have banded together to oust him from office, and it is not yet certain that they may not succeed in doing so. Their ostensible objection to his retention in the post of Vice-President of the Department is that he has not a seat in Parliament and is not a Liberal. Their real objections are that he has refused to job his patronage, that he has built up a non-political following throughout the country which the Nationalist "machine" is desperately anxious to capture, and that the Department under his advice—which it was entirely free to disregard—has subsidized the cooperative movement, a movement to which the gombeen men and publicans, to whom nine out of every ten of the Nationalist M. P.'s owe their seats, are hostile. Nothing could better show the pitiful pass to which the Irish Nationalists are reduced than that, for reasons so sordid as these, they should be endeavoring to drive from office the only Irishman of his generation who has done something enduring for the economic development of his country.

But, as I began by saying, all these subjects, attractive and momentous as they are, must yield in popular interest and in Imperial consequence to one other. That other is, of course, the Colonial Conference. Already—I write in the last week of April —it has proved itself by the resolutions it has adopted a business-like and a statesmanlike body. Already it has achieved results that must profoundly affect the structure and the evolution of the Empire. But I propose to reserve till my next letter, when they can be reviewed as a whole, the full consideration of the problems it has faced and of the solutions it has found for them.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *May 8.* The War on the Constitution.

MR. WILLIAM V. ROWE, in his article on "National Tendencies and the Constitution," seeks to establish two propositions. He holds, in the first place, that the Federal Government, which we have imagined our own to be, was not really established by the Constitution, but that a national, or centralized, republic was in fact established, although, he must confess, with some obscurity of phrase; in the second place, that the National Government, with the assent of the people, is actually now engaged in ousting the States from the sovereign powers which heretofore have been widely, often judicially, recognized as belonging to them, and that this is right and essential in order that the Federal Government shall exercise supreme and exclusive control over all but strictly local interests, upon all business, including commerce, for example, that in any way, directly or indirectly, may be, or may enter into, commerce "with foreign nations, and among the several States." In a word, the logical outcome of his contention would be the recognition of the National Government as an all-pervasive and exclusive sovereign, exercising paternal control over all political or social subjects which do, or may, interest the whole country or the people of more than one State.

This may seem like an exaggerated statement of Mr. Rowe's position, but it is, after all, merely the formulation of the conclusion to which his essential contentions lead. It may be that Mr. Rowe, and his associate antagonists to the rights of the States—those rights that have heretofore been recognized as such by both schools of constitutional interpretation—will not care, at least now, to discuss the question which they have raised in its

ultimate terms, but those who believe that the Federal principle is essential to the maintenance of the American republic—large as it is and varied as are its interests—and who are impressed with the value, material as well as moral, of the freedom of the individual, artificial as well as natural, must insist upon carrying on the debate, the subject swelling, as it now is, into one of chief importance, with the necessary effect of the conclusion upon our constitutional government constantly in view.

Mr. Rowe not only advocates a change in the character of the United States Government, but he insists that the people have already made that change. It is one of the well-marked beliefs of the modern anti-constitutional school that the Constitution is not only obsolete or outgrown, but is not binding, and, especially, that the provisions of the amending clause need not be followed. Mr. Roosevelt, speaking through Mr. Root, would amend by judicial constructions; Senator Beveridge would amend by legislation; while Mr. Rowe would have both courts and lawmakers consult the sentiments of the people. That those who hold such an attitude on this subject are unwilling frankly to debate the inevitable consequence, and the moral character, of their contention is shown, perhaps unconsciously, by Mr. Rowe. Speaking of the attitude of the people generally, he warns those who differ from him that "discussion" would be "useless," while he impliedly threatens his opponents in saying that it will be "prejudicial." The single point of which Mr. Rowe is here speaking is that the people, acting on his constitutional theory, have determined that economic activities shall be governed by the exercise of their political power. That opposition to the policies of the administration has been prejudicial to some we know; and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that punitive practice has so stirred the imaginations of some associates and defenders of the President as to lead them to warn off all who have the hardihood to put themselves in the way of the progress towards an absolute paternalism.

Mr. Rowe accepts the current assertion that the people of the United States are the victims of the depredations of wealth and property, and he warns us of the harm that we may do ourselves if we deny and discuss the further proposition that the people will, in consequence of these depredations, take the control of all wealth and property into their own hands and manage it

through the agency of the National Government. With some indistinctness, or subtlety, whichever may be the term that Mr. Rowe prefers, he argues, as he is forced to do, that Congress may do anything it may please to do under the "general-welfare" clause. This is an argument which has been employed a good deal during the history of constitutional discussion, but by no one who has not been seeking an end not granted or denied by the Constitution. It was not, however, the doctrine of Hamilton or Marshall or Jefferson or Madison. Hamilton and Marshall argued strongly and well in support of the doctrine that a large discretion has been bestowed upon Congress in exercising or authorizing implied powers for the effective execution of expressed powers; but both insisted that there could be no implied power not "necessary and proper" to make effective an expressed power. Madison said of the assertion of the universality of the "general-welfare" clause that "No stronger proof could be given of the distress under which these writers labor for objections than their stooping to such a misconstruction." Jefferson contended that the assertion that the "general-welfare" proposition gave complete legislative power to Congress over all subjects would, if sustained, "render all preceding and subsequent enumerations of power completely useless.'" In fact, it is an axiom that, if upon the National Government was bestowed the power to do all that it may conceive to be for the "general welfare" of the country, then no further constitutional provisions were needed, while some of those which were adopted were, when not the fruit of folly, contradictory of the universal, exclusive and absolute power granted by the general phrase.

When Madison wrote his opinion of the men who contended for the wide meaning of the "general-welfare" power, he was engaged, in company with Hamilton, in the endeavor to secure the adoption of the Constitution by the people, primarily by the people of the State of New York. Both men were of the opinion that their Constitution would be rejected if the popular belief was that the Constitution gave to Congress the large power to do anything which, in its discretion, it determined to be for the "general welfare." Now we have a new school of constitutional interpretation, the members of which are insisting, contrary to the belief of the framers of the Constitution, that the power was in fact granted, although we have contemporaneous evidence of

the universal conviction that, if it had been expressly and frankly bestowed by the document upon the National Government, the Constitution would not have been adopted. There is no other interpretation to be put upon Mr. Rowe's contention than that he holds that all particular grants, perhaps prohibitions, shall give way before the "general-welfare" power. He is convinced that the time has come when all restraints upon the Federal Government must yield to its own discretion, and that this discretion must also be recognized as dominant over the powers which were reserved by the States and the people to themselves. Indeed, it is Mr. Rowe's conviction that the people have already assented to the setting aside by the Federal Government of constitutional restraints, "and are, now, constantly promoting the assumption by the central authority — the National Government — . . . of a great part . . . of the real police powers and functions of government."

Undoubtedly, the aggressiveness of those who have for their purpose the annulment of constitutional restraints has succeeded, for the moment, in putting to sleep the constitutional consciousness and instincts of a large body of the people. It has succeeded in inflaming the imaginations of men at the expense of their judgments. There are some, possibly, who are so hypnotized that they will agree with Mr. Rowe that the States have no rights but merely powers; that, therefore, a power is not a right; that this power is really that of the people, who may take it away from the States, as if they could not also take away the powers granted to the United States. It is possible, too, that some people will be persuaded to accept the theory that the Constitution has actually been amended because some other people, moved by the aggressive preaching and conduct of the anti-constitutionalists, have shown a disposition to amend it. There is precedent in English history showing that constitutional changes may be effected, momentarily, by deliberate violation of the laws. The English Parliament not only acquiesced in the loans forced from subjects by Henry VIII, but enacted a law forgiving him his debts thus lawlessly contracted. It not only acquiesced in the enforcement of his proclamations as if they were statutes of the realm, but it passed an act giving to such proclamations the force of law. In Elizabeth's reign, and for a time under the Stuarts, the constitutional rights of Parliament and the people were further

invaded, and, as Hallam says, there was asserted "a paramount supremacy, called sometimes the King's absolute or sovereign power, which sanctioned commands beyond the legal prerogative, for the sake of public safety." The exceeding popularity of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth was used by them to take from the English people rights and powers for which the nation had contended, against the Crown, for nearly five hundred years. But when the popular Tudors were followed by the Stuarts the people regained their political consciousness and instincts. For all the arbitrary and hateful acts of James and of Charles I, there were precedents in the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth, but in the time of the Stuarts men went willingly to jail for resisting royal acts which they had authorized in the days of the Tudors, and the nation at last beheaded Charles because of arbitrary conduct for the like of which they had applauded the great predecessors of his family. In the end the powers which had been usurped by the King were taken back by the nation. The right to exercise them and other and larger powers was assumed and fortified by the establishment of responsible government. The King himself became the servant of the people, who, by the agency of their own representatives, indicated the man whom they desired to be the real head of the executive machinery of the Government. It will not do to assume that the momentary disposition of the people, especially when they are under the spell of one whose brain and exciting activities absorb their interest, indicates a fixed desire to change the nature of their Government, a willingness permanently to surrender rights and powers the history of which is the history of a struggle against excessive government, a struggle as old and continuous as the Teutonic occupation of England.

Mr. Rowe's reason for desiring to read into the Constitution a larger national power over subjects that have heretofore been left to the States is that these subjects and their problems affect "most seriously the 'general welfare' and 'domestic tranquillity' of the whole people," and "cannot be dealt with satisfactorily by the several States, but must be cared for by the nation itself, which was constituted for the express purpose of dealing with subjects of that nature." Mr. Rowe exaggerates and distorts the purpose of the creation of the nation in order that the necessities of his argument may be met. He desires to put political power over economic law; to give to government a paternal power over busi-

ness and social relations, and to confine political control of this kind to the National Government. Such control has always been the foster-mother of evils greater than those which Mr. Rowe enumerates, as now injurious to our free life. In this country, national control of the great industries would involve the grant of power over the complicated needs of the products in manufacturing and commercial States to those familiar with the simple needs of agricultural and pastoral States alone. Moreover, complete national control over the commerce among the States and its instruments is already given by the Constitution and is enforceable by the United States. The courts may lay down the uniform rule which Mr. Rowe desires; and laws which, according to the decision of the United States Supreme Court, permit the National Government to prohibit the transportation of immoral lottery tickets by express companies, need no further strengthening or enlargement by new legislation. But if it be wise to give to government paternal control of business it is also wise in each instance to make the political family circle as small as possible. A canton of Switzerland would be a less terrifying parent than the whole republic would be, and a State would cherish where the United States would inconsiderately destroy. The end proposed is bad even if the Constitution permitted it to be pursued. To distort the Constitution in order to gain it would be to compass folly by indirection.

THURSDAY, *May 9.* **The Approaching Esperanto Congress.**

THOSE of us who are interested in the success of Esperanto cannot but rejoice in the glowing reports published from month to month by the Committee of Three in "The British Esperantist." The committee was entrusted with the task of arranging all the details of the approaching Esperanto Congress, to be held from August 12th to 17th, at Cambridge, England.

"On Sunday, August 11th," says the committee in a recent number of the "Esperantist," "the Esperanto Divine Services will be held. The Rev. J. Cyprian Rust, chairman of the Ecclesiastical Committee, has already prepared an able translation from the English Book of Common Prayer, which we shall shortly publish, together with a selection of hymns suitable for well-known tunes."

The committee also announces that "a great exhibition of British sports will take place on Thursday afternoon, August 15th, and also the ringing of the chimes will be heard from the celebrated bells of Great St. Mary's Church."

The mere fact that the Esperanto Congress, which will have hundreds of representatives from every part of the globe, will be held on British soil is of tremendous importance to the idea. For no international project, if it is to be universal, can succeed without the support of the English-speaking peoples, and the English-speaking peoples are so constituted that they cannot take things on trust or by hearsay. They must see with their own eyes thousands of men and women, gathered from all over the world, to do battle for one great idea; hundreds of aliens worshipping in an English church, indeed, but in a common tongue. The coupling of British sports with the idea of Esperanto shows no less insight on the part of the committee. Bring Esperanto into the intimate life of the British public, and the idea is bound to take hold in Great Britain as it has in France. We hope, too, that many Americans will find it possible to attend the Congress, and convince themselves of the excellence and practicality of the idea of an international tongue.

FRIDAY, *May 10.* **Faith and Intellect.**

IT has usually been the method of religion to disparage the use of the mind; and, certainly, in matters of religion, the intellect does not carry one very far. In the end, in religion as in friendship, and in general human relations and conduct of life, the function of the intellect is to examine and to judge, and that of the heart to carry on, in faith and with courage, the work thus begun.

Doubtless, any attempt to fathom the scheme of the universe, to cope, intellectually, with its vast, unsearchable issues, must result in failure, and usually disastrous failure; and yet, that whatever creative Providence rules over us demands from us the active use of the intellect is quite evident, for we suffer the consequences of our mistakes as well as of our sins. Let a man build him a life on an erroneous theory, and every attempt to move forward will lead him to disaster as surely as if he were deliberately pursuing a career of crime. To accept on faith, and without questioning, any dogmatic scheme of ethics or theory of creation

will invariably lead into a morass. The intellectual act must both follow and precede the emotional. Desire incites thought, and thought demands faith in activity; demands a definite trust that the universe, however stubborn it may seem, is yet plastic to the will, to effort. Life is, at every step, a problem; and to apply intellect to the problem is literally the making of man and the extinction of the tiger and the ape. There is reward, too, in hard thinking, just as there is reward in exercise. There is pleasure in feeling the mental fibres grow stronger; there is in mental effort an open door out of ourselves into larger worlds; and to escape out of ourselves is to escape the suffering of limitation.

So any religion which discourages the application of intellect to the problems of life and death makes a mistake. To make out what we can of the meaning of life, and then to act upon such knowledge as we have, whether for success or for failure, is the essence of a true religious life. It is of religion to accept failure as educative, and success, however great, as partial, and to pitch our faith in a future higher than any attainment now possible.

SATURDAY, *May 11.* Servants.

THIS is doubtless to women the most engrossing theme upon earth; and perhaps the greater part of its charm lies in the fact that, where servants have not disappeared altogether, they are fast disappearing.

A generation ago there began to be signs of a radical change in the conditions of domestic service, and the changes have progressed rapidly since then. When men learned to declare themselves free and equal, whatever the differences of inheritance, ability, position, education, when a nation took as its motto "*Liberté, fraternité, égalité*" the death-blow was struck at domestic service. The insistence upon the badges of service—livery, buttons, caps—helped to add to the prejudice against it.

As things stand to-day, it is patent that household industry, as Mrs. Gilman says, "in that tenth of our homes not served by the housewife, is in the hands of ignorant and inferior young women, *under conditions of constant change.*" Ignorant and inferior, because, with the slightest education and ability, young women can find lighter work and higher wages as typewriters, secretaries, dressmakers, sewing-women; and, despite the fact

that household labor is comparatively light and unexacting, the average young woman of mean abilities prefers factory work, offering as it does sociability and a less precise overseer than housework. Moreover, the house-servant is always temporary. She looks forward to a change of scene and of methods, when not to marriage and a house of her own as complete release from serving a stranger's household gods. In the small household of medium means, not more than two or three servants are kept, and the duties of these require that they be in different parts of the house. Thus the first defect of household labor, as carried on in a small city house, is that it is dull. An educated person of mental resource prefers solitary labor, a certain amount of loneliness, but children and servants need constant companionship for their development. The loneliness of household labor is therefore one disadvantage; the very lightness of the work, combined with the long hours during which domestics must be ready to serve if necessary, is a disadvantage. England, we hear, has set up a "Servants' League," a combination whereby servants have set a standard of wages, and a definite amount of service and limit of hours for the wages received. Probably there will be soon a Housewife's League to consider sensibly and carefully the demands of the servants and, above all, how to lend household labor the charm and the dignity which will make it seem a desirable occupation, and how to adjust the tastes and demands of refined ideals of living to the coarse and unskilled laborer's ideals of necessity.

MONDAY, *May 13.* The Weather.

THE weather is a matter for which we are not half grateful enough. Its advantages and graces and charms are so unobtrusive that we are only half-way conscious of them. First, it is probably the one thing that can be uninterruptedly complained of without retaliating. Secondly, its infinite variety never grows stale; it can never be truly forecast, and the element of unexpectedness is always there to keep us from growing weary and unobservant.

But these are the lighter excellencies of weather. It has graver and more enduring charms. It has inspired, it is fair to say, a large proportion of the world's lyric poetry; rain and the wind, the sky with all its shifting scenery, the "obscure clouds moulded of the casual air," the birth and death of seasons, the lightning

flashes illumining sudden small islands of life, and all the lesser phenomena of the weather have kept the poets busy since time and poets began. When a man has his intelligence keenly set to see, there is no end to the wonderful modulations of light and shade, of color and motion, the weather will prepare for him. A great mistake, however, is to fancy that sunshine, with its genial warmth, is the only kind of beautiful weather. The spring winds capriciously spurting from all corners at once, a heavy veil of slate-gray rainfall, a howling, shrieking, destructive wind scattering everything in its mad career and sending the dust up in clouds that grow thinner and catch the light toward the upper edge, all these have their own beauty of aspect and of sound. The crisp tingling of the Northern winter and the soft, glowing, languorous heat of a Southern summer spread various beauty about the world.

"So we stumbled through the marram-grass," writes an observant essayist, "back to the spot where a shape of light shot up into the darkness from the cabin skylight of our boat. After dinner we went on to the slippery deck, where the snow and hoar-frost glittered; the clouds were gone; the moon was electric in brilliance; all the world was white and dazzling. The smooth shining mud round us was like lava; one could fancy it sweeping irresistibly past. And farther away a mud-bank reared up its back like a whale as the water stealthily fell away from its flanks. We leaned across the boom and wondered. Is it really true? Is the incredible beauty of this solitude seen by us alone?"

Yes, the weather is a great spendthrift of incredible beauty, slinging it forth lavishly on all sides, and now and then a poet sees and hears.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the present year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

has been a contributor to the REVIEW for many years. He was born at Baltimore in 1834, and at an early age was taken by his parents to their former home in Ireland, where he received the rudiments of his education. On returning to the United States, he resided for some years with his family in New Orleans. He entered St. Charles's College (Maryland) in 1855, was transferred in 1857 to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, and was ordained to the priesthood on June 30th, 1861. He was appointed rector of the parish of St. Bridget's in Canton, a suburb of Baltimore, and, later, private secretary to Archbishop Spalding and chancellor of the archdiocese. He was assistant chancellor of the Second Plenary Council of the American Roman Catholic Church, which was held at Baltimore in 1866; in 1868, he was Vicar Apostolic in North Carolina, with the rank and title of Bishop; and, in 1877, he was made Coadjutor Archbishop of Baltimore. He succeeded to the see in October

of that year, and presided at the Third National Council, which met at Baltimore in 1884. He was created Cardinal and invested with the princely insignia on June 30th, 1886. Cardinal Gibbons is the author of a number of works, including "The Faith of Our Fathers," "Our Christian Heritage" and "The Ambassador of Christ."

W. H. Mallock,

one of the best known of contemporary English writers on economic and philosophical subjects, was educated at Oxford. He never adopted any profession, though at one time he was intended for diplomacy. Among his writings are "The New Republic," "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New Paul and Virginia," "Studies of Contemporary Superstitions," "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," "Social Equality," "Property and Progress," "Aristocracy and Evolution," etc. In his political and economic writings, Mr. Mallock's main object has been to expose fallacies in Radicalism and Socialism, while his philosophical writings have aimed at showing that science taken by itself can supply no basis for religion.

George Gordon Coulton

was born in England in 1858 and educated at St. Omer and at Cambridge University. He has held the senior mastership in the national military schools of Great Britain, and at present he is a university-extension lecturer and an inspector under the Board of Education. He has contributed frequently to English periodicals, and among his published works are "Father Rhine," "Public Schools and Public Needs," "Medieval Studies," and recently he published a comprehensive work on medieval manners and morals entitled "From St. Francis to Dante."

Archibald Henderson

is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the same institu-

tion. He has been a tutor and Fellow in the University of Chicago, and now he is associate professor of mathematics at his alma mater. He has published a number of articles, particularly on modern dramatic subjects, in many magazines, both American and foreign.

JOSEPH RUSSELL SMITH

was born at Lincoln, Virginia, February 3rd, 1874, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1898. He studied for a time at the University of Leipzig, and between 1899 and 1901 he assisted with the economic investigations of the Isthmian Canal Commission. At present he is instructor of economic geography in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania. He has written much on political and economic subjects.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

is a graduate of the Academic and Legal Departments of the New York University, and is a member of the well-known law firm of Messrs. Davies, Stone & Auerbach, of this city. He is a frequent contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

STEPHEN BONSAL

is a native of Virginia. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and at Göttingen and Heidelberg in Germany. He served as special correspondent for the New York "Herald" in the Bulgarian-Servian war, also in Macedonia, in Morocco, in Cuba, and in the Far East. Mr. Bonsal has had experience in the United States diplomatic service as Secretary of Legation and *Chargé d'affaires* in Peking, Madrid, Tokio and Korea. At present he is organizing the foreign service of the New York "Times."

PHILIP LORING ALLEN

is a native of Wisconsin and a graduate of the university of that State. He is an editorial writer on the New York "Evening Post," for which paper he has also served as

Washington correspondent. He has contributed both fiction and political articles to a number of periodicals, and recently he published a book entitled "America's Awakening."

JAMES HUNEKER,

well known as a journalist and man of letters, was born in Philadelphia in 1860. He has studied music in Paris with Theodore Ritter, and for ten years taught music in New York. Subsequently he was musical and dramatic critic on various newspapers, including the New York "Sun." Mr. Huneker has written much upon Continental literature, and he is a particularly keen student of modern literature.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XIX*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography of Me.

March 23, '86.—The other day was my birthday, and I had a little birthday party in the evening and papa acted some very funny charades with Mr. Gherhardt, Mr. Jesse Grant (who had come up from New York and was spending the evening with us) and Mr. Frank Warner. One of them was "on his knees" honys-sneeze. There were a good many other funny ones, all of which I dont remember. Mr. Grant was very pleasant, and began playing the charades in the most delightful way.

Susy's spelling has defeated me, this time. I cannot make out what "honys-sneeze" stands for. Impromptu charades were almost a nightly pastime of ours, from the children's earliest days —they played in them with me when they were only five or six years old. As they increased in years and practice their love

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for the sport almost amounted to a passion, and they acted their parts with a steadily increasing ability. At first they required much drilling; but later they were generally ready as soon as the parts were assigned, and they acted them according to their own devices. Their stage facility and absence of constraint and self-consciousness in the "Prince and Pauper" was a result of their charading practice.

At ten and twelve Susy wrote plays, and she and Daisy Warner and Clara played them in the library or up-stairs in the school-room, with only themselves and the servants for audience. They were of a tragic and tremendous sort, and were performed with great energy and earnestness. They were dramatized (freely) from English history, and in them Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth had few holidays. The clothes were borrowed from the mother's wardrobe and the gowns were longer than necessary, but that was not regarded as a defect. In one of these plays Jean (three years old, perhaps) was Sir Francis Bacon. She was not dressed for the part, and did not have to say anything, but sat silent and decorous at a tiny table and was kept busy signing death-warrants. It was a really important office, for few entered those plays and got out of them alive.

March 26.—Mamma and Papa have been in New York for two or three days, and Miss Corey has been staying with us. They are coming home to-day at two o'clock.

Papa has just begun to play chess, and he is very fond of it, so he has engaged to play with Mrs. Charles Warner every morning from 10 to 12, he came down to supper last night, full of this pleasant prospect, but evidently with something on his mind. Finally he said to mamma in an appologetical tone, Susy Warner and I have a plan.

"Well" mamma said "what now, I wonder?"

Papa said that Susy Warner and he were going to name the chess men after some of the old bible heroes, and then play chess on Sunday.

April 18, '86.—Mamma and papa Clara and Daisy have gone to New York to see the "Mikado." They are coming home to-night at half past seven.

Last winter when Mr. Cable was lecturing with papa, he wrote this letter to him just before he came to visit us.

DEAR UNCLE,—That's one nice thing about me, I never bother any one, to offer me a good thing twice. You dont ask me to stay over Sunday, but then you dont ask me to leave Saturday night, and

knowing the nobility of your nature as I do—thank you, I'll stay till Monday morning.*

Your's and the dear familie's

GEORGE W. CABLE.

[*December 22, 1906.*] It seems a prodigious while ago! Two or three nights ago I dined at a friend's house with a score of other men, and at my side was Cable—actually almost an old man, really almost an old man, that once so young chap! 62 years old, frost on his head, seven grandchildren in stock, and a brand-new wife to re-begin life with!

[*Dictated Nov. 19, 1906.*]

Ever since papa and mamma were married, papa has written his books and then taken them to mamma in manuscript and she has expergated them. Papa read "Huckleberry Finn" to us in manuscript just before it came out, and then he would leave parts of it with mamma to expergate, while he went off up to the study to work, and sometimes Clara and I would be sitting with mamma while she was looking the manuscript over, and I remember so well, with what pangs of regret we used to see her turn down the leaves of the pages, which meant that some delightfully dreadful part must be scratched out. And I remember one part pertickularly which was perfectly fascinating it was dreadful, that Clara and I used to delight in, and oh with what dispair we saw mamma turn down the leaf on which it was written, we thought the book would be almost ruined without it. But we gradually came to feel as mamma did.

It would be a pity to replace the vivacity and quaintness and felicity of Susy's innocent free spelling with the dull and petrified uniformities of the spelling-book. Nearly all the grimness is taken out of the "expergating" of my books by the subtle mollification accidentally infused into the word by Susy's modification of the spelling of it.

I remember the special case mentioned by Susy, and can see the group yet—two-thirds of it pleading for the life of the culprit sentence that was so fascinatingly dreadful and the other third of it patiently explaining why the court could not grant the prayer of the pleaders; but I do not remember what the condemned phrase was. It had much company, and they all went to the gallows; but it is possible that that specially dreadful one which gave those little people so much delight was cunningly devised and put into the book for just that function, and not

* Cable never travelled Sundays.

with any hope or expectation that it would get by the "expergator" alive. It is possible, for I had that custom.

Susy's quaint and effective spelling falls quite opportunely into to-day's atmosphere, which is heavy with the rumblings and grumblings and mutterings of the Simplified Spelling Reform. Andrew Carnegie started this storm, a couple of years ago, by moving a simplifying of English orthography, and establishing a fund for the prosecution and maintenance of the crusade. He began gently. He addressed a circular to some hundreds of his friends, asking them to simplify the spelling of a dozen of our badly spelt words—I think they were only words which end with the superfluous *ugh*. He asked that these friends use the suggested spellings in their private correspondence.

By this, one perceives that the beginning was sufficiently quiet and unaggressive.

Next stage: a small committee was appointed, with Brander Matthews for managing director and spokesman. It issued a list of three hundred words, of average silliness as to spelling, and proposed new and sane spellings for these words. The President of the United States, unsolicited, adopted these simplified three hundred officially, and ordered that they be used in the official documents of the Government. It was now remarked, by all the educated and the thoughtful except the clergy that Sheol was to pay. This was most justly and comprehensively descriptive. The indignant British lion rose, with a roar that was heard across the Atlantic, and stood there on his little isle, gazing, red-eyed, out over the glooming seas, snow-flecked with driving spindrift, and lashing his tail—a most scary spectacle to see.

The lion was outraged because we, a nation of children, without any grown-up people among us, with no property in the language, but using it merely by courtesy of its owner the English nation, were trying to defile the sacredness of it by removing from it peculiarities which had been its ornament and which had made it holy and beautiful for ages.

In truth there is a certain sardonic propriety in preserving our orthography, since ours is a mongrel language which started with a child's vocabulary of three hundred words, and now consists of two hundred and twenty-five thousand; the whole lot, with the exception of the original and legitimate three hundred,

borrowed, stolen, smouched from every unwatched language under the sun, the spelling of each individual word of the lot locating the source of the theft and preserving the memory of the revered crime.

Why is it that I have intruded into this turmoil and manifested a desire to get our orthography purged of its asininities? Indeed I do not know why I should manifest any interest in the matter, for at bottom I disrespect our orthography most heartily, and as heartily disrespect everything that has been said by anybody in defence of it. Nothing professing to be a defence of our ludicrous spellings has had any basis, so far as my observation goes, except sentimentality. In these "arguments" the term venerable is used instead of mouldy, and hallowed instead of devilish; whereas there is nothing properly venerable or antique about a language which is not yet four hundred years old, and about a jumble of imbecile spellings which were grotesque in the beginning, and which grow more and more grotesque with the flight of the years.

[*Dictated Monday, November 30, 1906.*]

Jean and Papa were walking out past the barn the other day when Jean saw some little newly born baby ducks, she exclaimed as she perceived them "I dont see why God gives us so much ducks when Patrick kills them so."

Susy is mistaken as to the origin of the ducks. They were not a gift, I bought them. I am not finding fault with her, for that would be most unfair. She is remarkably accurate in her statements as a historian, as a rule, and it would not be just to make much of this small slip of hers; besides I think it was a quite natural slip, for by heredity and habit ours was a religious household, and it was a common thing with us whenever anybody did a handsome thing, to give the credit of it to Providence, without examining into the matter. This may be called automatic religion—in fact that is what it is; it is so used to its work that it can do it without your help or even your privity; out of all the facts and statistics that may be placed before it, it will always get the one result, since it has never been taught to seek any other. It is thus the unreflecting cause of much injustice. As we have seen, it betrayed Susy into an injustice toward me. It had to be automatic, for she would have been

far from doing me an injustice when in her right mind. It was a dear little biographer, and she meant me no harm, and I am not censuring her now, but am only desirous of correcting in advance an erroneous impression which her words would be sure to convey to a reader's mind. No elaboration of this matter is necessary; it is sufficient to say *I* provided the ducks.

It was in Hartford. The greensward sloped down-hill from the house to the sluggish little river that flowed through the grounds, and Patrick, who was fertile in good ideas, had early conceived the idea of having home-made ducks for our table. Every morning he drove them from the stable down to the river, and the children were always there to see and admire the waddling white procession; they were there again at sunset to see Patrick conduct the procession back to its lodgings in the stable. But this was not always a gay and happy holiday show, with joy in it for the witnesses; no, too frequently there was a tragedy connected with it, and then there were tears and pain for the children. There was a stranded log or two in the river, and on these certain families of snapping-turtles used to congregate and drowse in the sun and give thanks, in their dumb way, to Providence for benevolence extended to them. It was but another instance of misplaced credit; it was the young ducks that those pious reptiles were so thankful for — whereas they were *my* ducks. I bought the ducks.

When a crop of young ducks, not yet quite old enough for the table but approaching that age, began to join the procession, and paddle around in the sluggish water, and give thanks—not to me—for that privilege, the snapping-turtles would suspend their songs of praise and slide off the logs and paddle along under the water and chew the feet of the young ducks. Presently Patrick would notice that two or three of those little creatures were not moving about, but were apparently at anchor, and were not looking as thankful as they had been looking a short time before. He early found out what that sign meant—a submerged snapping-turtle was taking his breakfast, and silently singing his gratitude. Every day or two Patrick would rescue and fetch up a little duck with incomplete legs to stand upon—nothing left of their extremities but gnawed and bleeding stumps. Then the children said pitying things and wept — and at dinner we finished the tragedy which the turtles had begun. Thus, as will be seen—

out of season, at least—it was really the turtles that gave us so much ducks. At my expense.

Papa has written a new version of "There is a happy land" it is—

"There is a boarding-house
Far, far away,
Where they have ham and eggs,
Three times a day,
Oh dont those boarders yell
When they hear the dinner-bell,
They give that land-lord rats
Three times a day."

Again Susy has made a small error. It was not I that wrote the song. I heard Billy Rice sing it in the negro minstrel show, and I brought it home and sang it—with great spirit—for the elevation of the household. The children admired it to the limit, and made me sing it with burdensome frequency. To their minds it was superior to the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

How many years ago that was! Where now is Billy Rice? He was a joy to me, and so were the other stars of the nigger-show—Billy Birch, David Wambold, Backus, and a delightful dozen of their brethren, who made life a pleasure to me forty years ago, and later. Birch, Wambold, and Backus are gone years ago; and with them departed to return no more forever, I suppose, the real nigger-show—the genuine nigger-show, the extravagant nigger-show,—the show which to me had no peer and whose peer has not yet arrived, in my experience. We have the grand opera; and I have witnessed, and greatly enjoyed, the first act of everything which Wagner created, but the effect on me has always been so powerful that one act was quite sufficient; whenever I have witnessed two acts I have gone away physically exhausted; and whenever I have ventured an entire opera the result has been the next thing to suicide. But if I could have the nigger-show back again, in its pristine purity and perfection, I should have but little further use for opera. It seems to me that to the elevated mind and the sensitive spirit the hand-organ and the nigger-show are a standard and a summit to whose rarefied altitude the other forms of musical art may not hope to reach.

[*Dictated September 5, 1906.*] It is years since I have examined "The Children's Record." I have turned over a few of its pages this morning. This book is a record in which Mrs. Clemens

and I registered some of the sayings and doings of the children, in the long ago, when they were little chaps. Of course, we wrote these things down at the time because they were of momentary interest—things of the passing hour, and of no permanent value—but at this distant day I find that they still possess an interest for me and also a value, because it turns out that they were *registrations of character.* The qualities then revealed by fitful glimpses, in childish acts and speeches, remained as a permanency in the children's characters in the drift of the years, and were always afterwards clearly and definitely recognizable.

There is a masterful streak in Jean that now and then moves her to set my authority aside for a moment and end a losing argument in that prompt and effective fashion. And here in this old book I find evidence that she was just like that before she was quite four years old.

From The Children's Record. Quarry Farm, July 7, 1884.—Yesterday evening our cows (after being inspected and worshipped by Jean from the shed for an hour,) wandered off down into the pasture, and left her bereft. I thought I was going to get back home, now, but that was an error. Jean knew of some more cows, in a field somewhere, and took my hand and led me thitherward. When we turned the corner and took the right-hand road, I saw that we should presently be out of range of call and sight; so I began to argue against continuing the expedition, and Jean began to argue in favor of it—she using English for light skirmishing, and German for "business." I kept up my end with vigor, and demolished her arguments in detail, one after the other, till I judged I had her about cornered. She hesitated a moment, then answered up sharply:

"*Wir werden nichts mehr darüber sprechen!*" (We won't talk any more about it!)

It nearly took my breath away; though I thought I might possibly have misunderstood. I said:

"Why, you little rascal! *Was hast du gesagt?*"

But she said the same words over again, and in the same decided way. I suppose I ought to have been outraged; but I wasn't, I was charmed. And I suppose I ought to have spanked her; but I didn't, I fraternized with the enemy, and we went on and spent half an hour with the cows.

That incident is followed in the "Record" by the following paragraph, which is another instance of a juvenile characteristic maintaining itself into mature age. Susy was persistently and conscientiously truthful throughout her life with the exception of one interruption covering several months, and perhaps a year.

This was while she was still a little child. Suddenly—not gradually—she began to lie; not furtively, but frankly, openly, and on a scale quite disproportioned to her size. Her mother was so stunned, so nearly paralyzed for a day or two, that she did not know what to do with the emergency. Reasonings, persuasions, beseechings, all went for nothing; they produced no effect; the lying went tranquilly on. Other remedies were tried, but they failed. There is a tradition that success was finally accomplished by whipping. I think the Record says so, but if it does it is because the Record is incomplete. Whipping was indeed tried, and was faithfully kept up during two or three weeks, but the results were merely temporary; the reforms achieved were discouragingly brief.

Fortunately for Susy, an incident presently occurred which put a complete stop to all the mother's efforts in the direction of reform. This incident was the chance discovery in Darwin of a passage which said that when a child exhibits a sudden and unaccountable disposition to forsake the truth and restrict itself to lying, the explanation must be sought away back in the past; that an ancestor of the child had had the same disease, at the same tender age; that it was irremovable by persuasion or punishment, and that it had ceased as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had come, when it had run its appointed course. I think Mr. Darwin said that nothing was necessary but to leave the matter alone and let the malady have its way and perish by the statute of limitations.

We had confidence in Darwin, and after that day Susy was relieved of our reformatory persecutions. She went on lying without let or hindrance during several months, or a year; then the lying suddenly ceased, and she became as conscientiously and exactingly truthful as she had been before the attack, and she remained so to the end of her life.

The paragraph in the Record to which I have been leading up is in my handwriting, and is of a date so long posterior to the time of the lying malady that she had evidently forgotten that truth-speaking had ever had any difficulties for her.

Mama was speaking of a servant who had been pretty unveracious, but was now "trying to tell the truth." Susy was a good deal surprised, and said she shouldn't think anybody would have to *try* to tell the truth.

In the Record the children's acts and speeches quite definitely define their characters. Susy's indicated the presence of mentality — thought — and they were generally marked by gravity. She was timid, on her physical side, but had an abundance of moral courage. Clara was sturdy, independent, orderly, practical, persistent, plucky—just a little animal, and very satisfactory. Charles Dudley Warner said Susy was made of mind, and Clara of matter.

When Motley, the kitten, died, some one said that the thoughts of the two children need not be inquired into, they could be divined: that Susy was wondering if this was the *end* of Motley, and had his life been worth while; whereas Clara was merely interested in seeing to it that there should be a creditable funeral.

In those days Susy was a dreamer, a thinker, a poet and philosopher, and Clara—well, Clara wasn't. In after-years a passion for music developed the latent spirituality and intellectuality in Clara, and her practicality took second and, in fact, even third place. Jean was from the beginning orderly, steady, diligent, persistent; and remains so. She picked up languages easily, and kept them.

Susy aged eleven, Jean three.—Susy said the other day when she saw Jean bringing a cat to me of her own motion, "Jean has found out already that mamma loves morals and papa loves cats."

It is another of Susy's remorselessly sound verdicts.

As a child, Jean neglected my books. When she was nine years old Will Gillette invited her and the rest of us to a dinner at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York, in order that we might get acquainted with Mrs. Leslie and her daughters. Elsie Leslie was nine years old, and was a great celebrity on the stage. Jean was astonished and awed to see that little slip of a thing sit up at table and take part in the conversation of the grown people, capably and with ease and tranquillity. Poor Jean was obliged to keep still, for the subjects discussed never happened to hit her level, but at last the talk fell within her limit and she had her chance to contribute to it. "Tom Sawyer" was mentioned. Jean spoke gratefully up and said,

"I know who wrote that book—Harriet Beecher Stowe!"

One evening Susy had prayed, Clara was curled up for sleep; she was reminded that it was her turn to pray now. She said "Oh! one's enough," and dropped off to slumber.

Clara five years old.—We were in Germany. The nurse, Rosa, was not allowed to speak to the children otherwise than in German. Clara grew very tired of it; by and by the little creature's patience was exhausted, and she said "Aunt Clara, I wish God had made Rosa in English."

Clara four years old, Susy six.—This morning when Clara discovered that this is my birthday, she was greatly troubled because she had provided no gift for me, and repeated her sorrow several times. Finally she went musing to the nursery and presently returned with her newest and dearest treasure, a large toy horse, and said, "You shall have this horse for your birthday, papa."

I accepted it with many thanks. After an hour she was racing up and down the room with the horse, when Susy said,

"Why Clara, you gave that horse to papa, and now you've tooken it again."

Clara.—"I never give it to him for always; I give it to him for his birthday."

In Geneva, in September, I lay abed late one morning, and as Clara was passing through the room I took her on my bed a moment. Then the child went to Clara Spaulding and said,

"Aunt Clara, papa is a good deal of trouble to me."

"Is he? Why?"

"Well, he wants me to get in bed with him, and I can't do that with jelmuls [gentlemen]—I don't like jelmuls anyway."

"What, you don't like gentlemen! Don't you like Uncle Theodore Crane?"

"Oh yes, but he's not a jelmul, he's a friend."

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

BY HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE subject of the following article acquires a special interest from the circumstance that the Conference on International Arbitration is expected to commence its sessions at The Hague during the present summer.

Nearly two thousand years ago, the first words that were uttered to announce the birth of the Saviour of mankind, were those of the angelic anthem containing a proclamation of peace to the world: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." And the first words of the risen Saviour to His assembled Apostles were also a message of blessed peace: "Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you."

Christ's mission on earth was to establish a triple peace in the hearts of men—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our fellow men by the practice of justice and charity, and peace within our own breasts by keeping our passions subject to reason, and our reason in harmony with the Divine law. He came above all "to break down the middle wall of partition" that divided nation from nation, that alienated tribe from tribe, and people from people, and to make them all one family acknowledging the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ. But, looking back and contemplating the wars that have ravaged the Christian world during the last twenty centuries, some persons might be tempted at first sight to exclaim in anguish of heart that the mission of Christ was a failure. My purpose, in the brief remarks that I shall make, is to disabuse the faint-hearted of this discouraging impression, and to show that Christ's mission has not failed, but that the cause of peace has made decisive and reassuring progress, and the advances it has already made are an assurance of its ultimate success.

It is by comparisons and contrasts that we can most effectually gauge the results of Christian civilization.

Let us compare the military history of the Roman Empire, from its foundation to the time of Augustus Cæsar, with the military record of our American Republic, from the close of the Revolution to the present time.

In pagan Rome, war was the rule, peace was the exception. The Temple of Janus in Rome was always open in time of war, and was closed in time of peace. From the reign of Romulus to the time of Augustus Cæsar, a period of seven hundred years, the Temple of Janus was always open, except twice, when it was closed for only six years. It was subsequently closed at the birth of Christ, as if to symbolize the pacific mission of the Redeemer of mankind.

The United States has existed as a sovereign nation for about one hundred and twenty years, since the close of the Revolution. During that period, we have had four wars—the War with England, from 1812 to 1815; the War with Mexico, from 1845 to 1848; the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865; and the recent Spanish War. The combined length of these campaigns was about ten years. Hence, we see that the United States has enjoyed twelve years of peace for one year of war, while the Roman Empire enjoyed less than one year of tranquillity for every century of military engagements. I may remark, in passing, that at least three of these four military campaigns might have been easily averted by peaceful arbitration, and that a large share of the responsibility for them rests at our doors.

What is the history of the Hebrew people, as recorded in the pages of the Old Testament, but a narrative of warfare? The Sacred Chronicle, from Moses to the Maccabees, comprising fourteen hundred years, presents an almost unbroken series of wars of defence, of invasion, or of extermination. So continuous were military campaigns that a sacred writer refers to a time in the year when hostilities were annually resumed: "It came to pass at the return of the year, at the time when kings go forth to war." They had their season for fighting as well marked as we have our seasons for planting and reaping.

But the blessed influence of our Christian civilization has been experienced not only in reducing the number of wars, but still more in mitigating the horrors of military strife.

Prior to the dawn of Christianity, the motto of the conqueror was: "*Væ victis,*" "Woe to the vanquished." The captured cities were pillaged and laid waste. The wives and daughters of the defeated nation became the prey of the ruthless soldiery. The conquered generals and their armies were obliged to grace the triumphs of the victors before they were condemned to death or to ignominious bondage. Alexander the Great, after the capture of the city of Tyre, ordered two thousand of the inhabitants to be crucified, and the remainder of the population were put to death or sold into slavery.

How different was the conduct of General Scott after his successful siege of the City of Mexico! As soon as the enemy surrendered, not a single soldier or citizen was sacrificed to the vengeance of the victorious army, and not a single family was exiled from their native land.

During the siege of Jerusalem, in the year 70 of the Christian era, under Titus the Roman general, more than a million of Jews perished by the sword or by famine. Nearly one hundred thousand Jews were carried into captivity. The sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem were borne away by the blood-stained hands of the Roman army. Simon, the Jewish chieftain, with the flower of the Jewish troops, was conducted to Rome, where he graced the triumph of the Roman General, and then a rope was thrown around his neck and he was dragged to the Forum, where he was cruelly tormented and put to death. And yet Titus was not accused by his contemporaries of exceptional cruelty. On the contrary, he was regarded as a benevolent ruler, and was called "The delight of the human race."

Let us contrast the conduct of Titus towards the Jews with General Grant's treatment of the defeated Confederate forces. When General Lee surrendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox Court House, he and his brave army were permitted to return without molestation to their respective homes.

Imagine General Lee and his veterans led in chains to Washington, followed by the spoils and treasures of Southern homes and Southern sanctuaries. Imagine the same Confederate soldiers compelled to erect, in the capital of the nation, a monument to commemorate their own defeat and the triumph of the conqueror. Would not the whole nation rise up in its might and denounce a degradation so revolting to their humanity?

The Roman and the American Generals, in their opposite conduct, were reflecting the spirit of the time in which they lived. Titus, in exercising cruelty towards the vanquished, was following the traditions of Paganism. Grant, in his magnanimity towards the Confederate troops, was obeying the mandates of Christian civilization.

The friends and advocates of International Arbitration are engaged in the most noble and benevolent mission that can engross the attention of mankind—a mission to which are attached the most sublime title and the most precious reward. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Consider what progress has already been made in the beneficent work in which they are enlisted.

A hundred years ago disputes between individuals were commonly decided by duels. Thanks to the humanizing influence of a Christian public opinion, these disagreements are now usually adjusted by legislation and conciliation. Have we not reason to indulge the hope that the same pacific agencies which have checked the duel between individuals will, in God's own time, check the duel between nations?

In our schoolboy days the most odious and contemptible creature we used to encounter was the bully, who played the tyrant towards the weak but cringed before his strong companions. But still more intolerable is a bullying nation that picks a quarrel with a feeble nation, with the base intent of seizing her possessions. This bullying Power is playing towards a weaker neighbor the rôle which the impious King Ahab acted towards Naboth. When the King demanded Naboth's vineyard, Naboth answered: "The Lord forbid that I should give to thee the inheritance of my fathers." But there was no Board of Arbitration in those days; might was right with Ahab. He robbed Naboth, not only of his vineyard, but also of his life.

Let the friends and advocates of International Arbitration use every effort to protect the weak against the strong, and then to the ruler of a feeble nation may be applied the words of the poet:

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

(1) He is armed with the consciousness of the sacred right of property.

(2) He is armed with the shield of an enlightened public opinion.

(3) He is armed with the conviction that his cause will be adjudicated by the equitable decision of a Board of Arbitration. This amicable system, while protecting the rights of the weak, will not wound the national pride of the strong, since it does not attempt to trench on the sovereignty of the stronger Power.

I can recall at least five instances within the last twenty years in which international conflicts have been amicably settled by arbitration. The dispute between Germany and Spain regarding the Caroline Islands was adjusted by Pope Leo XIII in 1886. The Samoan difficulty between Germany and the United States was settled by a conference held in Berlin in 1889. A treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was signed in Washington at the close of Mr. Cleveland's administration. And, a few months ago, a war between France and Germany—perhaps a general European conflict—was averted by the Algeciras conference on Morocco.

Lastly, President Roosevelt, by his timely and tactful intervention, put an end to the late destructive war between Russia and Japan. As a recognition of his daring act of humanity (for failure would have seriously compromised his official dignity), he was presented with the Nobel prize, including a gold medal, which, no doubt, he esteems far less for its intrinsic value than for the memorable historic incident which it commemorates.

If international arbitration helps to avert threatening hostilities, the avoidance of any entangling alliance removes us from the danger of provoking them.

The Father of his Country, in his Farewell Address, which he left as a precious legacy to his countrymen, earnestly exhorts them to abstain from being involved in entangling alliances with other nations, and to cultivate friendship with all of them. This solemn admonition was reaffirmed by Jefferson in his Inaugural Address, and it has been handed down from one Administration to another as a sacred oracle, and has now acquired almost the force and authority of law. Washington wrote:

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations, cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this counsel. It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too often novel example of a people always guided by exalted justice and benevolence.

"Nothing is more essential than that inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments to others should be ex-

cluded, and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is a slave to its animosity or to its affections. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. . . .

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have no, or a very remote, relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are entirely foreign to our concerns. Hence, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or in the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or her enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . .

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? . . . Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, honor or caprice?

"Our policy is to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

Since these memorable words were written in 1796, experience and observation, far from weakening their force, have confirmed their wisdom and foresight, and their observance has contributed no small share to our peace and prosperity.

As soon as we form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with any other nation, we make her quarrels and hostilities our own. Her enemies are our enemies. We are tied to her chariot wheels. We must perforce increase our land and naval armament to suit her purposes. She will urge and almost compel us to do so if we are to remain her champion. It is implied in the compact.

By throwing ourselves into the arms of one interested ally we alienate ourselves from other nations, which become inflamed toward us with a spirit of jealousy, or even of open hostility.

The European Powers are impelled to form coalitions for reasons which, happily for us, do not affect our country. Their history is marked by traditional and inveterate rivalries and animosities towards each other.

Each nation has on her borders a formidable Power, one watching the other with a jealous eye, eager to profit by her weakness, and to wrest from her a slice of her territory, if not to absorb it all. Hence, they feel compelled, in self-defence, to be fully armed and to form as many combinations as they can with other nations.

When our forefathers sailed across the Atlantic to this Western World they cut adrift from those long-standing and deep-rooted

national rivalries and encounters in which the mother countries have been embroiled. And, thank God, our own internecine conflict between the States is as much an event of the past as the wars in England between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

Fortunately for us, our geographical situation isolates us from dangerous proximity to aggressive adversaries. We are providentially protected by our natural boundaries. We are bordered on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by the Pacific, we are bounded on the north by friendly colonies, and on the south by a sister republic, which, far from arousing our apprehension, values our strength as a protection against foreign invasion.

Hence, instead of forming leagues with some other Governments, let us continue to pursue a more humane, enlightened and statesmanlike policy by fostering and developing our commercial relations with all the nations of the world.

Let the streams of commerce flow between Europe and America like invigorating blood coursing through the arteries of the human body, diffusing life and activity, and all forming, as it were, one social organism, each member exulting in the health and growth of the other, and stimulating the remotest parts with renewed energy and activity. Let our business interests with those Commonwealths be so inseparable and reciprocal that the injury to one will be felt by the others, and the prosperity of one will be shared by all.

Besides entering into closer commercial relations with European nations, let us form a still more friendly compact with them by welcoming their thrifty sons and daughters to share our fortunes in this favored country. It cannot be denied that our exceptional prosperity as a nation in the past century has been due in no small measure to the tide of immigration.

We are a composite Commonwealth, evolved from various races, peoples and tongues. The blood of Celt, Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, of Latin and Lithuanian, of Sclavonian and Scandinavian, flows through the veins of Columbia. It would be unnatural for the Mother to be partial to one race at the expense of the others. She would arouse the jealousy of her sons at home, and of their kinsfolk across the seas.

Let us continue to invite the people of Europe to our shores. Let us give them the right hand of fellowship, embracing them as brothers, holding out to them every opportunity of advancing their

material interests, inspiring them with so great an admiration for our civil and political institutions that they may be impelled to be incorporated with us, becoming "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," begetting and rearing children who, while they cherish the land of their fathers, will love still more the land of their birth.

May the immigrants become so enamored of our country that they will be eager to exclaim in the language of Ruth to Naomi: "Where you shall dwell, we also will dwell; your people shall be our people, and your God our God."

It is surprising with what rapidity the descendants of immigrants become assimilated with the native population. Climatic influences, intermarriages and education, social, political and business relations, so mould and shape the physical and mental texture of the new generation that it is often difficult to determine to what European nation their grandparents or even their parents belonged, unless their ancestry be disclosed by their patronymic.

When we contemplate the constant and steady stream of immigrants flowing from Europe to this Land of Promise, bent on deeds not of war, but of peace and industry; on a mission not of destruction, but of construction; coming not to exterminate, but to join hands with the descendants of the early settlers in developing the resources of the country; and when we survey this scene, the glorious vision of the Prophet Isaiah is pictured before us: "Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

Let us cherish the hope that the day is not far off when the reign of the Prince of Peace will be firmly established on the earth, and the spirit of the Gospel will so far sway the minds and hearts of Rulers and Cabinets that international disputes will be decided, not by standing armies, but by permanent courts of arbitration—when they will be settled, not on the battle-field, but in the halls of conciliation, and will be adjusted, not by the sword, but by the pen, which "is mightier than the sword."

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM.—IV.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

THE belief that socialism represents a practicable form of society, as I showed in the preceding article, has been, and still is, defended by its exponents on two different and contradictory grounds. One of these is a doctrine relating to the labor of ordinary men; the other is a doctrine relating to a proposed alteration in the motives which will enable society to secure for itself the services of men who are exceptional.

Socialism in its original form—the socialism of the school of Marx—which is still the socialism preached by socialistic propagandists to the masses, says: "The many do everything in production; the few do absolutely nothing. We need not, therefore, trouble ourselves with considering the position of the latter. We have nothing to do but to dispossess them, and their whole inheritance shall be ours." The intellectual socialism of to-day, though it promises the same results, rejects this original version of the socialistic gospel with disdain, and is now repreaching it in an amended and a totally different form. "We by no means affirm," it says, "that the exceptional few do nothing, and that ordinary labor, independently of other forces, produces all or even most of the wealth of the modern world. On the contrary, we recognize that the directive ability of the few, which the earlier socialists ignored, produces the larger part of it; and we must get them to exert this ability precisely as they do now. But they shall exert it for us on our own terms; for we will effect such a change in their characters that whatever they produce they will allow us to take away from them, and the whole of their inheritance shall be ours precisely as Karl Marx promised."

Now, what I propose to point out in the present article is that both these theories of socialism, contradictory as they are in their

details, rest alike on a fallacy, which is in both cases fundamentally the same. This fallacy consists in an ascription to democratic societies, or rather to democratic majorities, if sufficiently large and unanimous, of powers which are beyond the reach of any kind of government whatsoever. Such an ascription of imaginary powers to the so-called "sovereign" people is, however, by no means peculiar to socialists, who are guilty of nothing but pushing it to its full logical consequences; and I will begin with illustrating it by the arguments of a writer who is not a socialist, but who has recently approached, from a more or less conservative standpoint, this precise question of motive with which we have just been concerned ourselves.

A special propriety attaches to my reference to this writer here, for the arguments to which I am about to refer were published last summer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW;* and the author, who hides his personality under the signature "X," may be said to be one of the best-known and most highly respected of the living philosophers of America. The subject with which he deals in the article from which I am about to quote is the growth in America, not of large, but of colossal, fortunes, which have certainly had no parallel in the past history of the world. The position of "X" is that the growth of such fortunes is deplorable, partly because they are possible instruments of judicial and political corruption, and partly because they excite antagonism against private wealth in general by exhibiting it to the gaze of the multitude in such monstrous and grotesque proportions. In any case, says "X," "it is to the true interest of the multimillionaires themselves to join those who are free from envy in trying to remove the rapidly growing dissatisfaction with their continued possession of these vast sums of money."

Now, though "X" hints that some of the fortunes in question may be open to farther reprehension, on the ground that they have been acquired dishonestly, he by no means maintains that this opprobrium attaches itself to the great majority of them. On the contrary, he admits that the typical huge fortunes of America are based on the productive activities of the remarkable men who have amassed them. The talents of such men, he says, are essential to the prosperity of the country, and it is necessary to stimu-

* I criticised them myself in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in an article published shortly afterwards.

late such men to develop their talents to the utmost by allowing them to derive for themselves some special reward for their use of these talents; but he contends that the rewards which they are at present permitted to appropriate are needlessly and dangerously excessive, and ought therefore to be limited. But limited by what means? It is his answer to this question that here alone concerns us.

The means, he says, by which these rewards may be limited are ready to hand, and can be applied with the utmost ease. They are provided by the democratic Constitution of the United States of America. "No one can doubt, for example," he goes on to observe, "that, if the majority of the voters of the State of New York chose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, they could readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which would limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of voters considers sufficient for him. And it would be particularly easy," adds the writer, "to alienate the property of every man at death, for it is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent." Here, then, according to "X," is an obvious way out of the difficulty, the feasibility of which no one can doubt. A certain minority of the citizens render services essential to the majority; but these advantages are accompanied by a corresponding drawback. The majority, by the simple use of their sovereign power as legislators, can retain the former, and get rid of the latter. The remedy is in their own hands.

It would be difficult to imagine an illustration more vivid than this of the error to which I am now referring—the common error of ascribing to majorities in democratic communities powers which they do not possess, and which, as I said before, no kind of government possesses, whether it be that of a democracy or of an autocrat. That a majority of the voters in any democratic country can enact any laws they please at any given moment which happen to be in accordance with what "X" calls their then "way of thinking," and perhaps enforce them for a moment, is no doubt perfectly true. But life is not made up of isolated moments or periods. It is a continuous process, in which each moment is affected by the moments that have gone before, and by the prospective character of the moments that are to come after. If it were not for this fact, the majority of the voters of New

York State, "by electing a Governor of their own way of thinking," might not only put a limit to the income which any citizen might possess. It might do a great deal more besides. It might enact a law which limited the amount which any citizen might eat. It might limit everybody to two ounces a day. Besides enacting that no father should bequeath his wealth to his children, it might enact just as readily that no father should have the custody of his children. It might enact, in obedience to the persuasions of some plausible quack, that no one should take any medicines but a single all-curing pill. There is nothing in the principles so solemnly laid down by "X" which would render any of these enactments more impossible than those which he himself contemplates. But, if such enactments were made by the so-called all-powerful majority, through a Governor of their own way of thinking, what would be the result? If a law forbade the citizens to eat enough to keep themselves alive, it might perhaps be obeyed throughout Monday, but it would be broken by Tuesday morning. A law which deprived fathers of the care of their own children might just as well be a law which decreed that no children should be born. A law which decreed that no remedy but the same quack pill should be applied to any disease, whether cholera, appendicitis or smallpox, would be either disregarded from the beginning, or would soon be repealed by a pestilence. In short, if any one of these ridiculous laws were enacted, the very voters who voted for it would disregard it as soon as they realized its consequences, and the work which they did as legislators they would tear to pieces as men. In other words, if we mean, by legislation, legislation which can be permanently obeyed, the legislative sovereignty of democracies, which is so commonly spoken of as supreme, is limited in every direction by another power greater than itself; and this is the double power of nature and of human nature. Just as all laws relating to the food which men are to eat, and the drugs by which their maladies are to be cured, must depend on the natural qualities of such and such physical substances, so do the constitution and propensities of the concrete human character limit legislation generally, and confine it within certain channels.

This is what "X" and similar thinkers forget; and the nature of their error is very pertinently illustrated by an observation of the English jurist, Lord Coleridge, to which "X" solemnly re-

fers, as corroborating him in his own wisdom. "The same power," says Lord Coleridge, "which prescribes rules for the possession of property can of course alter them"; this power being the legislative body of whatever country may be in question. It is easy to see the manner in which Lord Coleridge reasons. Because, in any country, the formulation and enforcement of laws have the will of the governing body as the proximate cause which determines them, it seems to Lord Coleridge that, in this contemporary will, the laws thus formulated and enforced have their ultimate cause also. For example, according to him, the entire institution of property in the State of New York is virtually a fresh creation of the voters from year to year, and has nothing else behind it. But, in reality, all this business of formulation and enforcement is a secondary process, not a primary process at all. Lord Coleridge is simply inverting the actual order of things. Half the existing "rules prescribed as to the possession of property" have, for their ultimate object, the protection of family life, the privacy of the private home, and the provision made by parents for their children. But family life is not primarily the creation of prescribed rules. It is the creation of instincts and affections which have developed themselves in the course of ages. Instead of the law creating family life, it is family life which has gradually called into being—which has created and dictated—the rules and sanctions protecting it. The same is the case with bequest, marriage, and so forth. The conduct of civilized men is bound to conform to laws, but the laws must first conform to general human practice. They merely give precision to conduct which has a deeper origin than legislation. Laws, in fact, may be compared to soldiers' uniforms. These, within certain limits, may be varied indefinitely by a war-office; but they all must be such as will adapt themselves to the human body and its movements. The will of a government may prescribe that the trousers shall be tight or loose, that they shall be black or brown or bright green or vermilion. But no government can prescribe that they shall be only three inches round the waist, or that the soldiers' sleeves shall start, not from the shoulders, but from the pockets of the coat tails. The human body is here a legislator which is supreme over all governments; and just the same thing is true with regard to the human character.

Now, the curious thing with regard to "X" is that he is all

along assuming this fundamental fact himself; though he utterly fails to put two and two together, and see how this fact conflicts with the omnipotence which he ascribes to legislation. Let us go back to the assertion, which embodies his whole practical argument, that the majority of the voters in New York State could, without interfering with the activity of any one of its citizens, limit incomes in any manner they pleased, and alienate with even greater ease the property of every man at his death; and let us see what he hastens to say as the sequel to this oracular utterance.

These powers of the sovereign majority, which he is apparently so anxious to invoke, would, he says, be practically much less formidable in their action than timid persons might anticipate. And why would they be less formidable? "Because," says "X," "although each man, by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of the common property . . . yet immense and incalculable differences exist in men's natural capacities for rendering honest service to society. Encouragement should, therefore, be given to every man to use all the gifts which he possesses to the fullest extent possible; and, accordingly, reasonable accumulations and the descent of these should be respected." They should, he says, be respected. Yes—but for what reason? Because they encourage exceptional men, whose services are essential to society, to develop and use their capacities to "the fullest extent possible"; and this is merely another way of saying that, without the motive provided by the possibility of accumulation and bequest, the exceptional faculties would not be developed or used at all. Moreover, the amounts which may be accumulated and bequeathed, although they will be strictly limited, must, "X" says, be considerable. He suggests that incomes should be allowed up to forty thousand dollars, and bequeathable property up to a million dollars. And here we come to a question which is still more pertinent than the preceding. Why must the permissible amounts of income and of bequeathable property be of proportions such as those which he contemplates? Why does he not take his bill and write down quickly a thousand dollars of income instead of forty thousand, and limit bequeathable property to ten thousand instead of a million? Because he evidently recognizes that the men whose possible services to society are "im-

mensely and incalculably greater" than those of the majority of their fellow citizens would not be tempted by a reward which, reduced to its smallest proportions, would not be very largely in excess of what was attainable by more ordinary exertions. In his formal statement of his case, he says that the amount of the reward would be entirely determined by what *ought* to be sufficient for the purpose in the estimation of the voting majority; and he mentions the sums in question as those on which they would probably fix. And it is, of course, quite imaginable that the majority, in making either these or any other estimates, might be right. But what "X" fails altogether to see is that, if the majority of the citizens *were* right, such sums would not be sufficient because the majority of citizens happened to think that they ought to be. They would be sufficient because they were felt to be sufficient by the minority who were invited to earn them, at whose feelings the majority would have made a shrewd or a lucky guess. A thousand men with fishing-rods might meet in an inn parlor and vote that such and such flies were sufficient to attract trout. But it lies with the trout to determine whether or no he will rise to them. It is a question, not of what the fishermen think, but of what the trout thinks; and the fishermen's thoughts are effective only when they coincide with the trout's.

So long, then, as society desires to get the best work out of its citizens, and so long as some men are, in the words of "X," "immensely and incalculably" more efficient than the great mass of their fellows, and so long as their efficiency requires, as "X" admits that it does, some exceptional reward to induce these men to develop it, these men themselves, in virtue of their inherent characters, must primarily determine what the reward shall be; and not all the majorities in the world, however unanimous, could make a reward sufficient if the particular minority in question did not feel it to be so. The majority might, by making a sufficient reward unattainable, easily prevent the services from being rendered at all; but, unless they are to forego the services, the majority can only obtain them on terms which will depend on the men who are to render them.

Now, in what I have been urging thus far—which practically comes to this, that the sovereignty popularly ascribed to democratic majorities is an illusion—not socialists only, but other advocates of popular government also, will alike be against me,

as the promulgator of some blasphemous paradox. It will be easy, however, to show them that their objections are quite mistaken, and that the exceptional powers of dictation which have just been ascribed to a minority are so far from being inconsistent with the real powers of the majority that the latter, when properly understood, are seen to be their complement and their counterpart. For, though socialists and thinkers like "X" ascribe to majorities powers which they do *not* possess, we shall find that majorities do actually possess others, in some ways very much greater, of which such thinkers have thus far taken no cognizance at all. I have said that minorities can dictate their own terms to majorities which desire to secure their services, the reason being that the former are alone competent to determine what treatment will supply them with a motive to exert themselves. What holds good of minorities as opposed to majorities holds good in essentials, though in a somewhat different form, of majorities as opposed to such minorities.

Let us turn again to a matter to which I have referred already —namely, the family life of the citizens of any race or nation. This results from propensities in a vast number of human beings which, although they are similar, are in each case independent. These propensities give rise to legislation, the object of which is to prescribe rules by which their satisfaction may be made secure; but the propensities are so far from originating in legislation that no legislation which seriously interfered with them would be tolerated. Socialists themselves have continually admitted this very thing. The Italian socialist, Giovanni Rossi, for instance, who attempted about fifteen years ago to found a socialistic colony in Brazil—an attempt which completely failed—attributed its failure largely to this particular cause, namely, the impossibility of inducing the colonists to conform to any rules of the community by which family life was interfered with. Here we have an example of democracy in its genuine form, rendering powerless what affected to be democratic legislation. We have the cumulative power of similar human characters compelling legislation to limit itself to what these characters spontaneously demand. And now let us go a step—a very short step—farther. The family propensities in question show their dictatorial power, not only in the limitations which they impose on positive laws, but also in the character which they impose on the material surround-

ings of existence, especially in the material structure of the dwellings of all classes except the lowest. All are constructed with a view to keeping the family group united, and each family group separate from all others. Further, if the natural family propensities thus affect the structure of the dwelling, other propensities, more various in detail, but in each case equally spontaneous, determine what commodities shall be put in it.

And this fact brings us back to our own more immediate subject—namely, the power of the few and of the many in the sphere of economic production. The man of exceptional industrial capacity becomes rich in the modern world by producing goods, or by rendering services, which others consume or profit by, and for which they render him a return. But, in order that they may take, and render him this return for, what he offers them, the goods and the services must be such that the many desire to have them. All the highest productive ability that has ever been devoted to the business of cheapening and multiplying commodities, or rendering social services, would be absolutely futile unless these commodities and services satisfied tastes or wants existing in various sections of the community. The eliciting of such wants or tastes depends very often, and in progressive communities usually, on a previous supply of the commodities or services that minister to them—as we see, for example, in the case of tobacco, of the telegraph, and of the bicycle; but, when once the demands have been elicited, they are essentially democratic in their nature. Each customer is like a voter who practically gives his vote for the kinds of goods which he desires to have supplied to him. He gives his vote under no compulsion. He is under the manipulation of no party or wire-puller; and the men by whose ability the goods are cheapened and multiplied are bound to determine their character by the number of votes cast for them.

Thus, whilst—so long as the productivity of labor is intensified, as it is in the modern world, by the ability of the few who direct labor—the laboring majority can never be free in their technical capacity of producers; they are free, and must always remain free in respect of their tastes as consumers. In other words, demand is essentially democratic, whilst supply, in proportion to its sustained and enhanced abundance, is essentially oligarchic.

Now, that demand is essentially democratic, and depends on the tastes and characters of those by whom the demands are made, no-

body will be inclined to deny. But if we turn our attention from society, taken as a whole, to the exceptionally able minority on whom the business of supply depends, we shall find that these men, in their turn, form similarly a small democracy in themselves, and make, as suppliers, their own demands also—a demand for an economic reward, or an amount of personal wealth, not indeed necessarily equal to the amount of wealth produced by them, but bearing a proportion to it which is, in their own estimation, sufficient. This demand made by the exceptional producer rests on exactly the same basis as does that of the average customer. It rests on the tastes and characters of the men who make it; and it is just as impossible for the many to decide by legislation that the few shall put forth the whole of their exceptional powers for the sake of one reward, when what they want is another, as it is for the few to make the many buy snuff when they want tobacco, or buy green coats when they want black.

That such is the case will, to those who may be inclined to doubt it, become more evident if they consider with more attention than they are generally accustomed to exercise what the main attraction of great wealth is for the men who in the modern world are the producers of it on the greatest scale. Socialists and similar reformers—the people who principally busy themselves with discussing what this attraction is—are the people who are least capable of forming any true opinion about it. They not only have, as a rule, no experience of wealth themselves, but they are farther generically distinguished by a deficiency of those powers that create it. They are like men with no muscles, who reason about the temperament of a prize-fighter; and their conception of what wealth means for those who produce and possess it is apt, in consequence, to be of the most puerile kind. It is founded, apparently, on their conception of what a greedy boy, without pocket-money, feels when he stares at the tarts lying in a pastry-cook's window. To them it seems that the desire for great wealth means simply the desire for purely sensual self-indulgence—especially for the eating and drinking of expensive food and wine. Consequently, whenever they wish to caricature a capitalist they invariably represent him as a man with a huge protuberant stomach. The folly of this conception is sufficiently shown by the fact that many of the greatest of fortune-makers have, in their personal habits, been abstemious and even niggardly

to a degree which has made them proverbial; and that, even in the case of those who value personal luxury, the maximum of self-indulgence which any single human organism can appreciate, is obtainable by a hundredth part of the fortunes for the production of which such men work. The real secret of the attraction which wealth has for those who create it lies in the fact that wealth is simply a form of power. These men are made conscious by experience, as less gifted men are not, that they can, by the exercise of their own mental energies, add indefinitely to the wealth-producing forces of the community. They feel the machine respond to their own exceptional management of it; they see the output of wealth varied and multiplied at their will; and thus the results of their specialized power as producers are neither more nor less than this same internal power converted into an external, an indeterminate and universalized form; and the reason why they will never produce wealth merely in order to be deprived of it is that no one will exercise power merely in order to lose it, and allow it to pass into the hands of other people. These men, as experience, especially in America, shows us, are constantly willing to use this power for the benefit of their kind generally; but this is no more a sign that they would be willing to allow it to be forcibly taken from them than the fact that a man is willing to give a dollar to a beggar in the street is a sign that he would allow the beggar to steal it out of his waistcoat pocket.

So long as differences in personal power exist, especially in such power as affects the material circumstances of mankind, these differences in power, let governments take what form they please, will necessarily assert and embody themselves in the very structure of human society; and socialists are only able to obscure this fact from anybody either by a childish theory of modern production which they themselves are now repudiating, or else by a psychology even more laboriously childish, which would at once be exposed were it tested by so much as six months' experience. An interesting admission of the truth of this may be found in an unlikely place—namely, a work written some years ago by a socialist of considerable talent, which shows how the errors of at least a number of socialists are due, not to any defect in their reasoning powers, as such, but to a want of balanced knowledge of human nature in general, a want which in certain respects

renders their reasoning futile. The work to which I refer is a work by a socialistic novelist, who was also an accomplished naturalist—the late Mr. Grant Allen. It is called "The Woman Who Did." The immediate object of the writer was to exhibit the institution of marriage as the cause of what he was pleased to regard as woman's degradation and slavery; and his heroine is a young lady of highly respectable parentage, who proposes to regenerate womanhood by living with, and having children by, a man, without submitting to the humiliation of any legal bond. She accomplishes her purpose, and has a daughter, whose position, under our false civilization, becomes so disagreeable in consequence of her illegitimate birth, that the mother at last commits suicide, in order to deliver the daughter from the presence of a parent so embarrassing. In the author's view she is a martyr, and a model for immediate imitation. Ludicrous, however, as the book is in its main scheme and in its object, the author shows great acuteness in a number of his incidental observations. He is, for example, constantly insisting on the fact that the institution of private property, which socialism aims at revolutionizing, is merely one embodiment of a general principle of individualism of which marriage and the family are another, and that the two stand and fall together. But an admission yet more important than this is as follows. So that nothing may be wanting to the bitterness of the heroine's sublime martyrdom, the author represents her daughter—and he does this with considerable skill—as developing from her earliest childhood all those tastes and prejudices (an instinctive sympathy with those ordinary motives and standards) against which the mother's whole life, and her education of her daughter, had been at war. "Herminia," says Mr. Allen, "had done her best" to indoctrinate the child with the pure milk of the emancipating social gospel; "but the child herself seemed to hark back, of internal congruity, to the lower and vulgarer moral plane of her remoter ancestry. There is," he proceeds, "no more silly and persistent error than the belief of parents that they can influence to any appreciable degree the moral ideas and impulses of their children. These things have their springs in the bases of character; they are the flower of individuality; and they cannot be altered after birth by the foolishness of preaching." Let us read this passage, with the alteration of only a word or two, and it forms an admirable criticism

of the more recent speculations of the party to which Mr. Allen belonged. There is no more silly and persistent error on the part of socialists than the belief that they can influence to any appreciable degree the moral ideas and impulses of the citizens of any community, or that these things, which are the flower of congenital individuality, can be altered after birth by the foolishness of socialism.

I may appropriately end this survey—in its present form necessarily very imperfect—of socialism, as a scheme for the practical reconstitution of society, with the above criticism, made by one of the socialists themselves, of socialistic speculation in its most recent development. If only socialists would apply to their formal programme and principles the acuteness displayed by some of them when its exigencies are momentarily forgotten by them, they, or at all events some of them, would be accounted their own most destructive critics.

My own criticisms, in a very much more complete form, and supplemented by an examination of the more important replies made by socialists to the lectures which I delivered during the past winter in America, will be published, I hope, as a book, in the course of the coming autumn.

W. H. Mallock.

A REVIVALIST OF SIX CENTURIES AGO.

BY G. G. COULTON.

THERE is a charming essay on Religious Revivals in Mediæval Italy among the collected papers of the late J. A. Symonds. He describes in the first place the "Great Alleluia" of 1233, and the marvellous career of John of Vicenza, under whose influence north Italy seemed for a few weeks to have no business but prayer and praise and religious processions. John and his companion friars healed for a time the most inveterate feuds: city after city surrendered to them at discretion, and allowed its statutes to be made or unmade by these wandering preachers. Vivid as is Symonds's description of the Revival, he yet leaves some of the most curious details ungleaned. The Statutes of Parma, for instance, show us the friars cleansing that great cathedral of the corn which, to the scandal of the more devout, was habitually stored in its nave—just as, in the year after Dante's great vision, a Devonshire parson was found using his church as granary and brew-house combined. Again, the Franciscan Salimbene gives us many curious details of the Great Alleluia, which probably determined his own conversion. Sincere believer as he is, he nevertheless describes with great gusto the ingenious bogus miracles which his great friend Brother Gerard of Modena used to concoct in conjunction with John of Vicenza; and he assures us that many were converted by this means. He also describes how Brother John's head was turned by his success. When the great preacher was shaved during a visit to a Franciscan convent he was naïvely disappointed (it appears) that the Brethren did not pounce on the shavings for relics. Such little touches go to explain John's final fall. He demanded to be created Duke and Count of Vicenza, and used his sudden power so recklessly that he was cast into prison, from which he emerged a discredited and

neglected man. For the Great Alleluia had died away as rapidly as it rose; and within a few months family feuds and civil wars were raging worse than before.

Symonds describes other similar revivals in mediæval Italy—half sincere, half theatrical, but always fierce and short-lived. I propose here to speak of a very different mission-preacher of the same age, the greatest perhaps of all the Middle Ages, the German Berthold of Ratisbon. He, too, produced effects difficult to be imagined in these days of widely diffused education; but in him there was no touch of quackery, and his influence outlasted that of his Italian colleagues. The linden under which he preached at Glatz was still famous in the seventeenth century; and his sermons, printed in modern German as a book of living theology, are in their third edition.* Born in 1220 of an upper-class burgher family at Ratisbon, Berthold joined the Franciscans while still a youth, and was the favorite pupil of David of Augsburg, whose writings have often been attributed to St. Bonaventura. In 1250 he was already a famous preacher; until his death in 1272 he tramped from town to town, from village to village, like a Wesley or a Whitefield of later days. In this fashion he traversed Bavaria, the Rhineland, Switzerland, Swabia, Austria proper, Moravia, Bohemia, Silesia, Thuringia and Franconia. His fame was great even in Italy, and is enshrined in the early Franciscan chronicles. At this moment, especially, it may well interest a modern reader to get a glimpse of mediæval mission-preaching.

Of the effect of these sermons we have very marvellous stories, even when due allowance has been made for mediæval exaggeration. The best description of him, as we might expect, is to be found in the autobiography of his contemporary Salimbene, who always gives life to whatever he touches:

"All who have heard him say that, from the days of the Apostles even to our own, there was never his like in the German tongue. He was followed by a great multitude of men and women, sometimes to the number of sixty or a hundred thousand; or, again, the whole populations of more than one city would come together to hear the honeyed and saving words which flowed from his lips. He was wont to ascend a wooden belfry, which he used as a pulpit in country places: and they who set up the structure crowned it with a pennon, that folk might

* Regensburg, Mainz, 1873.

see whither the wind blew, and so seat themselves as to hear most clearly. And, wonderful to relate! he was heard and understood as well by the most distant as by those who sat by his side; nor did any rise to depart until he had made an end of his preaching. And when he preached of the tremendous Judgment of God, all would tremble as a rush quivers in the water; and they would beseech him for God's love to speak no more of that matter; for it grieved them beyond endurance to hear him. One day, when he was to preach in a certain place, a ploughman besought his master for God's sake to let him go and hear the sermon; but his lord answered, 'I myself shall go, but thou shalt go plough in the field with the oxen.' So, when the ploughman had set himself to plough in the field at dawn, straightway by a miracle he heard the voice of Brother Berthold preaching, though he was thirty miles distant; and forthwith he unyoked his oxen and let them feed, and sat down to listen to the sermon. And when the sermon was done he ploughed as much as he was wont to plough with a full day's work."

A precious fragment printed in the appendix to the first volume of the "*Analecta Franciscana*" reports a conversation of Berthold with St. Louis and with the King of Navarre. The latter questioned the great preacher about this reported miracle of the ploughman, and Berthold replied:

"Good my lord, believe it not, and give no faith to tales of this kind which men tell of me as though they were miracles. . . . There are certain men who, either for lucre's sake, or for some other vain cause, follow me among the rest of the multitude, and at times invent such tales and tell them to others."

Yet the real wonders he worked led inevitably to such reports. A noble lady had "followed him for six whole years from town to village, with other women that were of her company, yet could never get speech of him in private." At last, when all her money was spent, she was able to see him and tell him of her distress. He sent her to a banker in the town, who would give her (he said) "the money value of one single day of that indulgence for which she had followed Brother Berthold these six years." The banker, contemptuously humoring her fancy, was astonished to find that all his gold was as a mere feather in one scale so long as the lady breathed into the other; "for the Holy Ghost lent such weight to her breath that no weight of coin could balance that scale." He was converted, as was also a robber-knight so notorious that the burghers of the nearest city had adorned their council-hall with a fresco representing him by anticipation on the gallows.

Berthold, like all mission-preachers, especially in the Middle Ages, appealed most constantly to the simple themes of Heaven and Hell. According to an often-repeated legend, a woman was so overcome by his terrible invectives against her own besetting sin that she gave up the ghost in the middle of his sermon; but his prayers recalled her to life for just long enough to make her confession and her final peace with God. She told the horror-stricken congregation that, out of 50,000 souls which had departed at the same moment with herself, three only had been worthy even of Purgatory, and one of Heaven; the remaining 49,996 having gone straight down to hell! Something of this vivid imagination may be found in Berthold's sermons even after six hundred years. We see him addressing his vast congregations in the open air. At one moment, speaking of the glory of Transubstantiation, he says:

"Grant now that our dear Lady St. Mary, Mother of God, stood here on this fair meadow, while all the Saints and all the Angels found room around her, and that I were found worthy to see this sight. . . . I would rather turn and bow the knee before a priest bearing the Lord's body to the sick, than before our Lady St. Mary and all the Saints of the whole host of heaven."

Again, he answers an objection from his hearers:

"'Brother Berthold, thou speakest oft and oft of these devils and all their sleights; yet we never see or hear or touch or feel a single devil.'

"'Lo, now that is even the worst harm they can do thee: for, hadst thou but once seen a single devil in his true form, I should know for certain that thou wouldst never sin more. . . . If the devil came out at this moment from this forest hard by, and this city that we see before us were a burning fiery furnace heated through and through, then should ye see such a press of folk as never was seen, and never shall be seen in this world, and all thronging headlong into that burning fiery furnace!"

Berthold's sermons give a gloomy view of society even during the years between St. Francis's death and Dante's boyhood. The Pope could make and unmake emperors; Cardinals and Bishops were among the greatest princes of the day; the parish priest had inquisitorial and disciplinary rights over almost every act of his parishioners, yet the people were not only far more ignorant, but had even less of true religion than to-day. "The laity are evil, the religious are evil," is a quotation constantly recurring in Berthold's sermons. He finds himself compelled to advise his

hearers on delicate points of spiritual relationship arising from the numbers of "parson's children" which were to be found everywhere. "It often happens," he continues, "that a Bishop has children, few or many"; yet for 200 years clerical celibacy had been the strict rule of the Church. He complains that bribery and corruption are as rampant in the spiritual as in the lay courts. In consequence of the depredations of robber-nobles, "in places where there might well be two or three parish priests, there is scarce one; and even he may well be found unlearned." The pagan superstition still flourished which held it an evil omen to meet a priest the first thing in the morning. Berthold alludes to the constant tithe-quarrels; as an English bishop of the same date complains that parishioners, indignant that priests should exact tithes even of milk, revenged themselves by bringing their pailful to church and pouring it on the floor before the altar. The priest himself, again, was often excommunicate, and the whole parish involved with him in mortal sin. Nor, with all his nominal authority, could the parson put down the constant habit of Sunday work, or secure regular attendance at church. "Lo, a stinking goat of a Jew has more reverence for his holy days than thou!" The people's religious education also left much to be desired. "Many rise in the morning without even making the sign of the cross, and very likely reach the age of twenty years without being able to repeat the Lord's Prayer." Many, again, are so ignorant of the creed that they fall a prey to the first doubt suggested by the experience of life: "Ah, God! who, then, are in the right—Jews, heathens, or heretics? I know not how things stand, nor who hath the right faith." Of Bible study in the modern sense there was of course no question, nor would it have been permitted even if it had been otherwise possible. The laity are therefore warned against disputing with Jews: "For ye are unlearned, while they are learned in the Scriptures, and they have pondered carefully how they may persuade you; so that ye will be ever the weaker in faith for that dispute." As St. Louis pleaded in the same century, a layman's only valid argument in such cases was "to thrust his sword into the Jew's belly as far as it would go."

But had not the parish clergy strong auxiliaries in the swarms of friars who filled the land? The best influence of the friars was fast waning during Berthold's lifetime, though these new

Orders were scarcely half a century old. Too often the friar and the parish priest were at daggers drawn; or heretics carried on their propaganda in the name of St. Francis, just as the first Franciscan missionaries had been taken for wandering heretics. Berthold's constant and impassioned warnings show clearly (if we did not know it from other sources) how little the Roman faith could claim to reign unquestioned even during this its golden age. He reckons the heretical sects of his time at "a good hundred and fifty," and appeals to his hearers' knowledge of "how many thousand men are led astray by unfaith." The process of perversion, as he describes it, is simple. A heretic is never converted; his heart is turned to stone; "and just as crystal is petrified water, so are heretics petrified Christians: as little, therefore, as the crystal can ever be turned to water again, so little can a heretic be turned back to Christianity, however fresh and green he may be in his heresy."* On the other hand, it is only too easy to make a Catholic into a heretic. The preacher illustrates this through one of his most picturesque, and least accurate, illustrations from natural history. Playing upon the German names for *heretic* and *cat (Ketzer, Katze),* he says:

"No household beast can work so great harm in so short a time as this, more especially in summer: let all take good heed of the cat. She goes away and licks a toad, under some hedge or wheresoever she may find it, until the toad begins to bleed; then the poison makes her thirsty, and she comes and drinks at the same water whereat men drink, and defiles it, so that many a man is sick for half a year, or a whole year long, or even to his life's end; or it may be that he takes his sudden death therefrom. Or again the cat drinks so greedily that a drop falls from her eye into the water, or that she sneezes therein: and he who uses that water must taste of bitter death. . . . Wherefore, ye folk, drive her away, for the breath that cometh from her throat is most unsound and perilous: let her be driven forth from the kitchen or from wheresoever ye may be, for she is deadly unclean. And thence also hath the heretic his name of *Ketzer,* since in all his ways he is like no beast so much as a cat. He goes as demurely (*geistlich*) to other folk, and speaks as sweetly and can bear himself as softly as any cat; and even so suddenly has he defiled men's bodies. He holds so sweet speech of God and the angels, that thou wouldst swear a thousand oaths that he is an angel himself; yet he is the devil incarnate. And he promises to let thee see an angel, and teach thee to see God with thy bodily eyes:

* The contemporary Dominican preacher, Etienne de Bourbon, complains also that heretics too often know their Bible far better than Catholics, and that, while many are perverted from the faith, practically none are ever reconverted. He explains it ingeniously: wine often turns to vinegar, but never vinegar to wine.

yet he hath swiftly parted thee from thy Christian faith, and thou art lost for evermore. . . . Had I a sister in a country wherein were only one heretic, yet that one heretic would keep me in fear for her, so noisome is he. Therefore let all folk take heed of him. I myself, by God's grace, am as fast rooted in the Christian faith as any Christian man should rightly be; yet, rather than dwell knowingly one brief fortnight in the same house with a heretic, I would dwell a whole year with five hundred devils! What, heretic! art thou by chance in this congregation? I pray to Almighty God that there be none here present!"

These sermons explain, almost more plainly than any other document, the state of mind which drove honest and good Catholics into such wholesale and systematic barbarities as we can scarcely think of without a shudder. If, even in the Age of Faith *par excellence,* faith was so frail as to be shattered by the least breath, and heresy so strong as to resist all orthodox arguments, then persecution was plainly the only resource of men who denied to the heretic the name of Christian, and looked upon him and his as mere food for hell-fire. Nor does Berthold show us only heresy rampant; he constantly alludes to free thought also. But for the stern repression of the Jews, he thinks that they might have succeeded in smothering Christianity altogether. Again, men found it hard to understand why Cato should be in hell with Nero: a point which may explain Dante's promotion of the former to Purgatory. Again:

"Many say, 'the man who is used to hell is more at his ease there than anywhere else.' That is a great lie; for man can never be used to hell. . . . Some also say—I have heard it even from learned folk—that our Lord makes for many a man some mansion and comfort in hell, that no pain may torment him. That again is a lie and a heresy. . . . Many again preach openly that, whether a man do well or ill, he will be saved if he be destined to salvation; and, however well he do all through the world, he must go to hell if hell be appointed for him."

This, of course, is the predestinarian fatalism which many modern writers imagine Calvin to have invented, though Joinville and Salimbene show us how common it was among the sceptical upper classes in the thirteenth century in France and Italy. But the most popular arguments of mediæval sceptics were drawn from the lives of the clergy:

"Men say . . . 'we see none that work such evil as the parsons, nor that do such injustice, as may be seen daily: pay no heed therefore to what the parsons tell thee.' This is the root of almost all unbelief and heresy."

This brings us back again to the body of nominal believers: yet even here the picture is no brighter. The system of Indulgences was comparatively new, and far as yet from that colossal pardon traffic which shocked Luther; yet even Luther scarcely spoke more strongly than Berthold:

"Fie, penny-preacher, murderer of mankind! . . . Thou promisest so much pardon for a single penny or halfpenny that many thousands trust thee and dream they have atoned for all their sins with the penny or halfpenny, as thou pratest to them. So they will never repent, but go hence to hell and are lost forever. . . . Thou hast murdered true penitence amongst us!"

Almost equally fatal was the trust in pilgrimages. Many deliberately ran up a long bill of sins in accordance with the devil's suggestion: "put off (repentance) until thou hast gained and laid up money; and then do penance bravely with a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, or a Lententide in Rome, or a journey to Compostella." Moreover, the pilgrim's extravagance often reduces wife and child to poverty; while he himself "gorges himself so that he comes back far fatter than he went, and has long tales of all that he saw, which he dins into men's ears during service and sermon-time." For the custom which made "Paul's Walk" into a sort of Piccadilly for our Stuart ancestors was simply the survival of a mediæval abuse. St. Bernardino's sermons show us the churches filled with folk who came in and went out when they liked, and scarcely suspended talk and laughter to doff their hoods for a moment at the elevation of the Host. Berthold returns again and again to such irreverences:

"Men talk nowadays in church as if they were at market, calling across to each other and boasting and telling what each has seen in foreign lands; so that one man may easily trouble six or ten who would gladly be silent. . . . And ye women! ye never let your mouths rest from unprofitable babble. One complains to another of her maid-servant, how greedy she is of sleep and how loth to work; another tells of her husband; a third of her children, how this one is a weariness, and that other thriveth not. To what devil art thou complaining thus in church?"

The churchyard was used for fairs and markets, with all their attendant disorders, and for indecent pagan dances that were practised now on Christian festivals; it deserved no longer its old German name of "*Friedhof*," or Court of Peace. Nor were these dances the most painful relics of paganism. The mass

itself had become a mere pagan incantation, to all practical purposes, for the majority of the laity. Berthold is preaching reverence for the Mass, and one of the congregation expostulates with him:

"But, Brother Berthold, we understand not the Mass, and cannot pray thereat so well as we should, nor feel so great reverence as if we understood it. We understand every word of the sermon, but the Mass we understand not, nor know what is being read or sung; we cannot comprehend it."

The preacher therefore spends the rest of his sermon in giving a rough explanation of the service. No wonder that the holy wafer, the holy oils, the holy water in the font, needed to be kept under lock and key from the common people, who used them as engines of sorcery:

"Many of the village folk would come to heaven, were it not for their witchcrafts. . . . The woman has spells for getting a husband, spells for her marriage; spells on this side and on that; spells before the child is born, before the christening, after the christening; and all she gains with her spells is that her child fares the worse all its life long. . . . Ye men, it is much marvel that ye lose not your wits for the monstrous witchcrafts that women practise on you!"

Like all mediæval moralists, he is never weary of gibing at women's dress:

"They take a bit of cloth, and twitch it hither and twitch it thither; they gild it here and there with gold thread, and spend thereon all their time and trouble . . . they will spend a good six months' work on a single veil, which is sinful great travail. . . . They itch for praise, and to hear men say 'Lord! how fair! was ever aught so fair?' Yet our Lady was far fairer than thou, but humble withal; so was St. Margaret, and many saints more."

"'But, Brother Berthold, we do it for the goodman's sake, that he may gaze the less on other women.'"

To which Berthold answers with the pitiless logic of a man and a bachelor. If the goodman be honest, he will care more for your chaste conversation than for your outward adornment; if he be wanton, all your "crimple-crispings" and "christy-crosties" and gold thread will not avail to fix his wandering eyes. Encouraged by these words of sober reason, a man's voice is raised amid the congregation:

"Alas! Brother Berthold, . . . I have ofttimes besought my wife, first kindly and then sternly; but she would never leave her follies. I

fear to tear one gewgaw from her lest she go and buy another twice as dear, and my last loss be worse than the first."

The friar's answer, ungallant as it sounds to modern ears, is the true voice of the thirteenth century, from the king to the beggar, from the moralist to the poet or romancer:

"Come, man, take heart of grace; art thou not a man, and hast not a sword by thy side? Wilt thou be lightly overcome by a distaff? Pluck up thy courage, take heart, and tear it from her head, even though thou tear away a hair or twain therewithal; and cast all together into the fire! Do thus not thrice or four times only; then will she leave her follies. Man should be woman's lord and master."

Berthold has his own definite ideas, too, about children. Why is there such mortality among rich folk's children in especial?

"Because the baby's sister makes him a mess of pap, and coaxes it into him. Now his little belly is soon filled, and the pap begins to bubble out; but she coaxes it in and in. Then comes his aunt, and does the same. Then comes his nurse, and cries, 'Alas, my child has eaten naught this day!' and sets herself to coax the pap in again, as before. Meanwhile the child whimpers and tosses its little limbs."

Don't you know (asks Berthold in another place) how your bodies are made? The stomach hangs in the middle, for all the world like a great caldron; and next it lies the liver, by whose heat the pot is kept boiling. If you fill it too full, what can it do but boil over?—hence come heartburn, fevers, dropsy, and all the ills that flesh is heir to.

An article like this can give only a slight idea of the wealth which Berthold offers to students of the past. There are few works equally accessible and equally rich in hints for the student of manners. The great Revivalist will not teach us pharisaical content with our own civilization; but he may well cure us of impotent hankerings after a dead past.

G. G. COULTON.

THE INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

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THE scheme for an intercontinental railway has elements of fascination. The idea of a railway, built for the avowed purpose of connecting the capitals of the fifteen nations of the three Americas, seizes the imagination, for it belongs to that class of large-sounding and inclusive schemes another of which is the parliament of the nations to preserve the peace of the world.

Thus far, everybody is in favor of the railway. The time for contributions to finance the scheme has not arrived. This is, furthermore, a time when engineering feats have so nearly approached the miraculous that one of the world's greatest engineers may be pardoned for his recent statement that, given money enough and time enough, nothing is impossible.

This certainly includes the Intercontinental Railway, but there is a great difference between what is possible and what is feasible; and, in the writer's opinion, it is the neglect to give proper weight to this difference which has caused this railway scheme to be heralded as belonging to the practical class.

It was surveyed in 1891-93, as a result of Mr. Blaine's first Pan-American Congress. It is most natural that that body should have favored it. It could, indeed, scarcely have been otherwise. A Pan-American Congress can develop much enthusiasm over the scheme. Representation and voting are by nations, and most of the nations, having a meagre supply of railways, and a yet more meagre supply of funds, see a possibility of having their lands developed by a railway built by outside interests. Such desire resides in all communities.

New industries are always welcomed. Enthusiasm among

the people to be benefited by a railway is not the surest guarantee of its early construction. A better guarantee of this is to be found among those who must furnish the funds.

The writer happens to own an abandoned farm on which he occasionally seeks summer repose. The farm cost nearly four dollars an acre, buildings included. If the warring interests of Goulds and Vanderbilts should find that that tract of land appeared to be necessary for some transcontinental scheme, the prospect of their paying about a hundred dollars an acre for part of it, and putting a town on the rest, would probably develop on the part of its owner some enthusiasm for the new railway. By the same reasoning, it is easy to see why a practically bankrupt Spanish-American nation should favor the railway project at Pan-American Congresses. The population of the nation probably comprises a few hundred thousand people, of whom the overwhelming majority are illiterate Indians and half-breeds. They have practically no capital, the building of several hundred miles of very expensive railway would employ the available labor for years, and the consequent expenditure of millions of good international gold would produce cheerfully trickling streams of commerce in the place of the present stagnation.

The first thing to be done by any set of railway promoters is to examine into the traffic possibilities of the proposed route, and, before proceeding with the expenditure of capital, to assure themselves that there will be sufficient employment to enable it to earn adequate returns.

The idea of an intercontinental railway has the necessary counterpart of intercontinental traffic for it to carry, or there is no use for the completed road. Unless the traffic between South America and North America would use such a railway, it would be a shameful waste of money to complete the road; and the writer of this paper claims that there is practically no traffic future for such a road under any conditions now discernible.

Such a prediction about proposed enterprises is not new. It has been made about each of our transcontinental roads in turn, and yet they have eclipsed even the most roseate hopes of their ardent champions. Their success has come about by the unexpected development along their lines of industry and traffic which no other agency could transport. The essential difference between these roads and the Pan-American is the fact that increase of in-

dustry along the line of the latter does not make through-freight for it. That will be carried down to the sea by a hundred little local railways and transported in ships.

Before the railway could be graded, the Panama Canal will probably be open to the shipping of the world. The problem then becomes one of competition between a water route and a land route, with all the handicaps on the land route.

An examination of an accurate map shows how hopelessly the railway route is distanced as a connection between New York or Washington and any South-American capital. Strange to say, the west coast of South America is practically a continuation in longitude of the east coast of the United States. The longitude of New York is the longitude of Peru, and Chile actually lies to the east of the American metropolis. The Gulf of Mexico penetrates fully half the width of the northern continent, and the land route must circle around it. The proposed intercontinental trunk line from the United States enters Mexico at Laredo, a point west of Chicago, west of the Missouri River, even west of Topeka, Kansas; and then the line must gradually work its way eastward again through Mexico, Central America and the Isthmus of Panama to the longitude of New York. In bold outline, the proposed railway route from New York to Peru has the suggestive shape of a huge reversed question-mark. In addition to this bold continental curve, we must consider the thousands of local deviations necessary to the fitting of a railway line to the inequalities of the rough land surface. In amazing contrast to this is the almost straight line by which a ship will drop down the longitude from New York to western South America, which will actually become as near as Europe. Brought down to figures, these are the distances: from New York to Guayaquil, the port of Ecuador, by railway about 6,500 miles, by the Panama Canal 2,864; to Callao, the port of Lima, the adjacent capital of Peru, by rail, about 7,600 miles, by Panama Canal 3,359 miles. A little thinking on these figures shows the utter hopelessness and uselessness of the railway as a through carrier for anything but the leisurely traveller who, in search of novelty, might happen to fancy such a route.

The railway is superior to the ocean as a means of transport in one respect—speed. There is always a certain amount of traffic that will go by the quickest route, regardless of cost; as a consequence, railroads can thrive in populous regions with waterways

alongside. Such lines as the Trans-Siberian and the American Transcontinental roads can get through traffic because the competing sea routes are much longer and slower. Yet the sea routes, though longer, have their place, for they are cheaper for the user. A vast traffic can afford to go no other way, or can at least make a profit by taking the longer and slower route. Witness, in proof of the truth of this statement, the great procession of steamers from Chicago to Buffalo. These two ports are connected over a nearly straight level route by a dozen railway tracks less than two-thirds as long as the water route, yet the water route prospers, and the people of New York have decided to expend a hundred millions of dollars to continue it to the Hudson, although even that expenditure will only give a canal floating a barge one-tenth as capacious as a good lake or ocean steamer. Because of this fundamental factor of cheapness in water transportation, our ever-increasing and prosperous continental railways have not lessened the demand of the American people for the cheaper but slower Panama Canal route.

But, while the canal route from New York to Ecuador and Peru is cheaper than the rail route, the overwhelming part of the argument is that it is so much shorter than the rail route that it will be also quicker. The route possessing the dual advantages of cheapness and speed is economically unassailable.

Inasmuch as neither route is complete, proof should follow this statement of sea advantages, and in this proof present actualities should receive due consideration. Present practice gives small promise for the future railway. It is true that an express-train can run nearly three times as fast as a steamship, but there is a great difference between the express-train speed that can be made on a trunk-line railroad in the eastern United States or on the Great Plains and on such a new mountain road as most of the Pan-American will be. The famous Trans-Siberian is again open to travellers. It amazed the world by its traffic performance under an American trained man during the Japanese War, and a well-known agency is now offering to put tourists through with continuous run in sleeping-cars from Moscow to Vladivostok, 5,261, miles, in fourteen days, if the train is on time. Freight-trains would probably be slower than a sleeping-car express. Such are the delays of freight-trains, shiftings and freight-yards, that it takes about three weeks for goods to cross the American continent un-

der the best calculations; and on the main lines of the Pennsylvania and of the Baltimore and Ohio railroads, on the level plain from Philadelphia to Baltimore, the freight-steamer that goes poking through the canal by night insures quicker delivery than do the railroads, because the boats always go from wharf to wharf overnight, and the freight-cars sometimes get delayed in the yards.

We have some exceedingly instructive comparisons on the Pan-American route which this railway proposes to serve and aid. The steamship line from New York to Colon makes the mail time from New York to that port, 1,920 miles, between six and seven days. To the City of Mexico (by rail) it is five days—the distance, 2,989 miles—over American railways that were built for commercial purposes over comparatively level country. That leaves the Pan-American railway but a day and a half in which to overtake the steamers at Panama, and in that day and a half it must pass over 2,100 miles of jungle, swamp, mountain and plain—a clearly impossible feat for a day and a half. Yet the innocent victor in this race, the Panama steamship line, is not noted as a speedy one. If the traffic required it, there would be little difficulty in raising the speed to that of second-class trans-Atlantic steamers and cutting the time down to five days, the same as the railway mail time to Mexico City, 2,100 miles to the northwest.

The rather startling discovery has recently been made that, of the ten-thousand-odd miles of railway needed to connect New York and Buenos Ayres, nearly two-thirds were already completed in the various links now existing in the thirteen countries *en route*. Laying aside for a moment all questions of distance, the character of the uncompleted links is forbidding in the extreme.

Every one of these is either thoroughly tropical or thoroughly mountainous. Some of them maintain both of these characteristics, and several are covered by tropic forest, jungle and swamp. For this latter class of difficulties, the history of enterprises at Panama is a great teacher. The Panama railway is forty-seven miles long, and cost eight million dollars ($170,000 per mile). No one knows the number of lives that this railway cost. In sixty days an importation of Chinese coolies was reduced from a working force of 1,000 to 200. Present sanitary knowledge has made such conditions unlikely for the future, but the occurrence is not the

less suggestive. According to geographers, this is not the worst part of the Isthmus. In the Choco, a region farther east, where the Isthmus bends around toward South America, it is declared that it rains almost continuously. The experience of the Intercontinental Railway commission's surveying corps there was interesting. The forests and jungles were so thick that the commission proceeded in a sail-boat from Panama to the Gulf of San Miguel, 110 miles east. Streams flowing into this body of water from the east and west were ascended as far as possible; and then, desiring to get into the basin of the Atrato, seventy-five miles away in Colombia, the corps discreetly declined to attack a trackless wild, but decided upon a flank movement. They sailed back to Panama, crossed to Colon, took a European steamer to Cartagena, three hundred miles east on the Colombian coast, and came back to the Atrato in a coasting steamer.

This is not narrated in criticism of the surveying corps. They were a plucky group. I have rarely read more heroic tales than their account of that survey; but they had a certain ground to cover and a limited amount of time and money, and their survey of the Panama region, with its difficulties, had to be more theoretical than real. And Panama stretches its weary length for six hundred and twelve miles, according to the survey, and the same physical conditions reach over into Colombia for two hundred miles more before reaching the uplands of Colombia. The deep and swamp-flanked Atrato River must also be crossed here.

Another physical drawback is found in the fact that the unconstructed road must run for most of its length across drainage systems. Any one who has either looked out of car windows in travelling or has examined on maps the location of railways has observed that it is the custom for the railway in a hilly land to follow streams. This is as true for the Altai or the Alps as it is for the Appalachians or Rockies. The railway that crosses the mountains follows up the natural incline made by a stream eroding its valley, and, passing through a gap, goes down the other side in like manner. Such is the method of our Rocky Mountain roads. But from Mexico to Argentina the proposed Pan-American route must go parallel to the ocean and parallel to the mountain ranges in a region that is usually mountainous, and the road-bed must be carried most of the distance across the continuous succession of valleys made by the streams running from the

mountains to the sea. Two alternatives exist. Uneven surface may be avoided by following the shore plain. This has the disadvantage of crossing the streams where they are large, requiring much expense for bridges. These plains close to the sea are usually sparsely peopled in comparison with the upland, are often marshy and are subject to flood. A twenty-four-hour shower visited one of the camps of an Isthmian Canal Commission surveying corps in Nicaragua in 1899, and during its progress twenty-three inches of rain fell. The Chagres River in Panama, the great problem of the canal-builders, has been known to rise fifty feet in a few hours. These are suggestive facts for the coast-swamp railroad builder.

The other alternative in track location is to follow the plateau where the population is centred, and cross the streams where they produce a succession of deep valleys and sharp intervening ridges. In Central America, the route selected is usually near the shore. In most of Colombia it has the good fortune to follow the longitudinal valleys between the Andean ranges; but, when the Ecuadorian boundary is reached, a shore-plain route is so palpably useless that the survey commission boldly essayed a chaos of mountains in the mighty Andes. This system already possesses the highest railroad track in the world, not excepting the cog-wheel climbers of Pike's Peak and the Alps. The building of eighty-six miles of the Oroya line in the Peruvian mountains cost twenty-seven million dollars, three hundred thousand dollars a mile, and the lives of seven thousand men. This is about enough men to conquer all Europe if the battle losses of the Spanish war should be taken as a true guide.

The proposed twenty-four hundred miles through Ecuador and Peru are through a region unique among mountains. The Andean system here consists of two or more huge ranges, with intervening valleys cut up by cross-ranges which connect the main ranges as the rungs of a ladder connect the uprights. These intervening short valleys are drained by streams breaking through the main ranges and flowing off to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The track must climb from river system to river system over these cross-ranges. In Ecuador alone the continental divide is crossed by the projected line so often that the road is divided into ten parts, four of them draining to the Pacific and six into the Atlantic. In 500 miles of proposed Ecuadorian location to the

south of Quito the elevations of these continental divides are as follows, and the accompanying table shows the intervening depth to which the track sinks:

Divides.	Valleys.	Difference
11,540	8,604	2,936
10,813	7,632	3,181
10,888	8,100	2,788
9,370	7,100	2,270
10,080	7,138	2,942
8,250	5,476	2,774
9,390	3,000	6,390

Intervening spurs are also often crossed between these continental divides, making the actual climbing much greater than the difference-table indicates. But the grand engineering prize of the whole system should probably be withheld for the builder of the link that is planned to connect the railway from Lima with the one to the Lake Titicaca basin. This line is badly entangled with the head streams of the Amazon system. The 1,338th mile south from Quito has an elevation of 14,715 feet; fourteen miles beyond is a river at 5,759; twenty-two miles farther is another ridge of 12,900, and the next stream is 6,050. It is not surprising that the thirty-six miles of distance between those two ridges becomes ninety-two as the track is planned to make the 16,000 feet of descent and ascent from ridges to stream. In addition, also, are minor grades across minor ridges. This region is only to be classed with the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The ninety-two miles of road are an endless climb along the precipitous sides of the sharp and unpeopled valleys, bridging a succession of gullies, chasms and gorges. At one place, a single straight line on the map will cross the track thirteen times as it bends and twists upon itself and winds and burrows in the earth in the wild endeavor to cross a cañon four miles wide where the stream has an elevation of 6,000 feet, and one bank 7,000 and the other 10,500 feet.*

In comparison with this particular Andean specimen, and it is only a specimen, the crossing of the Alps and Rockies seems like child's play. The St. Gothard pass is 6,936 feet above the sea, Great Bernard 8,110 feet, Simplon 6,590, the Brenner 4,490. The plain on the north side of the Alps is about 2,000 feet alti-

* Those persons wishing to examine the detail maps are referred to maps 45 and 46, Report of Corps 3, Intercontinental Railway Commission.

tude, and but one of the Alpine passes has a railroad through it, although there are several tunnels; yet this one Peruvian Cordillera, with no particular name, imposes upon the Pan-American builder a climb higher than from the sea-level to the highest of the Great Alpine passes. The Rocky Mountain railroads start from a plateau which reduces their greatest climbing to two-thirds, and usually much less than two-thirds, of that required by the nameless Cordillera of Peru.

The Pan-American railway, as planned with its double switchbacks, its corkscrew tunnels and flying bridges, probably calls for more mountain-climbing than all the railroads of the Rockies or the Alps, and may equal the two combined. Time and again, it must overtop Pike's Peak. It passes for hundreds of miles along the face of steep mountain slopes—an ideal location for rockfalls and landslides, avalanches and washouts. It runs also through jungle, swamp and flooded plain lands empty and uninhabitable, and from the economic standpoint more forbidding than Sahara. As a through carrier between the North and South, it will have to compete with the majestic steamer proceeding at will, and but half as far, over the toll-less and peaceful Pacific, with but a twelve-hour delay at Panama, and then onward over the well-known tracks to New Orleans or New York.

It is claimed that the road should be built, anyhow, for local need. Much of it should be built for this purpose; but it must be remembered that the prime transport need of this whole region, from Mexico southward, is for the railroads to go on as they have begun and multiply the already numerous small lines that run from a port directly inland, and give the land as soon as possible the priceless and unrivalled boon of water transportation. For a thousand miles of road in the region of Panama, and another thousand in the defiles and plateaus of Peru, there is no need for local traffic.

There is not even the call for local trade from country to country *en route*. There would of course be some travel, but goods are exchanged between regions having differences in production. The economic sameness of the Spanish-American countries is amazing—in the highlands minerals, hides and wool, in the lowlands coffee and the same round of tropical produce. Each Central-American country is like its neighbor, and all are like the adjacent parts of Mexico. Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia are

as much alike as Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, and among them they produce nothing of importance that is not also produced in Central America. The great natural basis for trade on this route is in the exchange of the products of temperate North America and the tropics, especially South America, and for this exchange the sea will apparently always suffice. This road proposes to make the Isthmus an economic connecter of the two continents. It is really much in the way. It is a commercial hindrance, not a commercial link; it has, from its discovery in 1519, been so regarded, and the American nation is now wisely engaged in spending two hundred millions of treasure to tear a shipway through it.

Might the Pan-American railway save the continent, in case a clash of arms had arisen over the Monroe Doctrine? The road would certainly be of no use before we lost control of the seas, and it would be equally useless afterward, for its defence would be impossible. The part of it on foreign soil is longer than the Trans-Siberian Railway.

No warfare could be much simpler than for parties of marines to land and break the track somewhere, indeed almost anywhere, between the boundaries of Mexico and Peru. In places, it could be successfully bombarded from war-ships and gunboats.

There appears to be little real reason to anticipate investment for the complete Pan-American railway either by private capital, by the United States Government, or by the countries to be traversed by the proposed line.

J. Russell Smith.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

SOME time ago, in a letter to M. Augustin Filon, I expressed my regret that he had never committed himself upon the unsafe subject of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Although M. Filon's "The English Stage" was published in 1897, it contains no reference to Mr. Shaw as a dramatist; yet the omission was scarcely an oversight. While a number of Mr. Shaw's plays had by that time already been produced in England, the "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," in two volumes, were not published until May, 1898. Owing to many contradictory aspects of Mr. Shaw, M. Filon found it no easy matter to form a just opinion of him; but, at last gathering courage for the daring act, he wrote a long and penetrating critique for the *"Revue des Deux Mondes."** This essay, he afterwards graciously wrote me, was due in no small measure to my suggestion. The real reason, however, for the appearance of such an article was the remarkable prominence so suddenly gained by Mr. Shaw as a dramatic artist, and the clamorous demands by the most cultured of London's playgoers for the production of his principal plays. Mr. Shaw was thus "canonized" in France; his genius had been recognized in Great Britain a few months before by an exhaustive and highly sympathetic essay in the safe and sane "Edinburgh Review."† These two able appreciations were not merely adventitious tributes to Mr. Shaw's genius; they were, so to speak, barometric indications of the state of the literary atmosphere. As produced by Mr. Arnold Daly and Mr. Robert Loraine, a number of Mr. Shaw's best known plays achieved a gratifying measure of popular success in the United States — a popular success unparalleled even by Mr.

* "*M. Bernard Shaw et son Théâtre*," November, 1905.
† "The Plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw," April, 1905.

Richard Mansfield's rarely artistic productions of "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple" of the previous decade.

These various tributes to the signal abilities of Mr. Shaw, both as literary artist and as popular dramatist, were in themselves sufficient to stamp him as a notable figure in the pantheon of contemporary letters. But unto all these things was added the final seal of authority, the production of his plays upon the greatest stages of German Europe. Late in 1902 the translation into German of three of his plays appeared from the pen of Herr Siegfried Trebitsch, the Viennese novelist and dramatist; and, shortly afterwards, Dr. Georg Brandes, among the two or three greatest living literary critics, hailed the advent into European circles of "the most advanced of contemporary British dramatists." The brilliant Viennese dramatist, the author of *"Der Apostel,"* Herr Hermann Bahr, wrote an epochal critique of Mr. Shaw and his works, which went far to assure Mr. Shaw a gracious hearing in Vienna. *"Ein Teufelskerl"* ("The Devil's Disciple") was produced at the Raimund Theatre, Vienna, on February 25th, 1903; *"Der Schlachtenlenker"* ("The Man of Destiny") at the Schauspielhaus, Frankfort a. M., on April 21st; "Candida" at the Königliches Schauspielhaus, Dresden, on November 19th. That greatest of modern actor-managers, Max Reinhardt, produced "Candida" and *"Der Schlachtenlenker"* at the Neues Theatre, Berlin, in the spring of 1904, Germany's leading actress, Agnes Sorma, assuming the principal feminine rôles. Mr. Shaw's plays continued to appear upon some of the most artistic stages of Germany and Austria; Candida was interpreted by Sorma, Petri and Salbach, Bluntschli by Sommerstorff and Jarno, Dudgeon by Wiene and Wehrlin, Napoleon by Reinhardt, Morell by Reicher, Valentine by Korff, Cleopatra by Eysoldt, and Cæsar by Steinrück. *"Helden"* ("Arms and the Man") was successfully produced at Copenhagen by its Danish translator, the distinguished scholar, Dr. Carl Mantzius; and *"Ein Teufelskerl"* met with favor on the principal stage of Buda Pesth. "Candida" was praised in Paris as a new solution of the feminist problem; and in St. Petersburg reviews, Mr. Shaw was rated far above Pinero and Jones, and elevated to the pedestal of European fame. In England, justly enough, in view of the injustice long done Mr. Shaw by the es-

tablished theatrical managements of London's West End, a veritable "Shaw festival" was inaugurated at the Royal Court Theatre in 1904-5, under the auspices of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, a manager of high artistic sensibility, and Mr. H. Granville Barker, one of England's most brilliant and versatile young actors of the modern school. "John Bull's Other Island," dubbed a "masterpiece of comedy" by staid old "Blackwood's," captivated the culture and fashion of London, headed by the King, the premier, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Since that time the ablest plays of Mr. Shaw, especially those which are distinctly *du théâtre,* have been successfully produced under the Vedrenne-Barker management. Mr. Shaw's plays are now being translated into French, German, Danish and Norwegian; and a comprehensive biography of him promises within the year to appear simultaneously in England and America.*

Not lightly to be dismissed is this mass of evidence in support of the contention, made in certain quarters, that Mr. Shaw is the ablest among living British dramatists. Yet, such a contention could scarcely be expected to pass unchallenged in England, where Mr. Pinero is still enthusiastically hailed—by that audience to whom he has shrewdly made so many concessions—as the premier dramatist of Great Britain. It is only necessary to cast one's eyes over the whole group of British dramatists and briefly consider their reception abroad as interpreters of the world-movement, in order to dispose of their claims, as against those of Mr. Shaw. Every now and then, it is true, one sees on a foreign stage such broadly popular plays as "Charley's Aunt," "Trilby," "Sweet Lavender," "The Middleman" and "When We Were Twenty-One"; certain plays of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Phillips have recently been seen upon the German stage. When Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "*Schattenspiel*" ("Masqueraders") was produced abroad it was regarded, aside from a few clever Ibsenic observations which it contained, as little better than crude melodrama. Mr. Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," produced at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, on January 13th, 1900, was pro-

* The principal productions of Mr. Shaw's plays during the past dramatic season are as follows: "Man and Superman," Berlin and Vienna; "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Vienna; "Candida," Brussels; "The Doctor's Dilemma," Court Theatre, London (Granville Barker); "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," New York (Ellen Terry); "Cæsar and Cleopatra," New York (J. Forbes-Robertson).

nounced to be "*reichlich langweilig und . . . ein bedauerliches Zeichen für den Tiefstand des englischen Geschmack.*" After a visit to England for the purpose of studying the contemporary British drama, a prominent dramatic critic of St. Petersburg wrote a series of critical articles in the most advanced of Russian reviews, in which he railed at Mr. William Archer for claiming, on the strength of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones, that England does not now shrink from comparison with Continental Europe in matters dramatic. In this Russian critic's opinion, Mr. Shaw alone among contemporary British dramatists has struck a new note and brought a message for this and the coming generation. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones he finds Philistine to the core, attributing their success to their unconscious fidelity to the sentiments and prejudices of the middle class. Of the plays of Mr. Pinero, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Iris," "The Gay Lord Quex," "The Profligate," "The Magistrate," "Sweet Lavender" and possibly two or three more, have been produced abroad, with varying success, and sometimes virtual failure. Only "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," however —the toast of Archer, Brandes, Courtney, Filon—has taken a high and fixed place in Continental repertory, it appears; and upon this play alone, regarded by many able critics as lacking in the essential elements of great tragedy, rests Mr. Pinero's claim to recognition, by foreign critics and public, as the premier dramatist of Great Britain. Fittingly enough, Mr. Shaw's only rival in the matter of European laurels is his fellow countryman and fellow townsman, Oscar Wilde, generally regarded abroad as a "World-Poet." Not without its touch of humor is the significant circumstance that the British drama gains its greatest stage triumphs abroad, not through the works of English dramatists championed by Archer, Walkley and Courtney, but through the works of countrymen of Swift and Sheridan, Goldsmith and Lever—of two Irishmen!* It may, of course, be true, as able

* As testimony to the entrance of Wilde and Shaw into European place and fame, compare the recent utterance of the distinguished critic, Dr. Carl Hagemann ("*Aufgaben des modernen Theaters*"): "*Neben den anerkannten Vertretern der Bühne der Lebenden (Ibsen, Hauptmann, Schnitzler und andere — im Musikdrama: Wagner) müssen auch die Jüngeren und Jüngsten erscheinen (alle die Wedekind, Hoffmannsthal, Vollmoeller, Eulenberg, Wilde, Shaw, Strindberg—im Musikdrama: Strauss, Schillings, Humperdinck, Weingartner, Pfitzner, Blech, Siegfried Wagner).*"

critics have asserted, that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is "the most English of living dramatic authors, the one who expresses most brilliantly and most sincerely the spirit of his generation and his race"; and that Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero is "the one English playwright in whom the realistic genius of the nineteenth century finds full and adequate expression." The attitude of Mr. Jones is best summed up in his own view that, in all matters of the modern drama, England is no better than a parish, "with 'parochial' judgments, 'parochial' instincts, and 'parochial' ways of looking at things"; yet not the width of his views, nor the breadth of his ideas, nor the solid forthrightness of his art has yet enabled his plays successfully to span the Channel. With all his debonair and facile skill, his rhythmical undulation of emotional process, his intuitive instinct for dramatic values, and, above all, that "immense correspondence with life" which he effects with such realistic, yet artistic, sincerity, Mr. Pinero lacks the indispensable intellectual detachment, the supreme volitive conviction which must ineffaceably stamp the philosophic interpreter of modern life. Eye on the public, ear to the ground, these two men of talent dare to write plays which have conclusions but no *dénouements,* lightly and cynically compromise with morality, and find much profit in tossing huge chunks of crudely Philistine religious sentiment to that coy monster, the British public.

Mr. Shaw, it seems to me, is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced. It is not enough to say that his own frankly egoistic view of himself indubitably supports this estimate. The question here is not what Mr. Bernard Shaw may chance to think, or at least say he thinks, about himself: it is a question of fact. As a playwright, Mr. Shaw demands a distinct redistribution of dramatic values; lacking this, his dramatic career is a mere comedy, and he the Autolycus of the piece. Sympathetically appreciated in the spirit of the evolutional trend of modern, even ultra-modern, drama, he is a figure of unusual significance. Rigidly judged according to the conventional and popular canons of dramatic art, he runs the risk of being regarded as a charlatan and an impostor.

Whether as yet accurately formulated in standard works of dramatic criticism or not, the fact remains that a clear and demarcative line of division runs across the drama of to-day. On

one side of this line fall that vast majority of plays—serious drama, comedy, melodrama, farce—which accord more or less rigidly with the established canons and authoritative traditions of dramatic art. On the other side fall the persistently crescent minority of plays which break away from the old conventions and set up new precedents for formulation by the Freytag of the future. In the first class are found those works of art which are founded upon emotion, live solely in and for the dramatic moment, and treat of the universal themes of time and age, character and destiny, life and death. They receive their impulse from eternal and enduring, rather than from topical or transitory, aspects of human life; and draw their inspiration as much, if not more, from the literature of the past as from the human pageant of the present. In the second class are found those works which start into life through the quickening touch of the contemporary; which seek an interpretation of society through the illuminative, transmutative intermediaries of all that is newest, most vitally fecund, most prophetic in the science, sociology, art and religion of to-day; and which endeavor, through faithful portraiture of the present, to detect and reveal the traits and qualities of human nature in its permanent and immutable aspects. The authors of such works find their themes chiefly in the crucial instances of to-day, the conflict of humanity with current institutions, of human wills with existent circumstances, and they have for their end a humanitarian ideal: the exposure of civic abuse, the redress of social wrong, and the regeneration, redemption and reform of society—not less than artistic fidelity to fact, satiric unmasking of human folly, and veritistic embodiment of human passion. To the one class belong Shakespeare, Calderon, Schiller, Rostand; to the other, Charles Reade, Ibsen, Gorki, Brieux. It is a fundamental characteristic of Bernard Shaw that he belongs to the second class—in this respect he is sealed of the tribe of Rousseau, Dumas *fils*, Zola and Tolstoi.

Through the powerful social thrust of modern art, there has forged to the front a new and disquieting force. As an isolated phenomenon, this force has occasionally made its appearance in the past; but as a distinct genus it may justly be regarded as a creation of the new social order. To scoff at rather than to study, to dismiss cavalierly rather than to examine conscientiously, this new force, were as short-sighted and senseless as to deny its exist-

ence. We are in duty bound to consider and to weigh, carefully and critically, the claims of this "dramatist of the future" as opposed to the classic virtues of the dramatist working frankly in the manner of tradition. The dramatist who conforms to popular and critical standards is an artist facile in revealing either character in action or action in character, invariable in interpreting life from the side of the emotions, and resolute in imaging drama as a true conflict of wills—in a word, the artist gifted with what the French so aptly term *la doigté du dramaturge.* He recognizes the drama as the most impersonal of the arts, and sedulously devotes himself to the realization of Victor Hugo's dictum that dramatic art consists in being somebody else. On the other hand, the new type of dramatist—the dramatist of the future, if you will—is no less an artist than the other; his primal distinction is his demand for that large independence of rules and systems which Turgenev posited as the indispensable requisite of great art. Just as Zola enlarged the conception of the function of the novel, sublimating it into a powerful and far-reaching instrument for social and moral propagandism, so this new dramaturgic iconoclast demands the stage as an instrumentality for the exposition, diffusion and wide dissemination of his views and theories—upon standards of morality, rules of conduct, codes of ethics and philosophies of life. With him there is no question of importing the methods of the blue book into the drama; nor would he, in any broad sense, idly shirk what Walter Pater terms the responsibility of the artist to his material. He accepts the natural limitations, not the mechanical restrictions, of his art; he does not seek to appropriate the privileges, while refusing to shoulder the responsibilities, of his medium. His distinction arises from his discovery of the hackneyed, but ever-alarming and heretical, truth, that life is greater than art. For art's sake alone he refuses to exist, with strange perversity insisting that he lives not only for the sake of art, but also for the sake of humanity.

That subtle critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, writes:

"After all, we must recall this truth: the primordial function of the artist—whatever his means of artistic expression—is to be a purveyor of pleasure, and the man who can give us a refined intellectual pleasure or a pleasure of moral nature or of social sympathy, or else a pleasure which arises from being given an unexpected or wider outlook upon life

—this man imparts to us a series of delicate and moving sensations which the spectacle simply of technical address, of theatrical talent, can never inspire. And this man is no other than Bernard Shaw."*

It is vivid, then, that Bernard Shaw does not appeal to us primarily as a dramatist. In his plays we look almost in vain for those crucial emotional conjunctures, those climactic soul crises, which dramatic critics announce to be the criteria of authentic drama—the *scène à faire* of a Sarcey or a Brunetière. His fundamental claim to our attention consists in his effort toward the destruction of false ideals and of the illusions which obsess the soul of man. The false ideals which lead men astray and blind them to a sense of the real truth are the bane of his existence. He conceives it his function to tear the mask of idealism from the face of fact. In his attack upon illusions, he is neither so blind nor so narrow as not to realize their far-reaching, and oftentimes beneficent, effect. A few years ago, Mr. Shaw wrote in *"L'Humanité Nouvelle":*

"Suppress that phase of human activity which consists in the pursuit of illusions, and you suppress the greatest force in the world. Do not suppose that the pursuit of illusions is a vain pursuit: on the contrary, an illusion can no more exist without reality than a shadow without an object. Unfortunately the majority of men are so constituted that reality repels, while illusions attract them."

With acute psychologic insight, he draws a distinction between two classes of illusions: those which flatter, and those which are indispensable. By flattering illusions he understands those which encourage us to make efforts to attain things which we do not know how to appreciate in their simple reality; either they reconcile us to our lot, or else to actions we are obliged to take against our conscience. These are, indeed, deplorable consequences in the eyes of the humanitarian meliorist who believes that to be reconciled to one's lot is the worst fate that can befall mankind, and who once said that the one real tragedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you yourself recognize to be base. He does, however, recognize the value of a certain class of illusions, the indispensable illusions—the masks that must clothe reality before it can awake the interest of man, or attract his attention, or even be perceived by him. Such, for appropriate example, is the illusion of the Socialist, who always sees Labor as a martyr crucified between the

* "*Le Temps*," August 28th, 1905.

two thieves of Capital; his enthusiasm is kept at fever-heat by the consciousness that the laborer is always a model of thrift and sobriety, while the capitalist is a tyrant, an assassin and a scoundrel! Were Socialism compelled to stand or fall upon the strength and stability of its economic stamina and sociologic structure alone, instead of upon its illusive appeal to the passion of humanity for a cause, with the concomitant allurement of an impending revolution, its fate would indubitably be sealed.

The *métier* of Bernard Shaw is the destruction, not of the indispensable illusions which support the social structure and ultimately make for the uplift of humanity, but of those treacherously flattering illusions which ensnare men in the toils of an existence for which they have not the requisite passion, courage, faith, endurance and self-restraint. "In my plays," Mr. Shaw recently said in the Vienna "*Zeit*," "you will not be teased and plagued with happiness, goodness and virtue, or with crime and romance, or indeed with any senseless thing of that sort. My plays have only one subject: life; and only one attribute: interest in life." It is a mistake of the distinguished German dramatic critic, Herr Heinrich Stümcke, to aver that the quintessence of Shaw is *nil admirari*. It would be far nearer the truth to say that he wonders at everything in this demented, moonstruck world. He taps the moral coin of the realm, only to find it a base counterfeit. He examines the pages of history, with all its boast of science and philosophy, and is staggered by its injustice, its heartless half-truths, and the colossal error of its presentation merely as the biographies of great men. This born enemy of the Cornelian tragedy, as the brilliant German, Alfred Kerr, has termed him, dangles the heroes of history before our horrified eyes and, with inexplicable irreverence, exhibits the Supermen of the world as human beings, rather than fantastic figures in a pantheon—as human creatures in whom the elements are strangely mixed, of good and evil, of cowardice and bravery, of vanity and simplicity, of cruelty and clemency, of pettiness and greatness. In rebuttal he sounds the pæan of the nameless —the obscure genius, the unknown hero, the rare forgotten spirit —some stern, silent Carton or some mute, inglorious Milton. The law of contrasts is the *motif* of his art. He is never so brilliant as in the portrayal of opposites.

With the transcendent egotism of the genius, he unhesitatingly

claims to see more clearly than humanity at large, having ever fought illusion, denied the ideal, and scorned to call things by other than their real names. As Hermann Bahr has said, Bernard Shaw possesses in rich measure the remarkable and exceptional talent of the great artist-critic: the ability to arouse the whole state, the whole nation against him. In his capacity of realistic critic of contemporary civilization, he is neither surprised nor confounded to encounter scepticism on all hands. Indeed, he is wise enough to expect it, since he has observed that, when reality at last presents itself to men nourished on dramatic illusions, they have lost the power to recognize it. This opposition only fires Shaw the more; like the kite, as some one has said, he rises most successfully when the *popularis aura* is against him. Thus we see him always in search of what Walter Pater was fond of calling "*la vraie vérité*," challenging the old formulas with the new ideas, transvaluing moral values with Nietzschean fervor, and bidding humanity stand from behind its artificial barriers of custom, law, religion and morality, and dare to speak and live the truth. Like a highwayman, he is ever "holding up" humanity with his insistent and vastly annoying "Stand and deliver!"

Bernard Shaw, as Alfred Kerr has put it, is a distinct ethical gain for our generation. His prime characteristic as a propagandist—and his deficiency as a dramatist, so called—is found in his assertion that the quintessential function of comedy is the destruction of old-established morals. Hence it is that his plays are conceived in a militant spirit—in the Molièresque key of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," or the Ibsenic key of "An Enemy of the People." Opposition is the very breath of his nostrils. In his comedies he hales the seven cardinal virtues before the bar of his "cynical" realism, and exposes the moral fraudulency which they conceal. Against the ideal of self-abnegation, the Christian ideal that supreme goodness is supreme martyrdom, he sets the ideal of self-realization, the Nietzschean ideal that supreme greatness is supreme individualism. Romantic sentiment — synonymous in his opinion with the sensualistic caterwaulings abhorred of Thomas Huxley—he would replace by pure science in physics —the attitude of a Lester Ward or a Westermarck. To the ideal of heroism—the search for the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth—he opposes the practicality of common sense, the efficient and executive ability of a Kitchener or a Grant. To the

evolutionary hypothesis of a Darwin, the survival of the fittest of a Spencer, he opposes the selective breeding of a Galton, the predeterminative creation of a Burbank or a Nietzsche.

The startling feature of his plays is their argumentative and controversial character. They are expository lectures, in dramatic form, on the "Shavian philosophy." One of his plays he has actually sub-entitled: "A Discussion in Three Acts." And yet, with consummate shrewdness, Mr. Shaw fully realizes that, if the dramatist take sides in a dramatic wrangle, he is lost. A sense of the most absolute fairness and impartiality pervades and dominates his plays. Every character has his say without let or hindrance; and the whole play is signalized by the "honesty of its dialectic." By means of elaborate elucidative prefaces, lacking which certain subtler intentions in his plays would pass unnoticed, by means of elaborate stage directions, which mirror with remarkable delicacy and finish the minutest features of the author's conception, Mr. Shaw adds vastly to the effectiveness and carrying power of his plays, creating of his readers a sort of Shavian microcosm. Mr. Shaw's brilliant essays at writing *die Komödie der Zeit* lead Hermann Bahr to hope that he will influence "our whole German development," and impel him to rank Shaw without hesitation as the equal of Hauptmann and Schnitzler. "He teaches us the lesson of renunciation—to know that we never can know all that most intimately concerns us, to know that we cannot grasp absolute truth, but only our perception thereof—never reality, but only appearance, the appearance of an actual life which leaves a bitter-sweet after-taste upon our tongue." In common with the critic G. K. Chesterton, Shaw possesses in rare degree the gift of adapting means to end—the unerring sense for the right word in the right place. Like the ablest French writers, notably Henry Becque, he has learned the secret of reaching the clearest solution by the simplest means.

From the standpoint of the dramatic critic, the chief defect of Mr. Shaw as dramatist is that his plays often exhibit not so much character in conflict as views of life in animated opposition. It is Mr. Shaw's *idée fixe* that, since Ibsen has lived and written, the drama can never be anything more than the play of ideas. Doubtless because of his belief that philosophic content is the touchstone of real greatness in art—that Bunyan is greater than Shakespeare, Blake than Lamb, Ibsen than Swinburne, Shaw

than Pinero—his plays have something of the rigidity of theses. The plays of this ideologue always *donnent à penser furieusement.* His intellect is so radioactive, his psychic prevision so acute that his plays not infrequently suffer from the malady of the *à priori;* sometimes they are even stricken down with what Wagner called the incurable disease of thought.

In Bernard Shaw we discern the marvellous versatility of the modern critic, capable of making himself at home in any nationality and in any age. But whether he is giving us an Offenbachian Egypt, a comic-opera Bulgaria, a melodramatic America, or an imaginary Morocco, the result is the same: a portrayal of human nature, a criticism of life, penetrating, engaging, true. He possesses in rich measure the supreme faculty of the critic: "*in fremden Seelengehäuse hineinzuschlüpfen,*" as Dr. Max Meyerfeld, the German champion of Wilde, has neatly put it. One of his most diverting traits as a humorist—and a defect as a dramatist—is his idiosyncrasy for self-mockery and self-puffery. There is nothing, not even himself, about which he will not jest; for, to use an Oscarism, he respects life too deeply to discuss it seriously. He is a master of that art of burlesque which, in Brunetière's harsh characterization, consists "in the expansion of the ego in the joyous satisfaction of its own vulgarity." One of the truest words, spoken in jest, is Mr. Shaw's confession that the main obstacle to the performance of his plays has been—himself! In contradistinction to the classic formula—that the drama should be the most impersonal of the arts—Mr. Shaw's drama may be defined as a revelation of the personality of Mr. Shaw. It is his claim that he sees life clearly; but how strangely unfamiliar many things appear after they have been filtered through the Shavian temperament! "We must agree with him," concludes M. Filon, "and accept—or reject—the dramatic work of Mr. Shaw as it is, namely, as the expression of the ideas, sentiments and fantasies of Mr. Shaw!"

Of one thing at least there can be no question: that Bernard Shaw is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced. No juster or more significant characterization of this man can be made than that he is a penetrating and astute critic of contemporary civilization. He is typical of this disquieting century—with its intellectual brilliancy, its ironic nonsense, its flippant humor, its devouring

scepticism, its profound social and religious unrest. The relentless thinking, the large perception of the comic, which stamp this man, are interpenetrated with "the ironic consciousness of the twentieth century." In him rages the dæmonic, half-insensate intuition of a Blake, with his seer's faculty for inverted truism; while the close, detective cleverness of his ironic paradoxes demonstrates him to be a Becque upon whom has fallen the mantle of a Gilbert. In the limning of character, the mordantly revelative strokes of a Hogarth, shaded by the lighter pencil of a Gavarni, pronounce him to be a realist of satiric portraiture. The enticingly audacious impudence of a Robertson, with his mercurial transitions and electric contrasts, is united with the exquisite effrontery of a Whistler, with his devastating *jeux d'esprit* and the *ridentem dicere verum.* If he is a Celtic *Molière de nos jours,* it is a Molière into whom has passed the insouciant spirit of a Wilde. If Bernard Shaw is the Irish Ibsen, it is, as Eduard Bernstein has said a laughing Ibsen—looking out upon a half-mad world with the riant eyes of a Heine, a Chamfort, or a Sheridan.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

ENGLISH STYLE.

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

"Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art;
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad, by what they write."

It is idle to ignore the deep, far-reaching significance of the fact that to-day many even well-educated persons indicate by their speech and writing an increasing indifference to anything approaching a due regard for English style. Such indifference is by no means a trivial or negligible matter, since, as a rule, a feeble, faulty style is associated not only with platitude, but frequently with intellectual error, as well as with a disregard, if not contempt, for true culture. As Mr. Benson says:

"Very few people are on the lookout for style nowadays. The ordinary reader is quite indifferent to it, and the ordinary critic is quite unaware what it is. . . . The mistake is to think that there is much intellectual or artistic feeling abroad. . . . Indeed, the appreciation of intellectual and artistic excellence has distinctly decreased in the last fifty years; and probably the reason why there is a lack of great writers is that we do not at the present time want them. We want a sparkling, heady beverage; not an old, fragrant, mellow vintage. It is an age of cigarettes, champagne, golf, motors,—brisk, active, lively, brief things; not an age of reflection or repose."

Matthew Arnold says, in speaking of our intolerance of any supervisory body like the French Academy:

"We like to be suffered to lie comfortably in the old straw of our habits, particularly of intellectual habits, even though the straw may not be very clean and fine."

If we are mindful of our duty and even of our interest, we must not be content until we have done what lies in our power to correct

such deplorable conditions. Especially in America are we charged with this responsibility.

We have many magazines which provide entertainment along with their pages of advertisements of wares and nostrums; and we give inadequate support to only one or two publications of a high order of literary excellence; and articles of distinct merit even in these are not by any means the rule. We can measure the extent of such a loss when we consider that volumes and volumes on our library shelves, constituting a priceless part of our literature, represent merely contributions to the magazines of the authors' day now bound together as books. It is a long catalogue of splendid names, among which are to be numbered those of Carlyle, Macaulay, Addison, Arnold, Stevens and Johnson. "There were giants in the earth in those days."

It is at best doubtful whether our universities are doing their share of the work of correction. From the curriculums of some of them the classics, with all their qualifications for intellectual training and for the inculcation of an understanding and love of what is true style, have been largely omitted. Our universities are teaching many things; just how much of what they are teaching can be fairly regarded as a substitute, if there be any substitute, for that which has been thus omitted is quite another question.

Apparently, a special department for the teaching of English will not suffice. President Thwing of the Western Reserve University says, in a late number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

> "Oxford has no special chair devoted to the training of students in the art of English composition. For thirty years and more, the American College has been emphasizing this department and form of instruction. The Oxford system presupposes that the writing of English is an art and a science in which it is a duty of every instructor to give tuition. The department is not a department. It does not represent segregations. It must be confessed that the results of the two systems seem to favor the Oxford interpretation and method. One comprehensive deficiency of the American system is found in the lack of a sense of style which most of the writing done by American students shows."

So keen an observer as Mr. Howells, in one of his recent books, contrasts the "slovenliness" of speech of the best type of the American undergraduate with "the beauty of utterance" of the Oxford student.

While it is true that to our over-devotion to the exacting de-

mands of trade and commerce, and to neglect in the home circle and in the preparatory school, is to be traced much of our indifference to English style, and therefore to culture; yet, in the opinion of those qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject, some of our great educational institutions are blameworthy and must accept their share of the responsibility.

It is not presumptuous, therefore, for one with only such information on the subject as is possessed by persons of ordinary education, to call attention to existing methods which neither meet with the approval of the observant scholar nor accomplish the desired results.

Moreover, not only does the Oxford student speak the English language better than the American student, but the graduate of our best universities not a score of years ago spoke it with a grace and precision compared with which the conversation of many a graduate of the present day is a close approach to a kind of jargon. There has been of late years a distinct decadence in literary expression. With our undue striving after "practical" things and results, we have established in some of our universities the form of a drill or routine instruction for the writing of correct English, but apparently we are content with the form. It would seem, at best, doubtful whether appropriate prominence has been given to the development of a love for English literature.

It is not meant by this statement to suggest that text-books on rhetoric can be dispensed with. Quite the contrary. They are essential to the mastery of the art of writing, though the knowledge acquired from a study of them should not be displayed offensively, any more than need the decalogue be referred to with ostentation by the man of honor as his guide to right conduct.

The text-books, however, should be those which, both by precept and example, teach the principles of English composition, and not merely a series of ungraceful, though correct, directions strung together as rigid rules. They must be books which are the product of the scholar's effort, and which will persuade the student to turn to the open page of literature, whence will come the incentive and inspiration to grace and vigor of expression. The standard works on rhetoric accomplish this result and are not lightly to be cast aside; if any new treatise is to be written, it must supplement these works, and not attempt to supplant them.

The whole subject receives a fresh interest by reason of the issue from the publication office of Harvard University of a pamphlet containing among other things illustrations of errors in the writing of English by students applying for admission to Harvard College. Many of the sentences, it is true, are sorry exhibitions of a total lack of a knowledge of English style on the part of the ordinary American student, though some of them, it may be suggested, do not deserve the censure they receive. But, while it is made abundantly clear that there are students incapable of writing anything approaching graceful, forceful English, a cursory examination of the pamphlet discloses the fact that more than one sentence of its authors cannot be said to be above reproach.

The chief significance of the pamphlet, however, lies in the fact that it goes out of its way to commend a work on "English Composition," by the Professor of English Literature in Harvard University, considered sufficiently meritorious to justify its recent republication by the Messrs. Charles Scribners' Sons of New York City, and its use as a text-book for Harvard students.

It is of deep import, not only to the instructor and the student, but also to the general reader, to know whether this book, by the Professor of English Literature in our representative university—who is himself sufficiently prominent to have been selected to deliver a course of lectures on literary subjects at Oxford and Paris—is entitled to be regarded as an authority on English composition. If it ought not to be so regarded, then we should endeavor to arrive at a correct estimate of the merits of such a book, uninfluenced in our judgment by its authorship, its commendation, or the use to which it is devoted.

For, as has been said by Mr. Moon in his masterpiece of criticism, "The Dean's English":

> "By influential example it is that languages are moulded into whatever form they take; therefore, according as example is for good or for evil, so will a language gain in strength, sweetness, precision and elegance, or will become weak, harsh, unmeaning and barbarous."

And Macaulay says, in defence of his rather merciless review of Robert Montgomery's poems, that

> "The opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume the right to criticise."

It would be reasonable to expect that, under the conditions

stated, this work on "English Composition" would be a worthy publication, and compare favorably with the standard books on rhetoric, and even with treatises on style by such distinguished men of letters as Arnold and Pater and Hazlitt and De Quincey. Yet it can be confidently asserted that this reasonable expectation is not realized; that neither for its precept nor for its example is the book justly entitled to be commended; and that in it are found emphasized many objectionable methods of imparting instruction in English writing.

Some new definitions are attempted, but these are neither particularly happy nor comprehensive. Along with some rather solemn insistence upon principles the correctness of which is generally conceded, we find a certain finality in statements concerning things about which men have agreed there may be a justifiable difference of opinion, while many obvious facts are described in detail as if the author were announcing to the world some great intellectual discovery. We find crudities, inaccuracies, mistakes of grammar and exhibitions of at least questionable scholarship. There are also some enigmatical observations as to the art of writing; but, as Mr. John Morley has said, "a platitude is not turned into a profundity by being dressed up as a conundrum."

There is little in the book indicating an abounding charity, or even a fair consideration, for the views of others; men and things unwelcome to the author are treated with scant courtesy.

The author says that particularly journalists, along "with most of us, generally speak or write hastily, without leisure to consider details of style." There are, however, in the city of New York several newspapers in which no editorial so loosely and so inartistically put together as the greater part of this book, is ever printed. Legal language is referred to as associated with "bewildering, slovenly masses of words." Yet, the brief of many a trained advocate at the Bar of New York is written with more idiomatic, graceful, forceful English than is characteristic of this book.

Wendell Phillips, whose name is found high on the roll of great orators, is called "the cleverest of our oratorical tricksters." Of Emerson the author says, "Emerson's indubitable obscurity to ordinary readers I take to be a matter of actual thought." The sentence which the author quotes in illustration of his assertion is the following, which he "fails to understand at all":

"The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God; yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable."

As we read on in "English Composition" we shall have cause to wonder what would have been the result if the author had undertaken to restate the great spiritual truth expressed by Emerson in such simple, impressive words.

There are long rambling references to things which are at least trivial. On pages 35, 36 and 37, in the discussion of the sentences "Nero killed Agrippina," and "*Nero interfecit Agrippinam,*"—with the commentary, among other things, that it is the convenient final "m" which "does Agrippina's business,"—as in the discussion on pages 107, 108 and 109 of the sentence, "I started up, and a scream was heard," with its variations "I started up and screamed" and "I started up with a scream," it is made clear *ad nauseam* that the most obvious conclusions are defensible.

Much of the treatment of the subject cannot be said to be on a very elevated plane. We are told about "our present business," "our next business," "the chief part of our business"; "the matter in hand," "the chief matter in hand" and "the real matter in hand." Things "at bottom" are of this or that character; the writer's art is a "trade with tricks"; we have "pieces of style" as well as "pieces of writing" and "pieces of literature"; "clauses are thrown into grammatical form"; words are "pitched upon," and ideas are referred to as "packed," not only within prose sentences, but into exquisite lines of verse.

Even in quotations by the author we find inaccuracy and looseness.

On page 295 we read: "No man is great to his body-servant, you remember." No one remembers this. What we do remember is that "No man is a hero to his valet," a fairly accurate translation of a French line.

In speaking of Emerson, the author says, on page 208: "Consistency, if I remember aright, he somewhere declares to be the chief vice of little minds." The author did not remember aright. What Emerson wrote was that "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

The following statement is fairly typical of some of the attempts to deal with the subject after a scholarly method (pages 56 and 58):

"Etymology, in short, is a most interesting study or pastime; and the history of this *potpourri* of an English of ours makes the fit words for simple ideas—ideas of fighting, for example, or of spontaneous aspiration—chiefly Saxon in their origin; but the same history makes the fit words for more contemplative ideas—ideas of literary criticism, for example, or of deliberate meditation—chiefly Latin. . . . Big words are apt to be Latin, and little to be Saxon; *acknowledge* and *damn* to the contrary notwithstanding."

To condemn any such statement we do not need to contrast it with the language of the scholar, as found in books like "Words and Their Ways in English Speech," by Professors Greenough and Kittredge of Harvard. In comparison with even the common knowledge possessed by all persons reasonably well informed as to the genesis of English speech, the statement quoted lacks seriousness.

Again, on pages 282 and 283, there is a discussion as to the choice of the word "Elegance" for the title of one of the chapters of the book. The use of this obvious word needed no defence, and as matter of fact the author admits he adopted the three divisions of his subject, "Clearness, Force and Elegance," from Professor Adams S. Hill's book. The author, however, insists on justifying his choice of the word by a reference to what is termed its derivation from "*ex*" and "*lego*," which he says "mean literally to pick out, to choose from among some great mass of things the one thing that shall best serve our purpose, etc." The author by such a method could have justified for the title of his chapter the use of "Election," which much more directly than "elegance" is derived from "*ex*" and "*lego*." The fact is that our word "elegance" is probably traceable directly or indirectly to the Latin "*elegans*," to which was already attached its figurative meaning before it was adopted into our language; and "*elegans*" was not derived from the verb "*lego*" of Latin literature, but from an obsolete verb of the first conjugation. The whole discussion absolutely and relatively is misleading.

Such resort to etymology is, as a rule, of little aid in determining the precise meaning which usage attaches to words. Mr. Marsh in his "Lectures on the English Language," and Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge, in their book above referred to, have an emphatic condemnation of "such false linguistic doctrine."

On page 46 there is this sentence:

"And I know that there are few more unidiomatic absurdities than those of the gentlemen who insist on spelling Alfred Aelfred, and Virgil with an *e*, and otherwise on impairing that irrational, spontaneous variety which people who love English know to be one of its most subtile charms."

That such a peculiarity in spelling has anything to do with an idiomatic absurdity will be news to most persons; and, in the thoughts of some unamiable reader, the author's rather flippant assumption of superiority to the scholars who insist that "Vergil" is a correct spelling may well seem to border on a kind of arrogance.

The expression "it is me" is defended as idiomatic for the reason that "it is I" is conceived to be pedantic. The distinction in the use of the auxiliary verbs *shall* and *will* is by no means forcibly or fully stated.

While it is true that some accepted rules of writing are correctly set forth, they are found as well if not better expressed by other authors; and perhaps it may not be unfair to say, as to this part of the book, what Webster said of the Free-soil party:

"I have read their platform, and though I think there are some unsound places in it, I can stand upon it pretty well; but I see nothing in it both new and valuable: what is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable."

When, however, we consider the style of the book, it is exceptional to find sentences which are not censurable for their feeble or ungraceful structure; and the quotations which follow —reproduced as printed, except that words are italicized in order to emphasize errors—are selected from among similar sentences almost at random.

The methods which, after a reflection of ten years, the author adopts and recommends for intellectual production are, to say the least, novel; some persons might pronounce them not serious.

"On separate bits of paper—cards, if they be at hand—I write down the separate headings that occur to me, in what seems to me the natural order. Then, when my little pack of cards is complete—in other words, when I have a card for every heading which I think of—I study them and sort them almost as deliberately as I should sort a hand at whist; and it has very rarely been my experience to find that a shift of arrangement will not decidedly improve the original order. . . . A few minutes' shuffling of these little cards has often revealed to me more than I should have learned by hours of unaided pondering."

There are, however, other methods, for on page 211 we read:

"My method of clearing my ideas is by no means the only one. I have known people who could do it best by talking; by putting somebody in [*sic*] a comfortable chair and making him listen to their efforts to discover what they really think."

Certainly the listener undergoing such an ordeal is entitled to a comfortable chair; for the people intent on clarifying their ideas might all talk at once.

The author of this book has shown by some of his literary work that he is not without the ability to present a subject attractively. The most indifferent writing, however, seems to be good enough for this book.

On page 120 we have an example of what is considered good English:

"A *sentence* which on analysis proves *sensible* is generally *good* English. By the same token, a *paragraph sensibly* composed is beyond cavil a *good paragraph*."

To it, however, should be added this sentence from page 35:

"A style that sticks together is coherent; a style whose parts hang loose is not";

and also the following intellectual nugget from page 193:

"In the first place, any *piece* of style appeals to the *understanding;* we *understand* it, or we do not *understand* it, or we are doubtful whether we *understand* it or not; in other words, it has an intellectual quality."

Sentence after sentence will be found ending with "what not" and "and so on," long before the expression of the thought has approached completion. For instance, on page 112 we read:

"As I utter these words in combination, the pronoun calls up certain individualities of face and form and manner and dress, *and what not.*"

On page 167 we read:

"There may be living occasional individuals who have resisted the impulse to skip the endless lucubrations of Dryasdust *and what not;* but I do not remember having met one."

On page 89 we read:

"I have said enough, I hope, to show that the *fundamental difference* between periodic sentences and loose is about the same as the *fundamental differences* we discussed between *different* kinds of words,—Latin and Saxon, big and little, *and so on;* it is a *difference* of effect."

On pages 76, 125, 128 and 190 we have more of these "*and so ons.*"

Clearly, the reader is entitled to know the author's meaning, and to insist that he be not foreclosed of information by these meaningless "what nots" and "and so ons." There is about as much propriety in this kind of writing as there was in the conduct of the country minister who, after reading in Genesis of the genealogy of the patriarchs, how Adam begat Seth and Seth begat sons and daughters, summed up the remainder of the chapter by the rather novel and yet comprehensive assertion: "And so they kept on begetting to the end of the chapter."

Here are illustrations of favorite but quite indefensible expressions distributed throughout the book:

"Are not short sentences preferable to long? What long sentences are, and short, I leave to your common sense; what anybody can perceive needs no definition" (page 89).

"From this, two or three conclusions follow, sometimes laid down as distinct rules. Obviously a short sentence is less apt to stray out of unity than a long; a periodic than a loose" (page 98).

"If our object be to ramble, then not to ramble were to blunder; but in general our object is to produce a definite effect and not a nebulous" (page 162).

"Perhaps the simplest way to show the superiority of carefully planned work to carelessly, is to compare," etc. (page 181).

Repetition of the same words is persisted in, as in one of the sentences just quoted, when its avoidance is required by euphony and the rules of graceful writing. We read:

"And the *more* you analyze your impressions of style the *more* you will find, unless your experience differs surprisingly from *most*, that," etc. (page 8).

"In a book on rhetoric I lately read is a long *quotation* from some respectable *man of letters* concerning what the career of a *man of letters* ought to be; and at the end of the *quotation* he who *quotes* writes thus" (page 205).

The following quotation is from the chapter on "Elegance":

"And whoever should say that passionate writing cannot have the trait before us now—the *quality* that pleases the taste—as well as the intellectual *quality* clearness, and the emotional *quality* force, would obviously say something that would make his *notion* of the *quality* very different from the *notion* I am trying to lay before you."

Perhaps a frivolous and provincial person might say by way of paradox, that this sentence lacks "quality."

On page 71, there is this sentence:

"It is not what it seemed at first,—simply to *pitch* upon a word by which good use has agreed with reasonable approximation to *name* the idea he wishes to *arouse*. *It is equally, if not more,* to make sure that the word he chooses shall not only *name* the idea distinctly enough to identify it, but also *name* it by a *name*—if such a *name* is to be found—which shall *arouse*," etc.

We can all recall from the great books of literature the impressive and often electric effect of judicious repetition, but it is of a different quality from that so lavishly displayed in "English Composition."

Throughout the book the relative pronoun "that" is over and over again used to excess where the employment of "which" is demanded by good usage or euphony. Evidently the author has determined to deny "The humble petition of WHO and WHICH" against being supplanted by the "jack sprat THAT," as playfully submitted by Steele in "The Spectator."

There are attempts like the following to contribute to the sum of our knowledge. On page 32 is this sentence:

"What distinguishes *written words* from *spoken*, literature from the colloquial language that precedes it, is that *written words* address themselves to the eye and *spoken words* to the ear. Though this fundamental physical fact has been neglected by the makers of text-books, I know *few* more important."

It may be said that the fact referred to has not been neglected by the makers of text-books, if by the "makers of text-books" we are warranted in guessing that the author meant to describe the writers of books on Rhetoric and Composition; and having in mind the well-known lines of *Ars Poetica* we may add that the oft-pointed-out distinction is as old as Horace and the hills.

On page 209 we have the following:

"To be clear in narrative, or in exposition, or in argument, or in any kind of discourse whatever, we must evidently *proceed* from what is known to what is unknown; and if at any point in this *process* we permit our style to become vague or ambiguous or obscure,—in other words, *so to express ourselves* either that our meaning may *rationally* be mistaken or that we may *rationally* be supposed to have no meaning at all,—we may resign ourselves," etc.

Aside from the characteristic faults of the author, it may be stated that the "so to express ourselves" is inadmissible. The context requires the expression "if we so express ourselves," etc.; or the "to" before "express" must be omitted.

There are many sentences exhibiting an ingenious variety of infelicities in the choice and use of words fatal to a correct and pleasing style; but lack of space forbids more than this passing reference to them.

Then, too, an indefensible order of words produces at times an effect almost grotesque.

On page 94 we read:

"Of course, these few examples indicate the development of style in a very rough way."

On page 23, the italics being the author's, we read:

"'I noticed a dirty *gamin*,' writes a student; and another, using a word now confined at Harvard College to street urchin, describes the same small boy as a *mucker*."

Perhaps one may suggest that the confinement had not been very rigorous; for clearly the word has broken jail and is enjoying its liberty in street talk and sometimes elsewhere.

On page 33 we are edified with this rather surprising statement:

"Or again, remark a fact that is becoming in my literary studies comically general: familiar quotations from celebrated books are almost always to be found at the beginning or the end. 'Music hath charms' are the opening words of Congreve's 'Mourning Bride.' Don Quixote fights with the windmill very early in the first volume; he dies with the remark that there are no birds in *last* year's nests near the end of the *last*."

The advice to the shoemaker to "stick to his last" does not work well when applied literally in authorship.

On page 183 we are regaled with this utterance:

"Perhaps the cleverest variation of all is that by which such treason to a friend as *makes* Proteus odious is *made*, simply by attributing it to Helena, a woman, a very venial matter."

Mr. Choate, with his inimitable humor, dismissed the claim of the equality of woman to man by the statement that woman at best was but a "side issue." It was reserved for the author of "English Composition," however, to assert that woman is "a very venial matter."

With the following sentences, which embody much that is typical of the author's style, together with what may not im-

properly be regarded as a fitting commentary on "English Composition," the limit of quotations for a magazine article will have been reached.

"All the carelessness of habitual speech and *writing* rarely suffices to make a *note* of *something* recent by any means as indistinct as a *note* of the same *thing* after an interval. While sometimes a mere *matter* of style, vagueness is oftener an actual *matter* of thought. In a *general* way, a vague *writer* does not know what he wants to say, and so *generally says something* that may mean a great many different *things*."

The author properly enough, as one will see who inspects the two books, has acknowledged his obligations to the text-book of Professor Hill, in which are printed side by side many examples of incorrect and correct sentences. To Professor Hill's work could be added no mean supplement devoted entirely to the reconstruction of faulty sentences from "English Composition." For such use the author may properly claim he has written an acceptable text-book entitled to an extended circulation;

Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quae ferrum valet exors ipsa secandi.

It can be said without exaggeration that the foregoing sentences are fairly illustrative of the unfortunate methods employed in this book. In the true sense it cannot be said to have any style at all. Errors in scores of its sentences are apparent even to the most inexperienced writer; and it is the exception to find thoughts expressed with either grace or vigor. Even in the quality of clearness, the book is full of transgressions, while to the precision and niceties and beauty of the English language it seems quite oblivious. Yet at Harvard University, which prides itself upon its method of instruction in the study of our language, "English Composition" is commended by its faculty and used as a text-book. In one of our great institutions of learning, therefore, the judgment of Addison that no critical writer "has ever pleased or been looked upon as authentic who did not show by his practice that he was master of the theory" seems obsolete. And the pity of it all is the author has made it clear by his other publications that he could have written a worthy book on English composition.

Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

Assuredly the time has come for the educated people of the community to express in no uncertain voice their disapproval of

such conditions. In the possession of what Emerson terms our great metropolitan English speech and of our English literature, we are the trustees of a splendid and priceless treasure. It is our duty and our privilege to transmit it at least undisfigured and unimpaired to succeeding generations; while the few who are fitted for the task are bound to do what lies in their power to increase that possession in volume and in charm.

It is to be feared, however, that we are unable to render a very creditable account of our stewardship, and that our indifference to literary expression and to culture is but a symptom of much that is of evil import.

As we have been directing our restless energy towards commercial supremacy, made possible by laws which have perhaps been too prodigal in their promotion and protection of industry, we have, in order to insure our success, cast out of our life much of its composure and its true rewards; we have failed often to discern the relative importance of things, or to appraise them at their real value; we have even fallen short of many duties we owe to our neighbor and the State. As we have grown fat with material prosperity, we have starved ourselves spiritually. It will profit us much to exchange some of our "practical" aims and results for a few old-fashioned standards of ideals and of conduct.

Then, too, if it be not yet taught from the pulpit, it is beginning to be recognized that in the divine order of the world there never has been and never will be a place for the intervention of miracle or accident, and it is reasonably certain that new beliefs and readjustments will enter into our religious faith. We must seek out some compensation for the consequent loss.

More and more, as these thoughts are brought home to us, the great books of literature, of which the Bible is supreme,—whether we regard their never-failing springs of intellectual joy, their lofty aspirations after truth and beauty, their deep insight into the perplexing problems of the world or their conception of righteousness—should come to occupy a revered place and assert a controlling influence in the lives of men.

Nor ought we to consider our higher education complete until a just appreciation of what is best in the classic authors has become part of it. As Mr. Woodrow Wilson said, in his inaugural address as President of Princeton University:

"The classical literatures give us, in tones and with an authentic accent we can nowhere else hear, the thoughts of an age we cannot visit. They contain airs of a time not our own, unlike our own, and yet its foster parent. To these things was the modern thinking world first bred. In them speaks a time naïve, pagan, an early morning day when men looked upon the earth while it was fresh, untrodden by crowding thought, an age when the mind moved as it were without prepossessions and with an unsophisticated, childlike curiosity, a season apart during which those seats upon the Mediterranean seem the first seats of thoughtful men. We shall not anywhere else get a substitute for it. The modern mind has been built upon that culture and there is no authentic equivalent."

We must promote these tendencies unless we are prepared to witness consequences that are for the benefit neither of ourselves nor of the Republic; and to promote them we must be intolerant of such books as "English Composition," which with their confusion of expression persuade no one to a love and a reverence for letters.

For that which distinguishes great authors above their contemporaries is the style of their work. That which gives even to Shakespeare his surpassing excellence is not only that intellectually he was more perfectly equipped than all the goodly company of which he was a part, but also that he wrote with a nobility and splendor of expression which made him "not of an age, but for all time."

Great thoughts and great emotions find their true interpretation and are made manifest in the infinite variety of the style of illustrious, creative minds, as the several strings of a musical instrument are waked to harmony by the touch of genius. There is the Leit-Motif in letters as there is in music. Style is not something separate and apart from literature, any more than, in the conception of the devout worshipper, is God Himself a being outside of and aloof from the throbbing life of His universe. Style is not a mere ornamentation and adornment of the written word, but its very soul; and it will find eloquent and persuasive utterance when, as though within a great temple, men shall have consecrated themselves anew to the spirit of culture.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER IN WAR AND PEACE

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

THE negro soldier is no new thing even in these brand-new United States. Some of them fought with clubbed muskets at Bunker Hill, and others were eulogized by Washington for their conduct at Red Bank. Old Hickory himself, who had ideas about the proper place of the black man which are no longer sanctioned by the Constitution, speaks appreciatively of the services rendered by his Sambos in the Creek War. In the history of our Mexican adventure, there is little or no mention of the negro as a fighting-man, and this I take to be one of the surest indications that the color feeling had arisen and the race question was presented as never before.

During the Civil War, close on to two hundred thousand negroes, for weal or woe, became "Uncle Sam's boys" and wore the blue. Their services were, as was to have been expected, good, bad and indifferent. When the War was over and negro volunteers lorded it over the capitals of the conquered Southern States, the question inevitably arose as to what part the negro was to play in our future civic and military life. At this time, words of great wisdom were spoken by Agassiz:

"No man has a right to what he is unfit to use. Our own best rights have been acquired successively. I cannot, therefore, think it just or safe to grant at once to the negro all the privileges which we ourselves have acquired by long struggles. History teaches us what terrible reactions have followed too extensive and too rapid changes. Let us beware of granting too much to the negro race in the beginning, lest it become necessary hereafter to deprive them of some of the privileges which they may use to their own and our detriment."

Yet, later, even this scientific seer was carried off his feet; for when, as Mr. Rhodes relates, Colonel Higginson returned from the war and said that his black soldiers had behaved ad-

mirably both in camp and under fire, Agassiz exclaimed: "Then they must vote, of course. The man who risks his life for his country has the right to vote in it."

When Lincoln died, his plan of restricting the franchise to the very intelligent colored men and to those who had fought gallantly in the Union army was dropped. The Reconstruction acts, shaped by the raging Stevens in one wing of the Capitol and the furious Sumner in the other, became the law of the land; and, with the unrestricted ballot, the musket was logically given also. By statute it was provided that colored men only should be enlisted for two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry; for the first time in history, the negro entered the regular military establishment, and the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry were formed. From that day to this, these organizations have invariably been quartered in the Southern States or upon the alkali plains of the Far West. Whenever, by the routine of the War Department, a colored troop or a colored company was assigned for duty in a New England post, the Representatives in Congress of the threatened State have intervened and the unwelcome orders have been cancelled. No less important a personage than the late Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is said to have admitted that the most arduous struggle of his whole career was the one during the Cleveland administration to keep negro troops out of Fort Ethan Allen. However, he succeeded. Of course, in some sections of the South there is a feeling against colored regiments, not unnatural in view of what occurred during the unhappy years of military government in which they were made to play a conspicuous part; and upon the frontiers there are or were cow-punchers quick to shoot and greasers prone to handy strokes with knives; but, with all due consideration for these circumstances, no one who reads the list of brutal outrages committed by negro troops upon white civilians, which Congressman Slayden has culled almost exclusively from the cold, unemotional records of the War Department, can deny that it furnishes a by no means flimsy foundation for his demand that the enlistment of negroes for military service be discontinued.

In Army circles, however, certain merits of the negro recruit are conceded. You can make him look and act like a soldier more quickly than the white man, it is said. More than is the

case with the white soldier his conduct depends upon the fitness of his officers for command. The War Department, enlightened by Civil War experience, recognized that the negro soldier required at once firm and delicate handling, and the best officers have always been sent to serve in colored regiments, a system which accounts for the fact that the behavior of the colored troops has been as good as it has been, and for the interesting circumstance that, with perhaps the single exception of General Chaffee, the officers who have reached high rank and distinction in the last decade have passed their regimental years with colored organizations. Curiously enough, the best company officers of the negro troops have generally been of Southern birth and breeding, men like Shipp and Smith and Augustin, whose fathers wore the gray, but who died leading their black soldiers to victory on the slopes of San Juan no less gallantly than did Shaw in a previous generation and in a greater war.

The Spanish War afforded the negro regulars their first opportunity to show their metal as trained troops upon the theatre of actual war; and, as soon as the Santiago land attack was decided upon, the four black regiments were ordered to join the expedition. Unfortunately, even at such a moment, the Twenty-fifth Infantry added another disgraceful episode to its already chequered record. Several days before General Shafter's army sailed, a corporal and an enlisted man of this regiment were brought to jail in Key West by the city police charged with an assault with intent to kill. A few hours later, shortly after midnight, the jail was surrounded by about forty men of the Twenty-fifth, armed and in uniform. Here, as at Brownsville, they seem to have had no difficulty in getting hold of their rifles. They overpowered the sheriff, liberated their comrades and, after smashing up the jail, departed. From that day to this, the County of Monroe and the State of Florida have been unable to secure any satisfaction for this outrage. Apparently, their complaints have received no attention from the Federal authorities.

But, once in the enemy's country, the negro soldiers found themselves. Their record throughout the campaign is exceptional. Comparisons of this description are particularly odious; still, it certainly was the opinion of many competent officers that the services of the negro regiments, from the landing to the surrender, exceeded in value that of any other four regiments in

the army. The orders given to the colored regiments brought them well to the front in the different divisions to which they were assigned, and their courage and soldierly efficiency kept them there. They may have been, they certainly were, favored by the fortune of war, but in the sequel they showed that they were worthy to receive such favors. The Twenty-fifth fought at El Caney under Lawton, and shared with the white men of the Twelfth Infantry the honor and the losses incident to capturing the old stone fort. This was the key to their position, and the Spaniards defended it with a stubborn valor that moved all observers to admiration. Indeed, the defence and capture of this fort have often been characterized as the most striking exploit of the campaign. At San Juan, on the left flank, the blacks of the Twenty-fourth were brigaded with the Ninth and Thirteenth, both white regiments. Under Colonel Liscum, until he fell severely wounded, and later under Major Markley, they went up San Juan Hill, and they share with the white men of the Sixth and the Sixteenth, the Ninth and the Thirteenth Infantry regiments in the honors of its capture. The men of the Ninth Cavalry, though they lost their colonel, the gallant Hamilton, early in the day, and the men of the Tenth Cavalry, though they lost early in the fighting twelve officers, a loss greater than that of any other organization, proved steady under most trying circumstances, and were not behind their white comrades in arms in the advance of the cavalry division under Sumner.

But the crowning service of the negro troops was performed outside of their military duties. On the evening of July 16th, shortly after the news of the surrender of the Spaniards, to take place the following morning, had been received, the Twenty-fourth Infantry were ordered to proceed to the rear, to leave the front in the moment of triumph, and march down to Siboney to do guard duty at the fever hospital. General Shafter made this selection because he hoped that the negroes would prove less susceptible than white men to the contagion of yellow fever and the other pernicious fevers that were creating such havoc in his small force. When the regiment reached the hospital, conditions there were found to be deplorable. Men were dying every hour for the lack of proper nursing. A conference took place between Major Markley commanding the regiment and Doctor LaGarde in charge of the hospital; then the men were drawn up in line

and the doctor addressed them. He explained the urgent need of help; at the same time, he clearly set forth the danger to men, not immune, of nursing yellow-fever patients. Major Markley then said that, if any one wished to volunteer to nurse in the hospital, he could step forward. The whole regiment stepped forward. Sixty men were selected from these volunteers; and, within forty-eight hours, forty-two of these brave fellows were down with yellow or pernicious malarial fever. Again the dwindling regiment was drawn up in line, and Major Markley spoke to his men much as before. Again the whole regiment volunteered. When sent down from the trenches, the regiment consisted of eight companies averaging about forty men each. Of the officers and men on duty during the forty days in Siboney, only twenty-four escaped without serious illness. Of this handful not a few succumbed to fevers on the voyage home and at Montauk. Captain Charles Dodge and thirty-five privates died in the yellow-fever hospital in the performance of service purely optional.

In the Philippines, the services of the negro regiments have not attracted much favorable comment, though I believe that, under fire and in the open field, their behavior has been soldierly. In the early days of the occupation, it was a subject of congratulation among officers that the colored troops got quickly and into closer touch with the native populations than did their white brothers in arms. Many of the negroes learned Tagal and Visayan with surprising facility. Soon, however, these acquirements came to be regarded as anything but a subject for congratulation. While the white soldiers, unfortunately, got on badly with the natives, the black soldiers got on much too well. To the little brown brothers, and particularly to the little brown sisters, they became united by the tenderest of ties, until the time came, in 1901, when many observant officers expressed the opinion that the color line had been drawn again to our disadvantage, and that the negro soldiers were in closer sympathy with the aims of the native populations than they were with those of their white leaders and the policy of the United States.

The desertions from the negro regiments were large—much larger, I believe, than from the white organizations; and these desertions were invariably of a different character. The white man deserted because he was lazy and idle and found service life

irksome. Sometimes he joined the insurgents; but he did so, evidently, because that was the only way in which he could attain his dream of becoming a wild man of the woods. But the negroes deserted in scores and for the purpose of joining the insurgents, and many of them, like the celebrated Fagan, became leaders and fought the white troops or their former comrades with zest and ability. Such acts as they are charged with committing are the acts of savages, and have only been laid to the door of white men when blinded by racial hatred or religious prejudice. Some stern critics of our *régime* in the Philippines say that the only one of our institutions that would survive our withdrawal for more than twelve months is the love of "plug" tobacco; but they have overlooked the color feeling and the race question which we have imported, and which grows luxuriantly where it never grew before. To-day the Chinese merchants of the Pasig quarter in Manila divorce their wives by the most summary procedure if their babies are not as blond as they think they should be.

In 1902, all the negro troops were sent away from the Philippines. They went practically together and, I believe, out of their regular turn. This step was generally applauded in the army, and many reasons for a somewhat unusual course were assigned. Nothing official was ever divulged, but Captain Steele, of the United States Army, writing in a recent number of this REVIEW, says that the colored troops were sent back to the United States upon the demand of the Civil Governor. Be this as it may, it is certain that the white population, military as well as civil, breathed a sigh of relief upon their departure.

In enumerating the disorderly outbreaks of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, it is only fair to say that the records of the other negro regiments in time of peace are little, if any, better; so that the history of this regiment may be taken as typical of them all. In 1885, they shot up the town of Sturgis in Dakota, killing several men. They marched as an organized body and responded to the usual commands. In Winnemucca, Nevada, a train-load of the men of the Twenty-fifth, on their way to the Philippines in 1899, halted for supper. They took possession of the saloons, shot a barkeeper and in every way terrorized the town. All efforts to identify the perpetrators of the outrage failed, the negroes maintaining their characteristic conspiracy of silence. Four months

later, at the San Carlos agency in Arizona, men of the Twenty-fifth made repeated murderous assaults upon peaceful Indians. General Merriam, who commanded the Department, asked that the negroes be replaced by white men. This was done, and the offending organization was sent on to El Paso, Texas. Here, a few weeks later, they took the rifles from the racks, went to the city jail where two soldiers were held for trial by the city authorities, and fired into the jail, killing a policeman on duty there. Later in the night, they returned to the jail with guns and axes, and made another attempt to release their comrades. Eight army rifles, it developed, had been taken from the gun-racks, and this was the clue that led to the discovery and punishment of some of the marauders. At about the same time, men of the same organization were guilty of an atrocity at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, which was later characterized by the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee of the district as "wanton and cold-blooded murder."

In the instances enumerated, and in a score of others with which the records of the War Department are stained—going back to the mutiny of troop E of the Ninth Cavalry in 1867, when the troopers, under the lead of their first sergeant, murdered one white officer and seriously wounded two others—the behavior of the accused has been invariably the same, and has been marked by open hostility to all investigation, perfect indifference to the good name of their regiment, contempt for their enlistment oath, entire sympathy with men of their own color, whatever their acts may have been, and a sullen antagonism to their white officers in the performance of their duties.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN AND JAMES HUNEKER.

NORMAN DUNCAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

THE paradox of Norman Duncan as a writer is that his fondness for situations, characters and incidents odd and whimsical to the verge of grotesqueness, should be supported by an imagination so fine, so tender and so poetic. If he could be imagined as executing some mad contract to take the subject-matter of a novel bodily from the comic weeklies, there would still be nobility and dignity in the book as it came from his pen. On the other hand, the most sodden or lugubrious theme could similarly be lightened by his true and human touch.

Nothing that Mr. Duncan has written illustrates better this characteristic blending of qualities than his latest book, "The Cruise of the 'Shining Light.'" Humor it has, and pathos, but not in the conventional "flashes" or "touches." Both are pervasive, which is perhaps only another way of saying that, for all its fantasies, the book delineates real life. It is hard to speak critically of this story without pointing a parallel to Dickens. But to be fair the comparison must begin and end with the material in the novelist's hands. We can imagine that master story-teller seizing with delight almost every element of this story and then abandoning himself to it in such a way as to make a totally different book, probably lacking, after all, that blending and background which give Mr. Duncan's work so much of its charm. One might quote of it Aldrich's quatrain:

> "Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
> And shows you laughing cheeks and roguish eyes;
> But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
> How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears."

* "The Cruise of the 'Shining Light.'" By Norman Duncan. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

And that these dainty lines should apply so aptly to one who writes of the toil and struggle of uncouth men in a wild northern land is a second anomaly.

We have here the story of Skipper Nicholas Top, of Twist Tickle, a misshapen, scarred old mariner who, in fulfilling a promise made to a dying shipmate, the lad's father, is bringing up young Dannie Callaway by the letter of Chesterfield's maxims, and his own creed of "standin'" by. "He've wonderful good ideas on the subjeck o' manners," says the Skipper of Chesterfield, "an' a raft of un, too; but the ideas he've got on souls, Dannie, is poor an' sort o' damned scarce." How the means were provided for the rearing of the elegant and bejewelled young gentleman is the "wretched puzzle" which runs through the story. Mr. Duncan left his readers no clue to the mystery of "Dr. Luke of the 'Labrador.'" The reader is glad, however, that Dannie, who is made the narrator in this book, insists on a full understanding of his circumstances before offering himself to Judith, the little maid with whom he had played on the deck of the "Shining Light."

Some episodes, by the way, are practically separate stories. Such are the accounts of the death-bed conversion of Judith's erring mother, and the quest for a wife of the fool of Twist Tickle. The former is a grim sketch of a type of Newfoundland parson, inflexible with others and himself a martyr to duty, who orders child and friend from the room in order to force the dying woman to "repent" with her last breath. The fool's wooing is a bit of tragi-comedy which invites the comment of the Virginian on the career of the "Emily Hen"—"It ain't so damn funny, after all."

We have Mr. Duncan's word for it that Nicholas Top, first conceived as a minor character, forced himself, so to speak, against his creator's will, into the chief place. Yet the treatment of that lovable troglodyte remains a capital illustration of the author's scrupulous restraint, and in this case his restraint is in another sense an expression of sympathy. He will not let us laugh at the old man, no matter what preposterous or wrong-headed thing he may be doing. Dannie, as he appears here in the first person, tells his story like one who is willing to explain all, and knows that some of it is amusing, but would resent on the instant any sneer at his benefactor. The obligation of respect is impressed

upon the reader, just as it was upon the London tutor brought to Newfoundland to teach the boy:

"My uncle stumped on ahead, his wooden leg as blithe as the sound one, and was waiting in his humble quarters, with gnomelike leer of expectation, when we entered. Neither my watch, set with its shy jewels, nor my sparkling fingers, nor the cut and quality and fit of my London-made clothes, which came close to perfection, nor anything concerning me, had caused my tutor even so much as to lift an eyebrow of surprise; but the appearance of the table, laid in the usual way, gave him an indubitable fit of amazement; for, as was our custom on the neck of land by the Lost Soul, at the one end, where sat the luxurious Dannie Callaway, by no will of his own, was the glitter of silver, the flash and glow of delicate china, a flower or more from our garden, exquisite napery, the bounties of the kindly earth, whatever the cost; but at the other (the napery abruptly ceasing at the centre of the table because of the wear and tear that might chance) was set out, upon coarse ware, even to tin, fare of common description, forecastle fare, fisherman fare, unrelieved by any grace of flower or linen or glitter of glass, by any grace at all, save the grace of a black bottle, which, according to my experience, was sufficient to my uncle and such rough folk as dined with him. 'Twas no cause for surprise to me, to whom the enigma had been familiar from the beginning; but my tutor, come suddenly against the puzzle, was nonplussed, small blame to him.

"'Parson,' says my uncle, '*you*—goes steerage!'

"My tutor started, regarded my uncle with a little jerk of astonishment; and his eyebrows went high—but still conveyed no more than polite inquiry. 'I beg your pardon?' he apologized.

"'Steerage, parson!' my uncle repeated. 'Steerage passage, sir, the night!'

"'Really!'

"''Tis the same as sayin',' I made haste to explain, 'that you dines along o' Uncle Nick at *his* end.'"

"'Sit ye!' says my uncle, 'an' fall to!' his face all broke into smiles. 'Fall to, parson, an' spare nothin'. Better the salt-junk o' toil,' he improvised, in bold imitation of the Scripture, to my tutor's further astonishment, 'than the ice-cream o' crime.'"

It would be just as improper to laugh in the face of little Judith when she pictured her maker as:

"A rotund, florid old gentleman, with the briefest, most wiry of sandy whiskers upon his chops, a jolly double chin, a sunburned nose, kindly blue eyes forever opened in mild wonder (and a bit bleared by the wind), the fat figure clad in broadly checked tweed knickerbockers and a rakish cap to match, like the mad tourists who sometimes strayed our way."

"I come down from heaven one year an' five months after God sent you," said Judith after she had called Dannie a fool and he

had quoted Scripture; "an' God *told* me, Dannie, before I left Un at the Gate, that He'd changed his mind about that." There is chivalry mingled with the amusement of the lad who tells it. Clearly drawn as are the other characters, they are not more alive than this same Dannie. If he was a product of Nicholas Top's upbringing, that would alone go far to the old skipper's redemption.

There is no "cruise" in the book save a very brief one in pursuit of Judith, and this does not furnish a tenth part of the tale. So it is not properly a sea-story, but one about seafaring people. Mr. Duncan has been the interpreter of Newfoundland to American readers. For this function he has never depended on photographic description, but rather on a peculiar gift for conveying spirit and atmosphere. He has here attempted what is essentially a new task for him in portraying the sea. He has few equals to-day in expressing its terror, its grim and savage moods. His best piece of short fiction, "A Beat to Harbor," which tells the story of a captain afraid of the sea and reckless for the very reason that he had so accurately measured his enemy's strength against his own, is a study that perhaps no other living writer could have compassed. But here he must write as a joyous lover of the ocean:

"Born as I am—a Newfoundlander to the marrow of my body and the innermost parts of my soul—my heart puts to sea, unfailingly, whatever the ease and security of my place, when the wind blows high in the night and the great sea rages. 'Tis a fine heritage we have, we outport Newfoundlanders—this feeling for the toss and tumult and dripping cold of the sea: this sympathy born of self-same experience. I'd not exchange it, with the riches of cities to boot, for the thin-lipped, gray, cold-eyed astuteness, the pomp and splendid masks of the marts and avenues I have seen in my time."

It cannot be said that Mr. Duncan interprets this mood so successfully as those more sombre. Stout hearts and brave spirits he knows, but the promised note of exultation is hardly audible in what is written here of the perils of the sea. Possibly the cry of,

> ". . . give to me the snoring breeze
> And white waves heaving high,"

was never heard on the real "world of waters." But the cruise with Norman Duncan as skipper is invigorating, and it ends in a sunny haven.

PHILIP LORING ALLEN.

MAX STIRNER.*

WHAT shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his own Ego? That is practically the question put by Max Stirner in his once celebrated, forgotten and now resuscitated book, "The Ego and his Own" (*"Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum"*). Some one has called man a metaphysical animal; he is either a Platonian or an Aristotelian. Nowadays you are either a Socialist or an Individualist. You may not care a straw for either party, yet fate, your temperament and social position, settles the matter without asking, by your leave. Under which King? Dr. Butler has spoken of an intellectual aristocracy and service—which is only Nietzscheism attenuated by slumming; Nietzsche would have naught to do with such merciful condescension. For him it was like Brand—All or Nothing. In the Stirner case we descend into a lower Dantean circle. The Ego is the frame of the human picture in this airless, sublimated atmosphere. Yet once breathed, even Nietzsche's mountain top seems thin, rarefied and bloodless by comparison. Never has the hymn to Self to the Will been sung in such firm, cool tones; never logic more infernal—or celestial. (Under which King?) A homely motto for Stirner might be Walt Whitman's, "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones."

Who is Max Stirner? We knew nothing of him until John Henry Mackay, the Scottish-German revolutionary poet, dug up his buried book and with it, after incalculable pains, a few isolated facts. Stirner was a nickname because of his high forehead; Johann Caspar Schmidt was his real name. He was born in Bayreuth, 1806, and died in Berlin, 1856. He had a university education, though he did not distinguish himself, by taking a doctor degree. He taught in a fashionable girls' school, contracted an unhappy marriage, died in poverty and obscurity. He met for a decade or so many radical thinkers at a certain circle in Berlin, yet he was more influenced by the Hegelian philosophy than by the revolutionary spirit of 1848. He loathed politics. He feared and hated socialism. He was a solitary by nature. Temperament tells in a philosopher as well as a poet. A hesitating, timid man, a sufferer doubtless from *aboulia,* as was

* "The Ego and his Own." By Max Stirner. Translated from the German by Steven T. Byington, with an introduction by Dr. James Walker. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker.

Amiel, Stirner in his book (1845) enjoyed a psychic victory over his weakness of volition. It was the one vigorous affirmation of his will to live.

For those who love to think of the visible universe as a cozy corner of God's footstool, there is something bleak and terrifying in the isolated position of man since science postulated him as an unimportant bubble on an unimportant planet. The soul shrinks as our conception of outer space widens. Thomas Hardy describes the sensation as "ghastly." There is said to be no purpose, no design in all the gleaming phantasmagoria revealed by the astronomer's glass; while on our globe we are a brother to lizards, bacteria furnish our motor force, and our brain is but a subtly fashioned mirror, composed of neuronic filaments, a sort of "dark room" in which is pictured the life without. Well, we admit, for the sake of the argument, that we banish God from the firmament, substituting a superior mechanism; we admit our descent from plasma and ascidian worms, we know that we have no free will, because man, like the unicellular organisms, "gives to every stimulus without an inevitable response." That, of course, settles all moral obligations. But we had hoped, we of the old sentimental brigade, that all things being thus adjusted we could live with our fellow man in (comparative) peace, cheating him only in a legitimate business way, and loving our neighbor better than ourselves (in public). Ibsen had jostled our self-satisfaction sadly, but some obliging critic had discovered his formula —a pessimistic decadent—and with consoling verbal bones we worried the old white-haired mastiff of Norway. Only a decadent! It is an easy word to speak in the mouth of the mediocre, and it means nothing. With Nietzsche the case was simpler. We couldn't read him because he was a madman; but he, at least, was an aristocrat who held the bourgeois in contempt, and he also held a brief for culture. Ah! when we are young we are idealists, altruists; as Thackeray says, "Youths go to balls; men go to dinners."

But along comes this dreadful Stirner, who cries out: Hypocrites all of you. You are not altruists, but selfish persons, who, self-illuded, believe yourselves to be disinterested. Be Egoists! Confess the truth in the secrecy of your mean, little souls. We are all Egotists. Be Egoists. There is no truth but my truth. No world but my world. I am I. And then Stirner waves

away God, state, society, the family, morals, mankind, leaving only the "hateful" ego. The cosmos is frosty and inhuman, and old Mother Earth no longer offers us her bosom as a reclining-place. Stirner has so decreed it. We are suspended between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, hermetically sealed in Self. Instead of "smiting the chord of self," we must reorchestrate the chord that it may give out richer music.

Nevertheless, there is a magnificent honesty in the words of Max Stirner, that proclaims him to be no vendor of prophylactics. We are weary of the crying in the market-place, "Lo! Christ is risen," only to find an old nostrum tricked out in socialistic phrases; and fine phrases make fine feathers for these gentlemen who offer the millennium in one hand and perfect peace in the other. Stirner is the frankest thinker of his century. He does not soften his propositions, harsh ones for most of us, with promises, but pursues his thought with ferocious logic to its covert. There is no such hybrid with him like "Christian Socialism," no dodging issues. He is a Teutonic Childe Roland who to the dark tower comes, but instead of blowing his horn—as Nietzsche did—he blows up the tower itself. Such an iconoclast has never before put pen to paper. He is so sincere in his scorn of all we hold dear that he is refreshing. Nietzsche's flashing epigrammatic blade often snaps after it is fleshed; the grim old Stirner, after he makes a jab at his opponent, twists the steel in the wound. Having no mercy for himself, he has no mercy for others. He is never a hypocrite. He erects no altars to known or unknown gods. Humanity, he says, has become the Moloch to-day to which everything is sacrificed. Humanity—that is, the State, perhaps, even the Socialistic state (the most awful yoke of all for the individual soul). This assumed love of humanity, this sacrifice of our own personality, are the blights of modern life. The Ego has too long been suppressed by ideas, sacred ideas of religion, state, family, law, morals. The conceptual question, "What is Man?" must be changed to "Who is Man?" I am the owner of my might, and I am so when I know myself as *unique*. What then is my property? Nothing but what is my power. I empower myself. Man is free. *Things*—property—are not. Therefore the State is my enemy, it does not allow me to compete. The poor are to blame for the rich. We should all be the rich. All is for all. I am an owner of property, but property is not sacred. My power is my

property; my power give me property; I am myself my own power, and therefore my own property.

Stirner is not a communist — so long confounded with anarchs—he does not believe in force. That element came into the world with the advent of Bakounine and Russian nihilism. Stirner would replace society by groups; property would be held, money would be a circulating medium; the present compulsory system would be voluntary instead of involuntary. Unlike his great contemporary, Joseph Proudhon, Stirner is not a constructive philosopher. Indeed, he is no philosopher. A moralist (or immoralist), an *Ethiker,* his book is a defence of Egoism, of the submerged rights of the ego, and in these piping times of peace and fraternal humbug, when every nation, every man embraces his neighbor preparatory to disembowelling him in commerce or war, Max Stirner's words are like a trumpet-blast. And many Jericho-built walls go down before these ringing tones. His doctrine is the Fourth Dimension of ethics. That his book will be more dangerous than a million bombs, if misapprehended, is no reason why it should not be read. Its author can no more be held responsible for its misreading than the orthodox faiths for their backsliders. Nietzsche has been wofully misunderstood; Nietzsche, the despiser of mob rule, has been acclaimed a very Attila—instead of which he is a culture-philosopher, one who insists that reform must be first spiritual. Individualism for him means only an end to culture. Stirner is not a metaphysician; he is too much realist. He is a Hegelian *à rebours,* a political pyrrhonist. His Ego is his Categorical Imperative. And if the Individual loses his value, what is his *raison d'être* for existence? Make your value felt, cries Stirner. The minority may occasionally err, but the majority is always in the wrong. Egoism must not be misinterpreted as petty selfishness or as an excuse to do wrong. Life will be ennobled and sweeter if we respect ourselves. "There is no sinner and no sinful egoism. . . . Do not call men sinful; and *they are not.*" Freedom is not a goal. "Free—from what? Oh! what is there that cannot be shaken off? The yoke of serfdom, of sovereignty, of aristocracy and princes, the dominion of the desires and passions; yes, even the dominion of one's own will, of self-will, for the completest self-denial is nothing but freedom — freedom, to wit, from self-determination, from one's own

self." This has an ascetic tang, and indicates that to compass our complete ego the road travelled will be as thorny as any saint's of old. Where does Woman come into this scheme? There is no Woman, only a human Ego. Humanity is a convenient fiction to harry the individualist. So society, family are the clamps that compress the soul of woman. If woman is to be free she must first be an individual, an ego. In America, to talk of female suffrage is to propound the paradox of the masters attacking their slaves; yet female suffrage might prove a good thing—it might demonstrate the *reductio ad absurdum* of the administration of the present ballot system.

A theory needs practical application, just as no religion, worth the name, can exist without dogma (or man without a skeleton). In America, Democracy is on the defensive—it must prove that it is not a failure, that it is not a Boojum that is a Snark; not a Republic that is an Oligarchy. The temper of the people, from Washington to Wall Street, from the Golden Gate to the Bowery, is not for "meddling" reforms, despite the hullabaloo in the press; it rather leans to the methods that will give them something for nothing (power and plunder). All this parade of politics is only the modern substitute for the *panem et circenses* of the old Romans—who, however, were fairer, franker, giving the multitude food and distraction. But for us it is a Barmecide's feast, on paper. In the newspapers we read with tremendous interest about the doings of President this or President that, of the movements and words of Senators and Representatives, as if all this glory and show were aught but a scheme to keep interested—therefore in a not dangerous condition—the people. And these mystifications, intrigues, pot-house politics and high-jinks of the powers that be, do not better economic conditions—for it makes no difference really to the working-man whether Roosevelt or the Mikado is President. Each man is in politics for what it brings *him*. Government by representation only represents the interests of the party or the man who happens to be in the political saddle. The devil take the hindmost! The people go hang! Thus the Stirnerites. Our wail over our neighbor's soul is simply the wail of a busybody. Mind your own business! is the pregnant device of the new Egoism. Puritanism is not morality, but a psychic disorder. Despite the "sweetness and light" diffused by the late Matthew Arnold in England and America, he did not kill, only "scotched"

puritanism and philistinism. That it rears its flat, ugly head whenever it dares was demonstrated by the public hysteria over Bernard Shaw, Gorky and the music of Richard Strauss. And then the sweet beast fell upon the choice banquet provided by a notorious murder trial! Of such are your gods, O Philistia! Banish art, banish beauty, but erect an altar, a paper altar, to vulgarity, crime and stupidity. We may have no sense of the eternal verities, but we do possess a pretty and depraved taste in the matter of freak religions.

Stirner, in his way, teaches that the Kingdom of God is within you. That man will ever be sufficiently perfected to become his own master is a dreamer's dream. Yet let us dream it. At least by that road we make for righteousness. But let us drop all cant about brotherly love and self-sacrifice. Let us love ourselves (respect our ego), that we may learn to respect our brother; self-sacrifice means doing something that we believe to be good for our souls, therefore egotism—the higher egotism, withal egotism. As for going to the people—the Russian phrase—let the people forget themselves as a collective body, tribe or group, and each man and woman develop his or her ego. In Russia "going to the people" was sincere — in America it is a trick to catch, not souls, but votes. Our brilliant editorial intellects go down into the mud to spear miserable tadpoles, and after years the mud is as thick, as black as before, the tadpoles more numerous. If sentimental millionaire Socialists could but hear what they are called by the East-Siders—who, by the way, are doing most of the thinking in this city—they might abandon their self-imposed and charmingly advertised charities.

"The time is not far distant when it will be impossible for any proud, free, independent spirit to call himself a Socialist, since he would be classed with those wretched toadies and worshippers of success, who even now lie on their knees before every working-man and lick his hands simply because he is a working-man." Trade-unionism is become more menacing than the trusts.

John Henry Mackay spoke those truthful words in a striking book of his. Did not Campanella, in an unforgettable sonnet, sing, "The people is a beast of muddy brain that knows not its own strength. . . . With its own hands it ties and gags itself"? Max Stirner may shock, may amuse you. But he is bound to set you thinking.

JAMES HUNEKER.

WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

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NOTHING can be more true than that France has only the appearance of a democracy and is in reality much more of a monarchy than, for instance, England or Belgium. It has often been pointed out that the Chamber enjoys the power of an absolute monarch, and that its so-called counterweights, the President and the Senate, possess practically little more than nominal prerogatives. What the Chamber decides upon is always ratified by the Senate, and the President submissively puts his name to it. He is only the Executive, as the unfortunate Louis XVI was contemptuously called by the Assembly, and has no other method of having a Parliamentary Act suspended and revised than a dissolution and a general election. There is so much risk in the process that it was resorted to only once in the thirty-six years of our republican history, and President MacMahon, who made the experiment, had no opportunity of exercising his constitutional rights a second time. The Chamber not only resisted but simply ousted him, and his successors never forgot the lesson. Every now and then the Senate makes a faint show of asserting its superiority over the Lower Assembly, but it always yields in the end. In fact, the French Chamber, like the King of England, can do no wrong, and its pleasure is law.

This is a classical example of the survival of the substance when the mere appearance has been removed. There are many more which the half-dozen very intelligent men in the Socialist party turn to good account against the passivity of the sheep in wolves' skins who call themselves Radicals, and on which the good-humored satire or the cutting sarcasm of M. Clémenceau freely exercises itself.

A volume could easily be filled with instances of the mon-

archist anachronisms prevalent in France. As to the plans for reforms, they are numberless, but few of them appear to have passed the border of Utopia. Only two or three seem likely to be carried into execution.

One of the most important and the most probable is a thorough reorganization of the Army. The French Army was, only a short time ago, and is still, in many of its features, hardly different from its Imperial prototype. There is the same superabundance of Military Committees, elbowing and hampering and often envying one another, and the same red-tapeism, forcing on a General the routine of a clerk. The Minister of War is, just as he was forty years ago, overwhelmed with trivialities on which an Under Secretary could decide, and his time is taken up with applications from people who are not in the Army or are supernumeraries. In countless cases one can see the organ surviving its function. We keep up twelve most expensive regiments of *Cuirassiers,* while the rest of the world has transformed its heavy cavalry. The five regiments of *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are the only cavalry regiments whose effective force is real and not fictitious, and who are ever ready to chase long-extinct Arab tribes. The military servants, indispensable in time of war, are not only retained, but multiplied to such an extent that they could form at the present day a powerful army of seventy thousand coachmen, grooms, cooks and dry-nurses.

The spirit of the Army is no longer what it used to be when there was such a thing as a military trade, and yet it is also widely different from that prevailing in a truly democratic militia like that of Switzerland. For a great many of the officers, the Army means the smooth existence so dear to the French functionary, away from political troubles, and the advantages appertaining to a caste without much of the invidiousness inseparable from castes. The officers who look upon their calling as an educative mission are, and must be, in the present state of opinion, comparatively few. The consequence is that they see as little as they can of their men, and, even when they are naturally kind and well-meaning, leave them almost entirely to the non-commissioned officers. To the sergeants and corporals is to be traced most of the discontented spirit which undeniably exists in the Army. These inferior grades were given in the old armies to veterans whose age and long service gave them immense influence with the

younger soldiers. In the present system they belong to men who have only seen a year or eighteen months' service, and are looking forward to the end of their two or three years as anxiously as the recruits they command. The result is that they mistake bullying for authority, as is only too natural in men of no experience.

Add to this that the Internationalist and Anti-militarist wave is every year growing stronger and has found its way into the regiments. One-third of the recruits are working-men from manufacturing cities, who have heard it repeated like the burden of a song that patriotism is as great a fallacy as religion and only a lullaby to send popular discontent to sleep, that war is fratricide, military expenses criminal waste which deprives the poor of their own, that officers are drones like priests and magistrates, and that the business of the Army is mostly to help manufacturers in crushing strikes, no matter how just. Soldiers with such ideas are evidently dangerous soldiers, and their presence can only be a powerful element of disorganization.

To sum up, the French Army is superannuated in its organization, its officers have not yet become conscious that the men under them are French citizens whom they are bound to educate, and a large proportion of the soldiers have, on the contrary, learned all too readily the demoralizing lesson taught by the Socialist and Internationalist papers.

Military reform, therefore, ought to be thorough and radical, and its champions mean it to be so. A great deal has already been done by individual officers, fond of their trade and endowed with more insight than the mass of their brethren. A lecture recently delivered at the Sorbonne by a prominent officer leaves no doubt that private initiative forestalls the official adoption of theories. However, in this, as in almost everything else, the lead is taken by Socialists. The first attempts at reform were made by General André, who unfortunately suffered the distinguished soldier in him to be obscured by the paltry politician. Then came M. Berteaux, also a Socialist, and M. Etienne, both of whom had enough to do to restore something like a feeling of security to the officers, ruffled as they had been by their predecessor. Meanwhile, M. Jaurès, after long indulging in doctrines unpleasantly savoring of Internationalism, was brought—especially through the Moroccan pinch—to take a more patriotic view of the possibilities of

war, and to advocate the substitution of what he calls "the armed nation" for the Army as we had known it. The progress of these ideas was so rapid that the report on the War Budget of next year has been entrusted to the Socialist, Messimy—till recently a captain in the Army—and this report, a volume of three hundred pages, does not contain merely the customary tables, accompanied by the usual commentary, but is, in fact, a wide and elaborate plan for a deep reform and a complete remodelling of the Army. This document will naturally be the basis of the debates during the next session, and, as a summary of modern military views, is not likely to be soon superseded.

One great feature strikes the reader at every page, viz., the considerable change worked in Socialist opinion by the imminence last year of a war with Germany. I remember seeing a few years ago a violently anti-militarist placard bearing the name of this same Captain Messimy. At present the Socialists, instead of preaching revolt to the young soldiers, seem bent on making the most of the existence of armies and turning them into democratic centres of education.

M. Messimy thinks that a little attention to neglected details might save a great deal of money, but he fully recognizes the necessity of not stinting military expenditure. The Manchurian War has demonstrated the predominance of artillery in modern battles, and the indispensability of immense stores of artillery ammunition. M. Messimy holds that France ought not to run the risk of finding herself, as she did last year, in danger of seeing her arsenals and magazines empty a few days after the declaration of war. He trusts that the next Hague Conference will propose a limitation of armaments; but, in the mean time, the Budget he offers to the Chamber exceeds that of last year by more than ten million dollars, and he thinks it an impossibility to prepare lighter Budgets for at least five or six years. This is very frank and outspoken, and we are far from the involved and reticent phrases in which M. Jaurès tried to express, or, I should say, to veil, his opinion on war when the Moroccan difficulty made it imperative to have one.

But, if the Socialists are frank as to the principle, they are also very trenchant in its applications. On the very first page of his report, Captain Messimy states in broad italics that "the Army teems with lifeless organisms, whose sole utility is to provide em-

ployment for useless people"; and he adds that "a complete remodelling of our military laws is necessary if we want to economize men and money."

Another axiom which he prefixes to his chapters on the "inevitable evolution" sounds no less positive. "We have twice as many Generals as we need, and those Generals are ten years too old," whereupon he shows by indisputable figures that the French staff is larger than the German by quite a third, and that the tardiness of its effective work is due, above all, to the multiplicity of committees. He proposes a sharp distinction between real military studies and mere office work, and advocates the total suppression of aides-de-camp and *officiers d'ordonnance.* He also suggests the suppression of corporals, who at present have next to no authority, while their pay could materially improve the situation of the sergeants and induce a large proportion of them to stay in the Army. Finally, he proposes conversions of more importance, on so large a scale that they have immediately elicited a great deal of excited comment from military writers. The most striking of these would be the wholesale transformation of two hundred squadrons into three hundred batteries, in conformity with the conclusions derived from the experience of the Manchurian War. These root-and-branch alterations of our military organizations shock the Generals of the old school, but they have been taken into consideration by such critics as General Langlois and General de Nègrier, and appear bound to be sooner or later carried into effect.

These purely technical considerations are only one side of the question. The Army is not only to be remodelled in its organization, but transformed in its spirit. The French soldier of to-morrow is no longer to be a soldier first and a Frenchman afterwards, but the reverse. There is certainly a great deal of the old feudal ideal left in the Army—if not in the common soldiers, who are every day losing what little remained of the military spirit, at least in the officers. The latter, especially those with a title, had for centuries so strong a feeling that the military career alone was suited to a gentleman that they felt a degree of more or less avowed contempt for what Mrs. O'Dowd, in "Vanity Fair," called the "beggarly civilian," for what our military songs still call the "*pékin.*" The perfect and accomplished pattern of the *pékin* was the political lawyer, the conceited and dangerous bab-

bler whom the first Napoleon threw, shrieking for mercy, out of the windows, and whom the second Napoleon sent to Cayenne by the score. The politician in his turn was always jealous of the self-contained power of the Army and of its taste for strong men, dictators and *coups d'état*. The Convention was the most warlike of assemblies, but its Generals were constantly under the watchful eye of two stern civilians. The two conflicting tendencies, after a period of apparent slumber, reappeared in their intensity during the six or seven years filled by the Dreyfus affair, and it is to that tragic struggle between the two halves of France that is due the rapid maturing of the ideas of M. Messimy and his friends.

Henceforward there is no longer to be an Army of France, which might all too readily become an Army in France, but a France in arms. "The Frenchman is born a soldier, and never ceases to be one." It is strange that this should be the formula to which a few years have brought the fierce anti-militarists of the Dreyfusard camp, but it is no less an immense gain. The conclusions derived from this principle are very clear, and their applications most logical. In the first place, the Army ought not to be independent, as it used practically to be. Only the other day, M. Chéron, the new and, in many respects, admirable Under Secretary at the War Office, cried out impatiently in the Chamber that civic supremacy ought to be an intangible dogma. General Picquart, who, to universal surprise, is the quietest of Ministers of War, concurs in this opinion and works out its consequences in an effective way. The chief effort tends, for the present, to the suppression of the absurd hostility between the various services at the War Office, and especially between the Army and Navy, and to the simultaneous action of all the Ministers more immediately concerned in the national defence. The creation by M. Clémenceau of the High Council for National Defence, comprising the Ministers of War, of the Navy, of the Colonies and of Finance, under the presidency of the President of the Republic himself, was a great step made towards this object, and ought, according to M. Messimy, to lead eventually to the creation of a Ministry of National Defence uniting the War Office and the Ministry of Marine.

The following consequences from the principle formulated above are plain and natural.

No Frenchman ought to evade the obligation of military service. Hence the privilege accorded to the clergy, professors and men in liberal professions to serve only one year disappears under the law coming into force in October next, and every French citizen owes his two years without any relaxation. The same equality prevails throughout the duration of the service. It has already been arranged that the young officers coming from St.-Cyr shall have to serve a year in the regiments before having a full right to their grade; but M. Messimy advocates even the total suppression of the military schools (St.-Cyr, Polytechnique, Versailles, Fontainebleau, St.-Maixent), and the substitution for them of a School of War, to which all officers—rising uniformly from the ranks—would be called in due season. The *Ecoles d'enfants de troupe* would also be suppressed, the elementary teachers assuming the part of first military instructors, while the officers should not shrink from the duties of humble schoolmasters and ought to carry on the physical, moral and even professional instruction of their recruits.

The courts martial, too, are an evident anomaly in a militarily organized nation, and the outrages committed by soldiers can be looked into and punished by the civil courts as well as by military judges.

Lastly, there should not be the difference that has existed so far between the active officers and those in the reserve, and the latter ought not to be given up to themselves, as they are at present, but should be called at regular intervals to the School of War so as to be capable of effective command.

These, briefly, are the chief reforms set forth in M. Messimy's report. Much in them seems reasonable, and on the way to realization, and the whole system is fascinating. A nation of soldiers with no soldiers' vices would undoubtedly be a noble body. But there is also a great deal that strikes one as too simple, too much the outcome of French logicalness, of that passion for rigid consistency, which is at the bottom of French parliamentary history. For instance, the bodily removal of our military schools, exclusively in view of an impossible equality, is not a republican idea, but a fad. The traditionalism rampant in the upper military circles will certainly oppose such wholesale reforms, and M. Messimy's plan will lose some of its completeness, but the Captain may live long enough to be thankful for the opposition.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May, 1907.*

ALTHOUGH the National Conventions are still a year distant, the manœuvring for position on the part of Republican candidates for the Presidency has already begun. It seems to be settled that Secretary Taft, whom President Roosevelt is believed to prefer for his successor, will have the unanimous support of the Ohio delegation, but to what extent the movement in his favor will be pressed in other States is as yet uncertain. If the Republican delegations from the Southern States could be controlled by Federal officials, they could doubtless be trusted to conform to Mr. Roosevelt's wishes, but the partisans of Vice-President Fairbanks were first upon the ground, and are said to have effected strong combinations in some of the commonwealths south of the Ohio and Potomac. That the Vice-President will have the Indiana delegation is taken for granted; but as yet no other Northern State can be looked upon as committed to his candidacy. During the last few weeks, Governor Hughes has made long strides toward the attainment of moral and political ascendency in New York; and, should his hold upon the confidence of his fellow citizens remain unshaken a year hence, it may prove impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to secure the delegation of that State for Secretary Taft. In Pennsylvania, the Republican leaders have decided to make Senator Knox their candidate, and it is averred that he would be the President's second choice. That, in equity, Pennsylvania has a claim to the nomination is undisputed. Although, among the States of the Union, she has long been surpassed by New York alone in population and wealth, she has never had but one President and but one Vice-President, whereas no fewer than five natives of the neighboring commonwealth, Ohio, have become Chief Magistrates. The discrimination cannot be justified on the plea that Ohio, unlike Pennsylvania, is a doubtful State; for Ohio, since 1856, has always given her electoral votes to the Republican nominee for the Presidency. As things look now, Taft, Hughes, Knox and Fairbanks are the most promising candidates for the Republican nomination next year, though not one of them would have a chance of being selected if Mr. Roosevelt could be persuaded to become his party's nominee. Most well-informed persons, however, dismiss that contingency as entirely out of the question. So far, on the other hand, as the Democratic National Convention is concerned, Mr. Bryan alone

figures in the foreground. Almost all onlookers assume that he will be the Democratic standard-bearer, although his advocacy of Federal ownership of Interstate railways threatened at one time to cost him the good-will of the Southern States. Colonel Henry Watterson of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" asserts that he could name an eminent Democrat who voted for Bryan in 1896, but who would at the same time be acceptable to Gold Democrats, and who, therefore, would be qualified to reunite the Democratic party. He adds that the man he has in mind does not live east of the Alleghanies, or south of the Potomac or Ohio. The only Democrat who at first sight seems to satisfy these conditions is Colonel Watterson himself.

The new tariff agreement between Germany and the United States, which has been ratified by the Reichstag, is a decided improvement on the *modus vivendi* which it will supersede, because, instead of expiring by limitation in a twelvemonth, it will continue in force for an indefinite period, unless denounced by one of the signatories. Under the new compact, our exports to Germany are to pay the minimum duties, while our responsive concessions are not legislative, but merely administrative, relating, as they do, to the work of special and secret agents, the policy of affording open, instead of secret, hearings in reappraisement cases, and the recognition of certificates issued by German Chambers of Commerce. The same concessions will, of course, be enjoyed by Great Britain under the "most favored nation" rule. There is no doubt that in this transaction Germany gives much more than she gets, but Emperor William seems determined to eliminate all causes of friction between his country and the United States. His motive is obvious, in view of the species of isolation to which Germany has been, or soon will be, reduced by the Anglo-French *entente,* the Franco-Russian League, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the agreements now in course of negotiation with Japan by both Russia and France. There is no doubt that the persistent efforts of the German sovereign to win the regard and confidence of the American people have had a large measure of success. We still look upon Great Britain as our best friend, owing largely to the attitude which she maintained during our war with Spain; but there is far more sympathy with Germany on this side of the Atlantic than existed ten years ago.

The United States Minister in Santo Domingo City seems to

have experienced much difficulty in securing the sanction of the Dominican Congress for the treaty negotiated by our State Department, and finally ratified, it will be recalled, by our Senate, though only after a prolonged delay and some amendments. That treaty, as we have pointed out, represents an attempt to avert the forcible collection of debts by strong European Powers from weak American republics. Secretary Hay assented to the blockade of Venezuelan seaports by British, German and Italian warships in 1902, but the resultant sequestration of a large fraction of Venezuela's customs revenue for the benefit of foreign creditors convinced our Government that the Monroe Doctrine might be violated in the spirit, if not also in the letter, even where no attempt at permanent occupation of territory should be made. For, if a fraction of the customs revenue of a debtor State may be confiscated for an indefinite period, so, logically, might the whole, in which event the debtor State would be deprived of the income on which it mainly relies for the defrayal of the cost of internal administration. It will hardly be pretended that such wholesale confiscation might not affect seriously a debtor's destiny. The Dominican Republic has been shielded against such a loss of resources by the agreement to which its Congress has at last given assent, and which is now being carried out. As, moreover, European and American claims against Santo Domingo have been scaled down to equitable proportions, the day is not distant when the Dominican Government will be free from foreign debt. The precedent thus established will undoubtedly be invoked by the creditors of other Latin-American commonwealths, and, therefore, it constitutes a landmark in the development of the Monroe Doctrine. It is, of course, possible, though scarcely probable, that we may be relieved from the burdens and responsibilities entailed by the Dominican precedent through the acceptance by the Hague Peace Congress of the so-called Drago Doctrine, which forbids the forcible collection of contractual debts.

The recession of the San Francisco School Board from its attitude of discrimination against Japanese pupils in the public schools of that city, followed, as it has been, by an enthusiastic reception of General Kuroki and other distinguished subjects of the Mikado, seems to have restored the friendly feeling which had long subsisted between Japan and the United States. Re-

ports, it is true, still come to us that the promise of the "Open Door" is evaded by Japanese minor functionaries in Manchuria, through discrimination against American and European goods in respect of freight rates on the railways. The Japanese trader, however, is one thing: the high-class official, imbued with the high sense of honor inculcated by the Bushido code, is another. We have no doubt that, so long as our relations with the Tokio Government are cordial, any well-founded complaints of the methods of railway management will receive prompt redress. An interesting report is current that the Mikado's Ministers have intimated to our State Department a willingness to conclude with us an agreement similar to that for which Russia and France are negotiating, and by virtue of which our own title to the Philippines, and Japan's title to Formosa, the southern part of Saghalien and her other conquests in the Far East, would be reciprocally guaranteed. If a like compact should be made by Japan and Germany, it is manifest that the danger of war in Eastern Asia would be averted for a long time to come. In that quarter of the globe, at least, a partial disarmament would then seem to be practicable, though it has now been settled by the action of Germany, Austria and Italy, that, so far as Europe is concerned, the question of a move toward the reduction of armaments will not be mooted seriously at The Hague. It may receive some academic discussion, however. The aim upon which the efforts of the American Commissioners to the Peace Congress will be chiefly concentrated is the adoption of the principle that private property shall be immune from capture at sea, as well as on land. It may be recalled that our State Department, fifty years ago, offered to renounce privateering, if the exemption of private property from capture at sea should be embodied in the Declaration of Paris.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *May 27.* **Philosophy in Fiction.**

THERE are two schools of thought existing to-day concerning fiction and its purposes; the one dominant on the Continent, and the other dominant in the United States and England. It is odd that the English-speaking nations are those who definitely negative the dictum of their greatest prophet. George Meredith has said that only in so far as fiction contained philosophy or theory of life should it live; and yet we, above all other peoples, continue to extol and encourage the novel of swift incident; the slightly built, lightly amusing story which can be read as a soporific, or as a momentary diversion on the trains.

From Holland, from Belgium, from Germany, from France, from Italy, and, above all, from Russia, we get novels of worth and of solid content, largely constructed, deeply conceived, slowly and deliberately written; novels that one reads to enlarge and deepen one's conception of life and conduct. Van Eeden's "The Quest," the trilogy of Fogazzaro, these are books to keep by one, even as the earlier Victorian novel was.

What a world that novel of the mid-nineteenth century offered! What a joy it would be, even to-day, to sit with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and hear the reading of the "Fall of the Roman Empire"! How one would like to follow Aunt Pullett again through the immaculate darkened rooms of her spacious house to get from the secretary the key that opened the shrouded guest-room and take off the layers and layers of tissue-paper and see the new spring bonnet! What a leisurely joy it would be to take a day in the open with one of William Black's delightful freckled heroines, and see the sunset across the waters! If those books did not seethe with profound philosophy, at least they gave a detailed picture of a large and leisurely life worth living. It required leisure and a

detached mind to live through them and in them. And we did live in them and they became a part and a parcel of consciousness, a definite enriching of the personal life. But who is the better or, for that matter, the worse or one whit different for skimming through a dozen of the novels concocted to-day? They die before they have fairly become alive and tried their lungs. They serve the idle moment of the passing throng and are done with.

If one might give a few rules to young novelists, one would begin with: "Take three to six years for each book. Forget that there is such a thing as popularity. Write with absolute sincerity from the depths of experience, and realize that all literature depends as much upon form as upon substance. Never be afraid to feel your subject passionately, for passion is life and nothing is farther from true art than cynicism and sophistication."

TUESDAY, *May 28.* **Cynicism and Decadence.**

NATIONS and enterprises, constructions of all kinds, are built upon faiths. Faith is the foundation of all things. Despairing desire has never accomplished anything but the rending and annihilating of itself; but all accomplishment, all effectiveness, implies a basis of belief. It matters comparatively little what the belief is: all belief builds. To believe in human beings builds character and quality about one; to believe in national honor and greatness builds nations; to believe in civic probity makes a flourishing city. It is not what one believes, so much as the fervor with which one believes, that makes for effective results. The life without conviction is the life that wastes itself. Some belief, to live and to die for, a man must have, or life passes as a stupid and incoherent dream. Cynicism is, therefore, one of the first signs of decadence. In individual character, cynicism means personal deterioration; in a nation, it means decadence. Principles may change, they do and must; objects may shift and aims vary, but some faith, some belief, must remain firm; some glory above personal aggrandizement, some belief in goodness unseen—otherwise, ignominy and collapse are imminent.

It is the prevalence of cynicism in great cities that sets one to wondering how much can be done for the blood and the brawn, and the sturdy continuance of the nation by encouraging country life with its solid attachment to the soil, its close intercourse with

the immutable laws of nature; its more limited and more profound human ties; its slimmer risk of seeing immorality in great and purple patches. The chances for keeping intact our faith in human nature are greater in small communities. And faith in the outcome of the race is necessary to strength. To accomplish the excellent, we must first believe in it. If there be a country where faith has crumbled and cynicism is broadcast, if there be a country, as our great national philosopher has said, "where knowledge cannot be diffused without perils of mob law and statute law; where speech is not free; where public debts and private debts are repudiated; where liberty is attacked in the primary institution of social life; where the position of the white woman is injuriously affected by the outlawry of the black; where the arts, such as they have, are all imported, having no indigenous life; where the laborer is not secured in the labor of his own hands; where suffrage is not free and equal: that country is in all respects not civil, but barbarous, and no advantages of soil, climate or coast can resist these suicidal mischiefs."

WEDNESDAY, *May 29.* The Youthful Letter-Writer.

SOME of the most delightful literature in the world is found in the form of the unpremeditated, personal letter, and it is a great pity that multiplied activities and appliances are crowding out this long-familiar form. But in every family there is probably still kept the lock-box in which the children's letters are hoarded. Especially when young children are taken to the country every summer, leaving a father behind in the city, the lock-box fills easily, and its contents constitute a good record of the childish struggles with thought, ambitions and powers of expression. As strange, perhaps, as in some after-life our present troubles and worries here shall seem to us, must appear to the big, grown girl her childish confidence to the absent mother: "I don't sleep very well, I have so many things to think of before I grow up—how the months come after each other, how to get change for big money, and how to be polite to strangers." And the same child reported the iniquity of a younger child: "We had for our Bible lesson to-day the 'Blessed Ares,' and baby brother laughed and wouldn't say his, and Mammy sent him out the room 'coz he said, 'Blessed are the meek and they shall have a new master.'"

The loving six-year-old mother of a family of eighteen dolls sent home to an harassed and overworked father the following genial requests: "Do, please, take care of all my precious dolls while I am gone, and tell Mammy to feed them well and sit by them while they go to sleep, and let them all sleep together in my bed. Tell them I miss them, I miss them very much; and tell my go-cart that, too. And, dear father, will you please have your picture taken for me with Mammy and with all my dolls. But if that costs too much just have a picture of the dolls, for Mother has your picture (I am sorry it looks so cross), and I can see Mammy with my mind's eye, but I want a picture of my dear dolls taken all together and each one separate, just as they are. It does not matter that they are some broke and that the littlest baby has lost her head, I love them just as they are and I want very good pictures, please."

A tiny boy, away on a farm, wrote home: "I saw a cat catch a rat; she just grabbed him with all her finger-nails," and the same little boy, touched by an ardent sympathy for the father in the hot city, wrote: "I ask God every night not to let you have yellow fever. I always say 'Wilt thoust,' so I guess He'll tend to it." The technique of a correct address compassed, he felt that even Deity would be merciful. For the same father, he inscribed a long tale, formed upon the model of such literature as he had absorbed, on the subject of a saint and a friendly beast. The tale ended dramatically: "Then the deer came panting and prancing up to the baby, and seeing it, behold, the deer was tender and wouldn't fight, but he took up the young child and nursed it till it grew to be a fine, large, fat saint."

Once writing becomes a pleasant occupation in itself and an intimate knowledge of the formalities of letter-writing a source of pride, parents are apt to find small notes put about to waylay them all through the day. By the breakfast-plate, for instance: "Dear Mother, If you are not busy please sharpen all my school-pencils and believe me always, ever yours cordially, C."

Even so distinguished a writer as Mrs. Meynell received from an otherwise devoted little daughter the following unkindest cut of all: "My dear Mother, I really wonder how you can be proud of your article, if it is worthy to be called a article, which I doubt. Such a unletterarary article, I can not call it letterature —I hope you will not write any more unconventionan trash."

ESPERANTO.*

PART XII.

(Eltiro el privata letero de L. Zamenhof al N. Borovko. Tradukis el la lingvo rusa V. G.†)

[FINO.]

EN la jaro 1878 la lingvo estis jam pli-malpli preta, kvankam inter la tiama "lingwe uniwersala" kaj la nuna Esperanto estis ankoraŭ granda diferenco. Mi komunikis pri ĝi al miaj kolegoj (mi estis tiam en la 8-a klaso de la gimnazio). La plimulto da ili estis forlogitaj de la ideo kaj de la frapinta ilin neordinara facileco de la lingvo, kaj komencis ĝin ellernadi. La 5-an de decembro, 1878, ni ĉiuj kune solene festis la ekvivigon de la lingvo. Dum tiu ĉi festo estis paroloj en la nova lingvo, kaj ni entuziasme kantis la himnon, kies komencaj vortoj estis la sekvantaj:

Malamikete de las nacjes
Kadó, kadó, jam temp' está!
La tot' homoze in familje
Konunigare so debá

(En la nuna Esperanto tio ĉi signifas: "Malamikeco de la nacioj falu, falu, jam tempo estas! La tuta homaro en familion unuiĝi devas.")

Sur la tablo, krom la gramatiko kaj vortaro, kuŝis kelkaj tradukoj en la nova lingvo.

Tiel finiĝis la unua periodo de la lingvo. Mi estis tiam ankoraŭ tro juna por eliri publike kun mia laboro, kaj mi decidis atendi ankoraŭ 5-6 jarojn kaj dum tiu ĉi tempo zorgeme elprovi la

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—ED.

† *Lingvo internacia*, 1896, 6–7.

lingvon kaj plene prilabori ĝin praktike. Post duonjaro post la festo de la 5/17-a de decembro ni finis la gimnazian kurson kaj disiris. La estontaj apostoloj de la lingvo provis paroleti pri "nova lingvo" kaj, renkontinte la mokojn de homoj maturaj, ili tuj rapidis malkonfesi la lingvon, kaj mi restis tute sola. Antaŭvidante nur mokojn kaj persekutojn, mi decidis kaŝi antaŭ ĉiuj mian laboron. Dum 5½ jaroj de mia estado en la universitato, mi neniam parolis kun iu pri mia afero. Tiu ĉi tempo estis por mi tre malfacila. La kaŝeco turmentis min; devigita zergeme kaŝadi miajn pensojn kaj planojn mi preskaŭ nenie estadis, en nenio partoprenadis, kaj la plej bela tempo de la vivo—la jaroj de studento—pasis por mi plej malgaje. Mi provis iafoje min distri en la societo, sed sentis min ia fremdulo kaj foriradis, kaj de tempo al tempo faciligadis mian koron per ia versaĵo en la lingvo prilaborata de mi. Unu el tiuj ĉi versaĵoj "Mia penso" mi metis poste en la unuan broŝuron eldonitan de mi; sed al la legantoj, kiuj ne sciis, en kiaj cirkonstancoj tiu ĉi versaĵo estis skribita, ĝi ekŝajnis, stranga kaj nekomprenebla.

Dum ses jaroj mi laboris perfektigante kaj provante la lingvon,—kaj mi havis sufiĉe da laboro, kvankam en la jaro 1878 al mi jam ŝajnis, ke la lingvo, estas tute preta. Mi multe tradukadis en mian lingvon, skribis en ĝi verkojn originalajn, kaj vastaj provoj montris al mi, ke tio, kio ŝajnis al mi tute preta teorie, estas ankoraŭ ne preta praktike. Multon mi devis ĉirkaŭhaki, anstataŭi, korekti kaj radike transformi. Vortoj kaj formoj, principoj kaj postuloj puŝis kaj malhelpis unu la alian, dume en la teorio, ĉio aparte kaj en mallongaj provoj, ili ŝajnis al mi tute bonaj. Tiaj objektoj, kiel ekz. la universala prepozicio "je," la elasta verbo "meti," la neŭtrala, sed difinita finiĝo "aŭ" k. t. p. kredeble neniam enfalus en mian kapon teorie. Kelkaj formoj, kiuj ŝajnis al mi riĉaĵo, montriĝis nun en la praktiko senbezona balasto; tiel ekz. mi devis forĵeti kelkajn nebezonajn sufiksojn. En la jaro 1878 al mi ŝajnis, ke estas por la lingvo sufiĉe havi gramatikon kaj vortaron; la multpezecon kaj malgraciecon de la lingvo mi alskribadis nur al tio, ke mi ankoraŭ ne sufiĉe bone ĝin posedas; sed la praktiko ĉiam pli kaj pli konvinkadis min, ke la lingvo bezonas ankoraŭ ian nekapteblan *ion*, la kunligantan elementon, donatan al la lingvo vivon kaj difinitan, tute formitan *spiriton*. (La nesciado de la spirito de la lingvo estas la kaŭzo, kial kelkaj esperantistoj, tre malmulte legintaj en la lingvo

Esperanto, skribas senerare, sed per multepeza, malagrabla stilo,—dume la esperantistoj pli spertaj skribas per stilo bona kaj tute *egala,* al kiu ajn nacio ili apartenas. La spirito de la lingvo sendube kun la tempo multe, kvankam iom post iom kaj nerimarkite, ŝanĝigos; sed se la unuaj esperantistoj, homoj de diversaj nacioj, ne renkontus en la lingvo tute difinitan *fundamentan* spiriton, ĉiu komencus tiri en sian flankon kaj la lingvo restus eterne, aŭ almenaŭ dum tre longa tempo, malgracia kaj senviva kolekto da vortoj.)—Mi komencis tiam evitadi laŭvortajn tradukojn el tiu aŭ alia lingvo kaj penis rekte *pensi* en la lingvo neŭtrala. Poste mi rimarkis, ke la lingvo en miaj manoj ĉesas jam esti senfundamenta ombro de tiu aŭ alia lingvo, kun kiu mi havas la aferon en tiu aŭ alia minuto, kaj ricevas sian propran spiriton, sian propran vivon, la propran difinitan kaj klare esprimitan fizionomion, ne dependantan jam de iaj influoj. La parolo finis jam mem, flekseble, gracie kaj tute libere, kiel la viva patra lingvo.

Ankoraŭ unu cirkonstanco igis min por longa tempo prokrasti mian publikan eliron kun la lingvo: dum longa tempo restis nesolvita unu problemo, kiu havas grandegan signifon por neŭtrala lingvo. Mi sciis, ke ĉiu diros al mi: "Via lingvo estos por mi utila nur tiam, kiam la tuta mondo ĝin akceptos; tial mi ne povas ĝin akcepti ĝis tiam, kiam ĝin akceptos la tuta mondo," Sed ĉar la "mondo" ne estas ebla sen antaŭaj apartaj "unuoj," la neŭtrala lingvo ne povis havi estontecon ĝis tiam, kiam ĝia utileco fariĝos por ĉiu aparta persono sendependa de tio, ĉu la lingvo jam estas akceptita de la mondo aŭ ne. Pri tiu ĉi problemo mi longe pensadis. Fine la tiel nomataj sekretaj alfabetoj, kiuj ne postulas, ke la mondo antaŭe ilin akceptu, kaj donas al tute nedediĉita adresato la eblon kompreni ĉion skribitan de vi, se vi nur transdonas al la adresato la ŝlosilon,—alkondukis min al la penso aranĝi, ankaŭ la lingvon en la maniero de tia "ŝlosilo," kiu, enhavante en si ne sole la tutan vortaron, sed ankaŭ la tutan gramatikon en la formo de apartaj, tute memstaraj kaj alfabete ordigitaj elementoj, donus la eblon al la tute nedediĉita adresato de kia ajn nacio tuj kompreni vian leteron.

Mi finis la universitaton kaj komencis mian medicinan praktikon. Nun mi ekpensadis jam pri la publika eliro kun mia laboro. Mi pretigis la manuskripton de mia unua broŝuro ("D-ro Esperanto. Lingvo internacia. Antaŭparolo kaj plena lernolibro")

kaj komencis serĉadi eldonanton. Sed tie ĉi mi la unuan fojon renkontis la maldolĉan praktikon de la vivo, la financan demandon, kun kiu mi poste ankoraŭ multe devis kaj devas forte batali. Dum du jaroj mi vane serĉis eldonanton. Kiam mi jam trovis unu, li dum duonjaro pretigis mian broŝuron por eldono kaj laste—rifuzis. Fine, post longaj klopodoj, mi prosperis mem eldoni mian unuan broŝuron en julio de la jaro 1887. Mi estis tre ekscitita antaŭ tio ĉi; mi sentis, ke mi staras antaŭ Rubikono kaj ke de la tago, kiam aperos mia broŝuro, mi ne havos plu la eblon reiri; mi sciis, kia sorto atendas kuraciston, kiu dependas de la publiko, se tiu ĉi publiko vidas en li fantaziulon, homon, kiu sin okupas je "flankaj aferoj"; mi sentis, ke mi metas sur la karton la tutan estontan trankvilecon kaj ekzistadon mian kaj de mia familio; sed mi ne povis forlasi la ideon, kiu eniris mian korpon kaj sangon kaj..mi transiris Rubikonon.

LAZARO LUDOVIKO ZAMENHOF.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, see advertising pages for membership application form.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

Professor Simon Newcomb

is one of the most noted of living American men of science, and he has received the most liberal acknowledgment of the greatness of his accomplishments and of the value of his work from many of the leading universities of the United States and Europe. He has also had conferred upon him the Copley, the Huygens, the Royal Society and the Bruce medals; he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and he is the only American since Franklin who was elected an associate of the Institute of France. He has made many astronomical discoveries, which have been given to the world in over one hundred papers.

James H. Blount,

a lawyer of Macon, Georgia, was born near that place in 1869, attended the public schools of Macon, and was graduated at the University of Georgia in 1887. He was admitted to the Bar in 1888, and subsequently attended the Columbia Law School, New York City, in 1890-1. Thereafter he practised law at Macon continuously until the outbreak of war with Spain. During the Spanish War he was in Cuba as a volunteer officer during 1898-9, and in the Philippines in a like capacity—1899-1901. From 1901 to 1905 he was Judge of the Court of First Instance of the Philippines, finally resigning on account of ill health and returning to his former home. Judge Blount is the author of a book on

pleading and practice under the Code of Georgia, which, in 1897, was adopted by the Legislature of that State. He is a son of the late Congressman from Georgia, who was President Cleveland's Special Commissioner to Hawaii in 1893.

Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D.D., LL.D.,
was born in Glasgow, Scotland, a little over forty years ago. He was graduated from the University of Glasgow in 1885, and from New College, Edinburgh, in 1889. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow in 1889, and ordained by the Congregational Association of Vermont, United States, in 1890. He was the minister of the First Congregational Church of St. Albans, Vermont, from 1890 to 1894, and from 1894 to 1899 of the North Reformed Church, Newark, New Jersey. Since 1899 he has been the minister of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, Manhattan. Dr. Mackay served as President of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America in 1906. His publications are a large number of sermons and addresses and numerous articles in the religious papers and magazines.

K. K. Kawakami
is a native of Japan. Having graduated from the Tokio College of Law, he became a contributor to the leading periodicals, and, for a short time, was an associate editor of the "*Yorodzu,*" a daily newspaper published in the capital. He also published several books in Japanese, among which are "A History of Germany," "Labor Legislation," "Modern Socialism" and "Industrial Education." He was a member of the Imperial Japanese Commission to the St. Louis World's Fair, and prepared the official report on that exposition. He was appointed a Fellow in Political Science in the University of Iowa, and wrote a book entitled "The Political Ideas of Modern Japan," which was published by the Iowa University, and later by a Tokio publishing-house. For some time he attended the University of Wisconsin as a student of political economy and colonial politics.

Dr. Emile Joseph Dillon,
correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph" at St.

Petersburg, is a scholar and a journalist of the first rank. He was born in Ireland and educated at the Collége de France, Paris; Universities of Innsbruck, Leipzig, St. Petersburg, Louvain and Kharkoff. From the last three he received degrees in Oriental languages and literature. He is the founder of "*Le Muséon*" and he has edited various newspapers in Russia. He has served as correspondent and war-correspondent in every part of the globe, and has published many books on philological as well as on modern political subjects.

DR. LOUIS ROBINSON,

an old friend of the REVIEW, was born in Sussex in 1857 and educated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. At Durham University, he graduated with the highest honors, and was awarded the gold medal of the University for his graduation thesis. He is well known as the author of various writings on subjects relating to natural history regarded from an evolutionist point of view.

L. S. ROWE

occupies the chair of Political Science in the University of Pennsylvania. Together with Sir Juan Hernandez-Lopez, of San Juan, and Judge Joseph F. Daly, of New York, he was appointed by President McKinley on the Commission to Revise and Compile the Laws of Porto Rico. After this Commission completed its labors Governor Allen appointed Dr. Rowe on the Insular Code Commission. In the earlier work, Dr. Rowe was the author of the drafts of the Municipal and County Laws of the Island as well as of those pertaining to Sanitation. He has been a frequent and authoritative writer on political science.

HENRY WOOD ELLIOTT,

well known as a naturalist and an artist, was born in Cleveland in 1846. In 1862 he became private secretary to Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and in 1872, and again in 1890, he was sent as special commissioner to Alaska in connection with the Seal Islands. He has published monographs on the Seal Islands, on Alaska and on various scientific subjects.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS

was born in 1878 at Ann Arbor, Michigan. He studied at the University of Michigan and in Paris, and subsequently became a member of the faculty of his alma mater. At present he is a professor of Romance languages and literatures at Princeton. He has contributed both verse and critical articles to various magazines.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate, at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891, he returned to England from India, and spent the subsequent four years on the Continent, travelling in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Austria and France. Since 1896 he has resided in the United States.

NOTE.—For the present, the chapters from Mark Twain will be published in alternate issues.

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UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.

BY SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D.

"THE greatest nation is the one that can send most men to the top of the Matterhorn." This reply to the question which we should deem the greatest nation was probably regarded by the guests who heard it as a euphonious paradox, rather than a serious opinion. And yet, if not taken too literally, it suggests a direction in which progress is now tending. With the decay of asceticism, naturally commences the growth of the opposite idea, embodied in the familiar phrases, "muscular Christianity" and "the physical basis of life." This idea is supported by modern physiological investigation, which brings out in clear relief that physical health and vigor are qualities to be cultivated, not merely from a selfish desire for amusement and to secure freedom from pain, but as a means toward the attainment of our highest ethical ends. Experience shows the general rule to be that the physically lazy man is not apt to be mentally active, though the mentally active man may be so absorbed in his work as to have little time or energy to spend in outdoor exercise. The names of the few hundred persons who, since Whymper's memorable and disastrous adventure, have ascended the Matterhorn, would be more than a miscellaneous list of people endowed with bodily vigor and a propensity to

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climb. They would include a President of the United States, a goodly list of leaders in science and literature, and more than a due proportion of men who have made their mark in various fields of effort. The general trend of evidence recently collected by students of hygiene is toward the view that there is something toxic in the air of even the best houses, and that he who would command the best measure of physical health must, so far as he can, live and sleep in the open air. He cannot do this well unless he is in motion during most of his waking hours; and in this we have a completely rational incentive to bodily exercise.

Having said this by way of preface, let us proceed to our task. We wish to bring about peace and amity between lusty Ajax, who attends all the football games, admires the manly qualities there displayed, and sees in the actors the men who are to do the real work of the world—and wise Minerva, who has learned that brain and not muscle does the world's work, and that the best physical health and mental vigor are quite compatible with inability to climb a hill or fight a burglar. We fancy that the goddess is already beginning to ply us with questions, whether we are not confounding causes and effect, whether men do not play football because they are already strong and active, rather than the reverse, whether the qualities they display in the game are really those most required by modern society, and whether Whymper would not have done as good work, and Leslie Stephen become as effective a writer, if neither of them had ever seen a mountain. But, with all the deference due her sex, we shall ask her to postpone her questions, and remain a spectator while Ajax has his innings.

The world, he tells us, has no need of the weakling, who shrinks from personal combat, and is disturbed by the fear of a little physical pain and discomfort. The man who in the future is to win the admiration and command the respect of his fellow men by his works must possess the robust qualities of the body, as well as the finer qualities of the intellect. In no way are such qualities more readily acquired and displayed than in the roughest of the games played by university students in intercollegiate contests. The large majority of men who are to be leaders in this and the next generation will be trained at colleges and in universities. It is essential to their efficiency that they shall not be mere scholars and bookworms, but physically strong and cou-

rageous, ready to sacrifice ease and comfort to the exigencies of their work. Therefore, let them engage in manly contests, the rougher the better.

Now, dear Ajax, I am delighted that you take this ground. I take much the same view as you do, though I might state our case a little differently. We wish the men of our nation to be capable of carrying on great works. The best and most effective work cannot be done unless the doer enjoys good physical health. Human experience, as a whole, shows that life and motion in the open air are among the agents most conducive to vigor. Let us, therefore, cultivate this life in the nation at large, especially in that fraction of it which is to take the lead. Open-air games are an excellent means toward this end, therefore we wish to encourage them. I look for your cordial assent to my statement of the problem before us, which is to devise that course of action best adapted to imbue our intellectual young men with a warm love for the green fields, the blue sky and the varied beauties of nature, and such a fondness of physical movement that they shall look forward with pleasure many months in advance to the moment when they can escape from their daily routine, to engage in country walking or in mountain-climbing. Let us now put our heads together, and map out the course of action best adapted to our purpose. To do this we must begin with a survey of the situation, and study the problem which it offers from our point of view.

A body of several hundred young men enter college. The first step in deciding how to secure them the full measure of the manly qualities we admire will be to classify them as to their present possession of such qualities. We divide them into three groups. At the head will be the vigorous and courageous young men, already possessing in the highest degree the manly qualities we desire to cultivate. Born of strong and healthy parents, they have loved the outdoor air from childhood, and have played on the teams of their respective schools till they have reached the college age. If any of us can claim them as children or grandchildren, we are glad to do so.

The second and much larger group will comprise a middle class, possessing fair or excellent health, and a due amount of every manly quality, but taking no special pleasure in bestowing their car-fares upon the shoemaker, more interested in study

than in sport, and fonder of seeing others lead the strenuous life than of leading it themselves.

The third will take in the weaklings; the men who shrink from strenuous physical effort, are not strong enough to engage in a rough-and-tumble game, fear they would get hurt if they tried, will not incur even a slight risk of a few bruises without some more serious reason than love of excitement, deem it the part of wisdom to go through life with a minimum of physical pain, and prefer a sphere of activity in which the sacrifice of comfort will be as small as possible. Perhaps many of them watch the games with as much eagerness as any of their fellows, and hurrah for their teams as loudly as their weak lungs will permit. But this adds little to their physical vigor.

Having these three groups before us, the problem is so to deal with and train them that, taken as a whole, the best results at which we aim shall be reached. Keeping in our mind's eye the respective needs of the groups, our policy is obvious. The first group already possesses, in as high a degree as society demands, all the manly qualities we wish. It goes without saying that we need not greatly concern ourselves with it. The second admits of improvement, and may therefore command a share of our attention. But it is the third group which stands most urgently in need of our help and encouragement. One of the strongest reasons for devoting especial attention to it is that the conditions of modern society are extremely favorable to its increase. What would we do to-day if, like our forefathers, we had no street-cars? An evolutionary philosopher has predicted that, at some future epoch, the human being will be an animal unable to use his legs except to mount into an automobile, or incapable of chewing with his own teeth. We desire to postpone this epoch, if possible, to some future geological age. To do this, we must evidently deal with the group of university students that is in most danger of being the progenitors of such an enfeebled race. In a word, athletic exercises are to be promoted with most care and attention in the third group, and with less in the second, while the first may be safely left to take care of itself. The ideal stage of intercollegiate athletics is, then, one in which the teams are made up of the weakest men in college, or at least those who were weakest to begin with but have gained strength from the training which the college has afforded them.

The contrast of the policy thus suggested with that at present pursued is so strong that the proposition may seem as paradoxical as that of measuring national greatness by ability in mountain-climbing. No one goes to see a game between men who have not reached the highest grade of vigor, no one even invites them upon a team. Even the second group is left to take care of itself, its members being promoted into the first group if they choose to make the necessary effort. It is to the first that public attention is entirely directed. It alone wins honors and brings out applause. That is to say, we have in actual operation a system which trains those who do not need training, and leaves those who do need it to take care of themselves, without even offering them an incentive to improvement. The worst outcome of the policy is not merely waste of effort through exerting it where it is not needed, but the actual discouragement of effort among those who most need to make it. If the discouragement is not a positive one, it is at least a negative factor in that it fails to offer encouragement to the weak to become strong.

That a course of action seemingly adapted to the attainment of an end should really take us farther from it is no new experience in human affairs. The question whether this is true of our present system of intercollegiate athletics is so important as to merit an inquiry how far the contention can be established by independent evidence especially by the opinions of impartial observers. We have two sources of such opinions, the utterances of officers of our universities who have observed the effect of athletics upon their students, and the broader experience of nations. So far as the writer's observation has extended, no college or university authority has claimed, as the result of his own experience, that intercollegiate athletic contests stimulate a personal desire for exercise among that group of students who most need it. For the most part, the opinions not only of administrative officers, but even of teachers of athletics, are toward the opposite view. It is conceded, indeed, that almost the entire body of students, even those least disposed to go through a course of physical training themselves, are much interested in the success of their college team. They enjoy a healthful diversion in witnessing the games. A minority say that they enjoy a certain benefit from this stimulus, although the nature of the benefit is not clearly stated. But no one claims to have seen evidence

that students in the group most in need of exercise have been led to take it in consequence of the athletic contests of their fellows. So far as experience has gone, the opinions based on the best information tend toward the view that the real wants of the weaker group have been lost from sight in the excitement of preparing for and witnessing contests among the stronger ones.

We now invite the reader to take a broader view of the general question how far athletic contests between small groups of men stimulate the love of outdoor exercise in a community. The nation which in recent times has been most actively interested in such contests is, no doubt, the English. When physical training was introduced into our own institutions of learning, our schools borrowed their ideas from Rugby and other English sources, and our universities borrowed from Oxford and Cambridge. That athletic contests were the product of a healthy love of outdoor life among the English people, and not the cause of that love, must be carefully borne in mind. The result is that to-day the two English-speaking countries are the foremost in athletic contests. On the other hand, the semi-professional university athletic teams, so common in our country and, in a less degree, in England, are, so far as the writer is aware, unknown in Germany. It will hardly be maintained that the silly practice of duelling, which has not wholly ceased in some of the German universities, is in any way a substitute for intercollegiate athletic games. In the common schools of the nation, physical training is carefully looked after, but the system is not ours. Those who need the training receive more careful attention and encouragement than those who do not. The whole system is devised and conducted on a rational basis, the end being the physical development of the individual and not the promotion of contests or other games.

It is of interest to inquire what the results of the systems have been in the case of the nations in question. One result to which we invite attention may be only a straw, but it seems very significant. The fondness of the English for feats of physical endurance in mounting difficult Alpine peaks has led us to regard Switzerland as the especial playground of their nation. If this was ever true, it is not true to-day. The fact is that a walker over a snow-covered Alpine pass may now safely use the German language in exchanging greetings with and asking the way of a

fellow pedestrian, with confidence that he will not be going astray one time in five. But, when he reaches the luxurious hotels of the valley, he may with equal confidence use the English language in addressing every fellow guest he meets. That the two systems have produced these two distinctly opposite effects is an actual fact of personal observation. That the professional climber of lofty snow-peaks may be found speaking English as often as German, I cannot either affirm or deny. But, if such is the case, it will only strengthen our contention that the semi-professional physical training to which the English and Americans are addicted benefits the few at the expense of the many who most need it.

If the conclusion to which a careful examination of the case seems to point is really correct, the ideal athletic contest would be one between teams whose members were chosen from men originally of the weakest class. It may well be asked whether an argument in favor of such a system is not futile. We know that no one but the players themselves would take any interest in such games. Then why argue the point? We do not argue it further than to show that intercollegiate contests are worse than useless. If we admit that the policy which supports the system fails of its object because it stimulates effort where no stimulus is necessary, and discourages effort where it is needful, and if, on the other hand, the only reform that will lead to our end is so impracticable as to seem ridiculous, the conclusion is obvious. Physical development on the part of our students will be best promoted by entirely abandoning intercollegiate contests, and making games of strength a purely local and personal affair. In other words, we must train the body on the same system as we do the mind.

Having thus arranged, as we hope, a *modus vivendi* with Ajax by showing how his end can best be attained, let Minerva state her case. The development of intercollegiate athletics during the past twenty years has been so striking that the thoughtful man will inquire into the incentive that lies behind it. It may well be that, in the beginning, this came from a growing conviction of the benefits of physical training to intellectual workers. But it cannot be claimed that a rational conviction of this truth has been a factor in the present expansion of the system. To begin with the first agent: why does the vigorous and healthy student of Harvard or Yale join the athletic team of his insti-

tution, and add to the labor of his studies the large outlay of brain and nerve power required by a course of physical training? Certainly not because he feels that he needs the exercise, for he can supply this in a much easier way and at much less expense to his daily comfort. With him, the motive is the laudable one of commanding the esteem of his fellows and exciting the admiration of the public. For the most part, the game is not a pleasure to him, but a severe strain, which he willingly undergoes in order to gain his end. He is probably among the ablest students of his class; but, if he devoted himself to purely intellectual improvement, he would have to wait long years before getting into the lime-light, while in the athletic team he finds himself there at once. If he is not received at home as was a winner in the Olympian games, he has at least the satisfaction of feeling that his friends and relatives take pride in the qualities he has displayed.

If interest in the contests were confined to students and their relatives, the actual situation would not have presented itself. Its important feature is the extraordinary public interest which the games now excite, and which may be fairly measured by the sums collected from gate-receipts and other sources, the total of which would suffice to pay an important part of the expenses of a university. The income from gate-receipts alone has been so great that the problem how to dispose of it could be solved only by incurring enormous outlays for expenses of all sorts. If we had here a measure of public interest in the physical improvement of students, the situation would at least show one bright side. But it may well be questioned whether this is the case, and whether the real incentive at play is not as old as history,—the love of witnessing a combat. Is it not the same impulse which gave rise to gladiatorial contests in ancient Rome, to the bull-fights of Spain, to the cock-fights of the English, and to the prize-fights of English and American pugilists; and which to-day collects a crowd around two dogs fighting in the street? Is it not that trait of our nature which leads to a personal squabble between two legislators in the parliament of any civilized country being cabled over the world with more promptness than a debate on the most important subjects? Let us not say that it is useless to contend against a trait so widely diffused. In spite of its universality, we all admit, in our sober moments, that the impulse is an

ignoble one. We prohibit prize-fighting by law. A modern gentleman would be ashamed to join a crowd looking at a dog-fight. Whatever the interest he might feel in the contest, his conscience tells him that he can have no rational basis for a desire to witness the scene. The older and wiser he grows the more evident becomes the ignoble character of the impulse. We, descendants of the Puritans, should esteem as a compliment to our forebears rather than a slur upon them, Macaulay's borrowed apothegm—"they opposed bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Their better nature clearly showed them that, apart from the question of cruelty, it was an unworthy trait of our nature which could find enjoyment in the spectacle. The intercollegiate football game gives an air of respectability to a spectacle which we should otherwise regard as undignified. A contest between two teams of professional football-players would be as interesting to witness as one between students. But the veneering of respectability would then be wanting.

Probably the class of thinkers who, while admitting the force of this argument, feel that it is useless to oppose the spirit of the age, may not be a small one. And yet, were we to carry this idea to its extreme, we should do away with one of the great functions of educational institutions—which is to improve the spirit of the age. There is a wide field between the policy of bringing the world at once up to our standards, and leaving it entirely to go its own way. Universities and other academic institutions, being organized to correct what is evil in human impulses and promote what is good, should not assume the position of even passive spectators of a movement which sets their own ideals at naught.

It must be clearly understood that, in all we have said, we keep in mind a comparison between two systems—one devoting itself, in the German fashion, to the comparatively uninteresting task of encouraging the healthy physical development of all students, and the other to the promotion of spectacular games. The difference between these two motives is one that we are bound to recognize in the general interest of morality. It is the difference between loving excellence for its own sake, and loving to excel others. It is like the difference between self-respect as an object in life, and the desire to win the respect and applause of others.

But can we eliminate from the motives to physical training the desire to excel our fellows? In considering this question, let us demur at the outset that a negative answer would not mean that the present system must be supported. We have already shown that the latter does not yield the fruits we have a right to expect. We should therefore abandon it, even if another way could not be found. But we have only to study the facts of the case to show that the better motive is not only worthy to prevail, but may practically be made to prevail. We have only to substitute the man himself as the standard of comparison, instead of the fellow-man.

There still stands in a corner of the Harvard University grounds a small, low, old-fashioned brick building, offering in its proportions a striking contrast to the buildings of to-day. It was the first gymnasium erected for the use of Harvard students. In it those who aimed at increasing the physical strength took as much pleasure in noting their improvement every week as does the football-player of to-day in his contests. This continual gain, coupled with the real pleasure of physical activity, which perhaps many experienced there for the first time, was the sufficient motive to gain the full measure of physical energy attainable by the constitution of each individual student. We never know how interesting the simplest exercise may be unless we have had the experience. I never saw an outing more enjoyed than that of a poor widow of a Tyrolese schoolmaster, who once arranged a picnic for a small party on a slope of one of her native mountains. I could see nothing in it but cooking and eating a meal out-of-doors instead of in the house; but it gave her a pleasure and a distraction which lightened her labors for days to come. In the light of a modern athletic contest, the interest taken by the students of forty years ago in their exercises may seem quite childish. Who but a child could be amused, as students then were, by seeing his fellows lean backward and walk under a barrier slowly lowered day by day until it was little more than knee high? The youth who was looking forward to increasing the weight of his dumb-bells from 60 to 80 pounds, who could walk to the end of a vibrating spar without falling, and who was hoping soon to be able to mount up the peg-studded pole while hanging by his hands, were all interested by the sight of what the others could do in these various lines. It cannot be denied that all

gained the greatest of the benefits that come from physical exercise; and, if we would secure the same advantage to our children, we can do it by inciting them to action on similar lines. Instead of each trying to excel his fellows, which he knows is vain unless he is one of the strongest of the class, each person must try to be stronger to-day than he was yesterday. Even if we cannot move every one by this motive, we shall certainly move more than we do under our present system.

Let us temper a little our admiration for the manly qualities displayed in an athletic contest, by recognizing the confusion between cause and effect which we find involved. Probably nearly all of our readers would share with the writer the pleasure which he would feel in seeing a son win a boat-race. But why? Because the winning made him stronger? No, but because winning proved him to be a strong man to begin with. Success was the effect, not the cause, of strength. The same remark will apply to the manly qualities displayed in an athletic game. Psychologists will tell us that it is very doubtful whether innate qualities can be improved in any great degree in this way. But, apart from this, as we are now in a critical mood, let us inquire whether the manly qualities at play in a contest are really those which the world most needs to-day and will need in the future.

It is a characteristic of human nature that the sentiments and ideas which we inherit from our ancestors may continue through many generations after they have ceased to be needed. It is of especial interest that such sentiments are strongest in the boy, and tend to diminish with age. In former times, cities, villages, nations and empires were so exposed to aggressions from their neighbors that not only their prosperity, but even the lives of their people, depended upon the prowess and courage of their fighting population. Hence arose an admiration for these qualities, which we may expect to continue, not only as long as war is permitted, but even after conditions are so improved that no one will ever be obliged to place himself voluntarily in danger for the benefit of his fellow-men. Every well-endowed boy of to-day admires the brave fighter as the highest type of humanity, and shows his budding patriotism by delighting in the battles which our soldiers have won. But, as he grows up, he is from time to time surprised to find social regulations at seeming variance with his ideas. He learns that the man who jumps off the

Brooklyn Bridge, or risks life and limb otherwise than in the performance of the greatest public or private duty, instead of receiving the reward of a hero is haled before the courts, to be dealt with as an offender against the law. His traditional ideas of the qualities essential in a soldier include readiness to take offence and to engage in mortal combat with his personal enemy. He is therefore surprised when he finds that duelling is prohibited by the regulations governing modern armies, and that the officer of to-day need not be quick of temper to prove his courage. The writer was once told by a distinguished officer of the past generation that it was a disappointment to the average citizen when he first found that the naval officer of our time was an educated gentleman, who did not interlard his conversation with sea slang. As the boy grows to manhood, he finds that fear is strongest in his boyhood and that physical courage is the rule and not the exception among grown men.

In the same category with physical courage we may place readiness to engage in personal combat. The boy who possesses this quality has a decided advantage among his fellows. But, as he grows older, he finds that the requirements of social life render it an undesirable quality among grown men. The boy who is not ready to defend himself is liable to be imposed upon by his fellows. But the grown man trusts for his protection to public opinion and to the agents of the law; and, although the latter may not always be at hand when needed, it is not likely that an occasion will ever arise during his life in which he will have to maintain his rights in the manner employed by primitive mankind. How much soever he would be pleased to down a burglar, he might live through a score of lives without once enjoying the opportunity.

If the argument here submitted is sound, the wisest policy on the part of believers in physical training as a basis of intellectual efficiency is to discourage and, if possible, abolish that special form of intercollegiate contests which has assumed such striking proportions during the past ten years. We should not lose sight of the fact that the energy displayed in these contests is misdirected, and that a wise adaptation of means to ends requires athletic exercises to be a personal matter, in which each individual shall be interested in his own improvement rather than in his ability to outdo his fellows. SIMON NEWCOMB.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE—WHY?

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT, FORMERLY JUDGE OF FIRST INSTANCE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE author of this paper contributed, to the number of this REVIEW for January 18th last, an article concerning our Philippine problem entitled "Philippine Independence—When?" A definite plan for getting out of the Philippines soon and honorably was therein suggested as follows:

> "If three strong and able men, familiar with insular conditions, and still young enough to undertake the task — say, for instance, General Leonard Wood, of the Army; Judge Adam C. Carson, of the Philippine Supreme Court; and W. Morgan Shuster, Collector of Customs of the Archipelago; or three other men of like calibre—were told by a President of the United States, by authority of the Congress: 'Go out there and set up a respectable native government in ten years, and then come away,' they could and would do it, and that government would be a success; and one of the greatest moral victories in the annals of free government would have been written by the gentlemen concerned upon the pages of their country's history."

It is a significant fact that, despite the general and apparently chronic torpor into which public interest concerning Philippine affairs was supposed to have lapsed, the article cited attracted considerable attention from the American press. Here was an article, upon a subject of which the public were tired, written by an unknown person in whom the public were not interested. Yet it challenged the attention of the country, because the American people consider the Philippines a costly burden, a nuisance and a danger, and are determined to get rid of them so soon as may be honorably possible. It challenged attention, also, because the writer, after nearly six years' stay in the Islands (1899-1905)—the first two as an officer of the army that subjugated them, and the remainder as a United States Judge—had finally returned

home with the conviction that we ought not to continue to hold the Islands indefinitely, and gave some reasons, not academical, but derived from his personal observations, for the opinion he expressed.*

The reasons then urged were of two kinds: first, those suggesting themselves when the subject is contemplated from the Oriental end of the line; second, those suggesting themselves at the American end. In discussing the former, the writer alluded to the most humiliating failure upon the part of the civil authorities, in the fall of 1904, to properly protect the lives and property of peaceably inclined people, in that they abstained from calling upon the regular army of the United States to suppress a bloody insurrection which was too serious to be handled by native constabulary. The failure to order out the troops was due to the fear that such action, if cabled to the United States, might, as General Otis's press censor used to say to the war correspondents in the early days, "have the American people by the ears"—that is to say, might hurt the Administration in the Presidential election then approaching by creating at home an impression that "the situation" as to public order was not "well in hand."

In justice to the civil authorities, it should be assumed that, in failing to call upon the military to quell the aforesaid outbreak, they believed that "the greatest good of the greatest number" of Filipinos demanded the retention of the Islands by the United States, and that the correct solution by the American people of this question of retention ought not to be jeopardized in the slightest degree, on the eve of the Presidential election, by using the iron hand of the regular army upon hostile natives engaged in killing friendly natives. What difference would a few natives, more or less, make in the long run, anyhow?

In justice, on the other hand, to the obscure victims of the aforesaid massacres, who perished by reason of this "greatest-

* Since the publication of Judge Blount's article in the number of the REVIEW for January 18th last, it has been reprinted three times, viz.:

(1) In pamphlet form, for free distribution, at the instance of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Copies of the Carnegie reprint may be had upon application to the Filipino Progress Association, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

(2) In the "Congressional Record" of February 12th, 1907 (pp. 2815–2818), at the instance of the Hon. James L. Slayden, of Texas, in the course of a speech in the House of Representatives.

(3) In "The Commoner" of April 19th, 1907, by the Hon. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, editor and proprietor of that paper.

good-of-the-greatest-number" theory, it is submitted that the first duty of a Government is to protect life and property, from day to day, as far as possible; and, in weighing the capacity of the Filipinos to conduct a government of their own, we should ask ourselves: "Would they kill any more of each other than we have killed, or allowed to be killed, of them?"

The great dead President, Mr. McKinley, in his letter of instructions to the Taft Commission, after quoting the concluding words of the articles of capitulation of the city of Manila, viz., "This city, its inhabitants . . . and its private property of all descriptions . . . are placed under the special safeguard of the faith and honor of the American army," added:

> "As high and sacred an obligation rests upon the Government of the United States to give protection for property and life . . . to all the people of the Philippine Islands. . . . I charge this Commission to labor for the full performance of this obligation which concerns the honor and conscience of their country."

No purpose is here entertained to detract from the high character and ability of the small group of distinguished men who, it is believed, were guided, in dealing with the Samar insurrection of 1904, by the belief that they were acting for the greatest good of the greatest number. But that maxim is too ruthless, too Napoleonic, in many of its possible applications, for a Republic safely to follow. After observing what he conceived to be a governmental application of it to the affairs of a very considerable portion of the Philippines, for some time prior to and up to November 8th, 1904, the writer left the vicinity of the Samar massacres on or about that date, bound for Manila, prostrated from overwork in trying to dispose properly of the cases of prisoners likely to die in overcrowded jails. He came to Manila believing that we ought to get out of the Philippines just as soon as any sort of fairly respectable native Government could be set up, whether modelled strictly after our own or not.

"He who comes into a Court of Equity should do so with clean hands." Are not we, as a nation, estopped from denying, before the great tribunal of history, that the Filipinos can conduct a Government which will afford adequate protection for human life, since our own hands are spattered with the blood of innocent people whose lives we could have saved, but did not? Is it not pharisaical for us to claim that a native Government would entail

more unnecessary sacrifice of life *per annum* than the total of what we have *committed* and *permitted?* Should we not cast out the beam from our own eye before attempting to pluck the mote from the eye of "our little brown brother"? Is not the real question, "Can we, in all good conscience, continue to hold the Philippines?" rather than, "Can we honorably turn them loose?"

The reproach of what has happened belongs more or less to all the people of the United States. It demonstrated to the writer beyond a reasonable doubt that a Republic like ours should not colonize, that, as stated in the previous article: "The governing of the Philippines by their supposed friends from the antipodes has been not unlike a game of battledore and shuttlecock between rival political creeds at home, in which the unfortunate inhabitants have been the shuttlecock."

This paper is written in the earnest hope of aiding in convincing a sufficient number of the leading men of both the great political parties that we ought to retire from the Philippines as soon as a decent native Government can be gotten under way.

Everybody in the Army who was in the Philippines at the time knows that the regular troops ought to have been ordered to suppress the Samar insurrection of 1904 long before November 8th, instead of some time afterwards, and that meantime the insurrection spread like a prairie fire and did irreparable and incalculable damage. But concerning such matters a true soldier, of course, is silent, both from duty and from interest—from duty, because he must abide the course taken by his superior officers, the Secretary of War and the President; and from interest, because, if criticisms by him of the War Department reach that Department, his chances of advancement will necessarily be less than those of other ambitious men who have the good sense to hold their peace.

The difficulty which inevitably presents itself to a Republic, like ours, in endeavoring to give a "square deal" to colonial subjects living in a remote part of the world, thus becomes apparent. In a Government by the people, the people should be able to get at all the facts concerning all the issues submitted to them in a political campaign. When a Government by the people starts out to colonize in distant lands, the main body of the evidence they will get, calculated to throw light upon the question of the wisdom and justice of continuing the experiment, will

of necessity come through official sources—that is, from officials of the party which, being in power, seeks to continue itself in power—and will therefore be one-sided, *ex parte,* testimony. No matter how high the character of the responsible heads of such colonial government, they will "let nothing go that will hurt the Administration."

Such are some of the aspects of the problem, when it is studied from the point of view one gets in the Philippines. "Lest we forget" the condition to which Congress has brought the Filipinos by refusing to substantially reduce the tariff on Philippine products brought to the United States, let us now consider that condition and its significance.

The question of the welfare of the Filipinos is, and always will be, a "side-issue" with the American people. The most famous character of contemporary American fiction, "Misther Dooley," once said to his friend Mr. Hennessy upon this subject: "Befure the Spanish Warr, Hennessy—and it isn't very different since—the American payple didn't know, and didn't care, whether the Philippines wuz islands or a brand of canned gudes." But a greater than Dooley—President Lincoln—gave utterance, in a different connection, to the eternal truth: "A people who are indifferent to the rights of others cannot, under a just God, long retain their own."

Said the Manila Chamber of Commerce to the Taft party in August, 1905: "The country is in a state of financial collapse."*

Said former Governor-General Ide, in November, 1906:†

"By annexation we killed the Spanish market for Philippine sugar and tobacco, and our tariff shuts these products from the United States market, and to-day both these, the most important in the Islands, are practically prostrated."

Yet men whose views ought to be helpful, will, in the face of such evidence, blandly and blindly say:

"Our occupation has increased the prosperity of the Islands as never before."‡

The intense and universal desire of the Filipinos for Independence was dealt with at length in this REVIEW for January 18th last. Very positive opinions on that subject by Congress-

* Senator Newlands, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, December, 1905.
† New York "Independent," November 22nd, 1906.
‡ "New Haven Palladium."

man Parsons of New York, by Senators Dubois and Newlands, all of the Taft party, and by Captain Moss, of General Corbin's staff, were there set forth. But let us bear always in mind, especially when Japanese or other war clouds lower, what the Senator last above named refers to significantly as:

"The strategic mistake of having possessions occupied by unwilling subjects so far removed from our base—impossible of defence should the time come in the Orient when we may be beset by foes outside the Islands and *by insurrectos within*";

and his reminder that:

"The outbreak of Cuba against Spain was largely due to economic distress caused by the low price of sugar."*

As Brigadier-General W. H. Carter suggests, in a fine spirit of judicial fairness, in the number of the REVIEW for February 15th:

"Loyalty to the Government should not be expected of any population which, however erroneously, believes itself deprived of equal rights with others living under the same flag."

Says Senator Newlands:

"There can be no permanent friendliness between the Filipinos and the Americans."†

Says Senator Dubois:

"There is no intimacy and no sympathy between the Americans who are in the islands and the natives. . . . They do not regard them as a factor in the future of the country. . . . The natives hate us cordially, and unless some radical change can be brought about, the hatred will grow more and more intense."‡

One American observer expresses the feeling of the Americans in the Islands thus:

"When we have taught them . . . we shall set them free. . . . And yet, when the American looks about him at all the improvements . . . there is a certain feeling of reluctance to hand over the fruits."§

Cannot the editor of the "Christian Advocate," who did me the honor to review at length the previous article concerning the Philippines, and was even kind enough to characterize it as "illuminating," perceive how certain it is that the Filipinos un-

* Senator Newlands, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, December, 1905.
† NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, December, 1905.
‡ New York "Tribune," December 17th, 1905.
§ B. K. Daniels, "World's Work," September, 1905.

derstand this arrogant attitude of American business men, and suspect that there must be some ground for it? The Filipino is told by us that we expect to remain with him indefinitely. Is it not natural for him, in view of this attitude of Americans out there, to believe that our real purpose is to remain with him permanently; and will he not continue to believe so, unless we make a specific disclaimer of any intention permanently to exercise sovereignty over his country, and give him a definite promise of independence?

But let us cease for the moment to criticise the Congress for its sins of omission and commission against these Oriental subjects, and consider a reason, more elemental than taxation without representation and unjust tariffs, for the unpleasant but undeniable fact that the Filipinos like us infinitely less than they did the Spaniards. What Mr. Roosevelt said in 1889 in his "Winning of the West," concerning the French of the Ohio Valley before 1776, in regard to their cordial social relations with the natives, is true of all Latin races always under like circumstances, and suggests another strong reason why the Spaniards were liked in the Philippines far better than are their successors in sovereignty:

"They were not trammelled by the queer pride which makes a man of English stock unwilling to make a red-skinned woman his wife, though anxious enough to make her his concubine."*

Men of English stock have changed but little in the matter of race instinct since 1776. Yet among men to whom the country looks for suggestion and the moulding of public opinion, we sometimes find such utter misapprehension of conditions in the Philippines that only unpleasant reading like the above will give them pause. Said the "Rochester Democrat-Chronicle" last July:

"The industrial and business classes, those who desire peace and order . . . are not eager for independence. On the contrary, they have uttered earnest protests," etc.

The "Washington Star" asks: "Has Judge Blount learned no lesson from Cuba?" The answer to this question is suggested by the foregoing demonstration that a leading daily newspaper of the State of New York is totally in the dark about the Philippines, whereas it never could be so about Cuban affairs.

* Volume I, p. 41.

Whether Cuba, and her ugly race problem, ought to be annexed or not, she lies in the Western Hemisphere, right at our door, so that the afternoon papers can acquaint us with what happens each morning, and public opinion can operate as it did on the life-insurance companies. Gibbon said, somewhere, that "remoteness softens the cries of distress." As to every great public question, with the exception of the Philippines, the American voter can form a *first-hand* opinion, according to the spirit and genius, the vital principle, of our institutions. As to the Philippines, he must rely upon *ex parte* information from the party in power seeking to continue in power. Besides, we owe Cuba a duty under the Monroe Doctrine.

Furthermore, if we forbid European Powers to colonize in the Western Hemisphere, it follows, as a corollary, that we should cease to colonize in the Eastern Hemisphere. We should be warned by the decline and fall of the Roman Empire — due, largely, as the greatest of all historians tells, to the failure to follow the advice contained in Augustus Cæsar's will, which he therein bequeathed, as a valuable legacy to his successors, viz., that they should "confine the Empire within those limits which nature seemed to have fixed as its natural bulwarks and boundaries."

In February, 1902, Judge Taft said to the Senate Committee on Philippine Affairs, with that good-humored tolerance of criticism which comes only from genuine and entire confidence in the soundness of one's views: "I have been called the Mark Tapley of this Philippine business." After something over three years more of trying to administer the affairs of those remote wards, in a way at once just to them and consistent with the fundamental principles of our Government, we find him admitting at Washington in May, 1905,* that "we blundered into colonization."

The "trade-expansion" argument boldly presented by Senator Lodge to the Republican National Convention of 1900—"We make no hypocritical pretence of being interested in the Philippines solely on account of others. . . . We believe in trade expansion"—was thus recognized as a delusion and a snare. It had become evident to all that the Philippines would not pay.

* Address before National Geographical Society; see "National Geographic Magazine," August, 1905.

About the same time, Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, who also controls the steamship company of the same name which connects with the railway at Seattle, changed the Oriental terminus of his steamships from Manila to Hong-Kong, because "it did not pay to stop at Manila."

In June, 1905, or thereabouts, the "Washington Post" was saying, substantially, with commendable, if cynical, honesty, that all this talk about "benevolent assimilation" was the rankest casuistry, and that we took the Philippines because we believed they would pay; and on November 2nd, 1906, we find it using this language: "An honorable exit from Oriental sovereignty is the almost universal wish of the people of the United States."

The Congress of the United States has invariably turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the Administration concerning the extreme economical distress to which the Filipinos have been reduced by the Dingley Tariff. Time and again the several Governors-General, the Secretary of War and the President have urged that the tariff on Philippine sugar and tobacco imported into the United States should be reduced to 25 per cent. of the Dingley Tariff, and as often have the measures introduced for that benevolent purpose been killed or died in committee-room at Washington. Why? Because the Philippines are not a State of the American Union and never will be—and ought not to be—and therefore have not, and never will have, representatives in Congress, as have all other people living under the protection of the American flag and all other interests affected by the legislation of the American Congress. So long as we retain them, they will continue to suffer in one way or another from taxation without representation, or from the enactment or defeat of laws of one sort or another at the instance of special interests at home. If the administration of President Roosevelt, with all its unprecedented strength with the people, cannot get through Congress tariff legislation opening to Philippine planters of sugar-cane and tobacco an avenue of escape from the financial drought which at present afflicts them, is it not the duty of his great War Secretary to cease to block the way of Philippine Independence?

Sugar-cane and tobacco are to the Philippines what cotton is to the South. And in the South, as the reader is doubtless aware, when the price of cotton is depressed, money "tightens," merchants fail, banks tremble and gloom pervades every household.

The Administration will, no doubt, continue the fight at the next session of Congress. If it succeeds, we shall at last have done something for the Filipino, at least so far as regards his material welfare, but incidentally we shall have lessened incalculably the chances of ultimate Philippine Independence.

Secretary Taft stated the case for the Filipino people, early in 1905, as follows:

"I sincerely hope that next year Congress will reduce the tariff to nothing on all goods produced in the Philippine Islands, except tobacco and sugar, and reduce that to 25 per cent., merely to justify our putting a duty in the Philippines against you until 1909, in order that the Government may be supported and not lose that revenue until that time. And then, when 1909 comes and we are released from the necessity, under the treaty of Paris, of giving the same privileges to Spain as to the United States, then we can have complete free trade between the Islands and America."*

To this Senator Newlands replies:

"Such a proposition involves the closed door in the Philippines at a time when we are strenuously urging the open door in China, Manchuria and Korea. This is both wrong and impolitic—wrong, because consistency is required of nations as well as of individuals; and impolitic, because it will give Japan and China an excuse for securing favored arrangements in the Orient, which will exclude our products. If we get the monopoly of imports into the Philippines, it would not compensate for the losses which we would sustain in the rest of the Orient by the assertion of this policy. If we refuse equal opportunities for Japanese trade, in the Philippines, how can we insist upon equal opportunities with Japan in Manchuria and Korea?"†

Which of these views will prevail? In any event, does not the irreconcilable conflict between the interests of the guardian and those of the ward make it our duty to relinquish the guardianship, when it is hardly conceivable that the ward could be any worse off if left to himself?

According to a very able, patient and interesting presentation of our Oriental expenditures, by the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," in the issue of that paper for March 6th last, the cost of the Philippine government to the United States Treasury, since the close of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1898, has been more than $300,000,000. How little need of a Railroad-Rate Bill there would have been, had that sum

* "National Geographic Magazine," August, 1905.
† NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, December, 1905.

been put into the improvement of American Rivers and Harbors and interior waterways, instead of being worse than wasted upon this South Sea Bubble of ours.

The article in the "Post," to which allusion has just been made, states a fact which it is very probable that few people in the United States know, but which is of the first importance, viz.: that on October 25th, 1904, at Newark, New Jersey, Secretary Taft himself admitted that the cost of the Islands to us up to that date had been more than $200,000,000. The cost of the Philippine government to the Filipino people is so enormous that the Secretary of War thought proper to answer a criticism to that effect by a British writer on colonial government. In explaining why a simpler and less expensive form of government was not adopted, the present elaborately articulated governmental structure was thus justified: "It adds to the expense, and it does not give them so good a government." "But what we are trying to do is to teach these people by object-lessons" how to run a government for themselves—instead of giving them a chance to practise the art of responsible government—which is as manifest error as if you undertook to teach a boy how to ride a bicycle by letting him watch you ride. The Secretary then goes on to say:

"It is perfectly true that that government there could be much more efficient if we put an American in charge of each province, and made him absolute ruler there. It would not be any trouble to do it at all. We would have less taxes, the work would be attended to with more care, and, on the whole, for the next ten or fifteen years it is probable that the people would be in better condition."

Why not, then, make the condition of the people better at once, in the way indicated, or at least along those general lines, and leave a little of the future to the Lord? The answer is:

"They would not have any responsibility about the government. They would not be subject to scolding at every mouth by the officers above them."

It is only the very general disposition on the part of our people to consider Secretary Taft well-nigh infallible—a mistake due to his well-known courage, ability, kindliness and tact—which enables him to keep the present generation of Filipinos in poverty and want, in order that their posterity may, in the fulness of time, "secure the blessings of liberty."

Half of the seven and one-half millions of people in the

Philippines live on the island of Luzon. The northern half of Luzon, that part lying above the Pasig River, at whose mouth Manila is, can be gotten ready within twelve months' time for such a government as New Mexico now has—an ordinary Territorial form of government, entirely autonomous within itself, by a man like the Hon. George Currie, formerly Governor of Isabela Province in Luzon, later Governor of Samar, and more recently appointed Governor of New Mexico. There is almost immediately available material for at least three such Territories in the northern half of Luzon, viz.: (1) The Ilocano country (North Ilcoos, South Ilcoos and La Union), containing about half a million people; (2) The Cagayan valley, containing nearly a quarter of a million; (3) The Railroad and Rio Grande country (the country traversed by the Manila and Dagupan Railroad, and drained by the Rio Grande de Pampamga, consisting of five provinces, to wit, Bulacan, Pampamga, Pangasinan, Tarlac and Nueva Ecija), containing about a million and a quarter. If the inhabitants of these three regions were told by a man whom they liked and would believe, as they would Currie, that they were to have autonomous government like one of the Western Territories of the United States, at the very earliest possible moment, and urged to get ready for it, they could and would, under his guidance. We would get a cooperation from those people we do not now get and never will get, so long as we keep them in uncertainty as to what we are going to do with them. If next year we should formally disclaim intention to retain the islands permanently, and set to work to create autonomous Territories destined ultimately to be States of a Federated Philippine Republic, whenever fit, we would soon see the way out of this tangle, and behold the beginning of the end of it.

The "New York Times," while insisting that the Filipinos are unfit to govern themselves, very frankly admits that "our administration of the Philippines has convinced . . . all mankind of our unfitness to govern them," and it adds:

"Having taken them, we shall all be delighted with any possible and honorable method of getting rid of what we have shown we do not know how to administer to our own satisfaction or to that of any party in interest. The American people would hail the discovery of a decent 'way out.' But they will continue to decline to recognize as such a way the path indicated by Mr. Bryan and Judge Blount of turning the Filipinos loose upon mankind [mark the next words], with the guarantee

of the United States of their Independence against all comers, and with a like guarantee against their abuse of their Independence, amounting to an assumption by us of all international claims for damages against the Filipino Republic."

If the editor of the "Times" will read again the article to which the above is part of his reply, he will see that no such guarantee was proposed, but only "a treaty with the great nations, securing the neutralization of the Islands, and the recognition of their independence whenever the same shall be granted to them by the United States." This is nothing more than was done by the great Powers of Europe, in the first half of the nineteenth century, with regard to Switzerland and Belgium. It will be remembered that, during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, England served notice on both parties to the conflict that, if either attempted to violate the territorial integrity of Belgium, she would join forces with the other. If so requested by the Congress, President Roosevelt could and doubtless would negotiate such a treaty. It would be in harmony both with his own views and with those of all friends of progress throughout the world in this wonderful and hopeful age, for it would reduce by that much the possible area of war.

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

THE FICTION OF LEONARD MERRICK.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

ANGLO-SAXON fiction, either in its English or in its American condition, is not so rich in form that one who feels its penury can pass any exception by, and not dread coming to actual want. A keen, perhaps a quivering, sense of this, was what made me, in my first acquaintance with the novels of Mr. Leonard Merrick, resolve to do my best to share with the public my pleasure in their singular shapeliness. Singular; for, when you have named Jane Austen, whom shall you name next for this excellence in the English condition of our fiction; or, in the American condition, when you have named Hawthorne, whom shall you name next? No doubt, a great many writers of short stories; but here it is a question of novels, and not of short stories. In these, it is rather difficult not to have form; in those, it is so difficult that I can think of no recent fictionist of his nation who can quite match with Mr. Merrick in that excellence. This will seem great praise, possibly too great, to the few who have a sense of such excellence; but it will probably be without real meaning to most, though our public might very well enjoy form if it could once be made to imagine it. In order to this end, we should have first to define what form was, but form is one of those elusive things which you can feel much better than you can say; to define it would be like defining charm in a woman, or poetry in a verse. Possibly, in order to enforce my point, I should have to bid the reader take almost any novel of Mr. Merrick's and read it; for then he would know what form is. Possibly, this is the conclusion to which I must come now, but I do not deny that this would be what is called "begging the question."

As to the world which this excellent form embodies, it may be said, first, that every writer of fiction creates the world where

his characters live. Of course, if he is an artist, it is vital to him to believe that he is representing the world in which he himself lives; and in a certain measure he is doing so, but he is always giving their habitat stricter limits than his own. One of the conditions of every art is that its created world must be a microcosm; even if it is not avowedly a fragment, the portrait it paints of life is a miniature where everything but the essentials are left out. If its effects are wisely meditated, it will sometimes show that the essentials are the little things and not the large things. The scene does not matter; the quality or station of the actors in it does not count; nothing matters or counts but the effect of reality. Before Ibsen became the immeasurable accomplished fact that he now is, many people supposed that his work was insignificant, because he depicted a provincial civilization. They wanted, in order to a sense of magnitude in what they saw, to have the scene pass in some great capital, and to have titled or fashionable figures in the action, so that they could be sure they were having their money's worth in the associations which have so long lent dignity to life in literature. In a small Norwegian town, with the company of Norwegian middle and lower class people, they felt that an indignity had been offered them. Why should they put on evening dress to go and see a thing of that kind, though it were touched to issues beyond Shakespeare? But now we hear nothing of the provinciality of Ibsen, because Ibsen is universally owned to be so great that nothing he dealt with can be accused of meanness, without fear in the accuser of being thought mean himself. It has come to no such pass yet with Mr. Merrick, however; and therefore any one may still say, without dread of such a consequence, that it is a very narrow world he deals with, and of events so few that it is wonderful how continually he provokes the reader's curiosity and holds his interest.

It is a world much remoter from Philistine sympathy than the Philistine world that Ibsen deals with; but, for the young and kind, or for the old and wise, it is a world which will always have a glamour, will be misted in an illusion such as wraps the persons whom its people are engaged in representing, either in the novel or in the theatre. In other terms, and I hope simpler terms, his story is commonly the story of obscure talent struggling to the light in those very uncertain avenues to distinction

and prosperity; and he contrives to vary it only by the different phases of their failure or sucess, which is always the same sort of failure and success. I do not know why the events should be of more appreciable human concern than comparable events in the lives of rising or falling painters, sculptors and architects, who should equally appeal in their like quality of artists. But it is certain that we somehow feel an enchantment in the career of the artists who create characters in books, or represent them on the boards, which we do not feel in the careers of those other artists. It may be that it is because we live longer with their creations or representations, and therefore are better acquaintance or closer friends with the creators. You cannot linger two or three days on the details of a picture or a statue or a building, as you can on those of a novel, or even three hours, as you can on those of a play, and you cannot know them so well that you long to know the author or actor, and attribute to him all sorts of personal interest, which perhaps experience would not realize. In any case, it is certain that, since fiction ceased to concern itself solely with kings and princes, or even with the nobility and gentry, it has found nothing of such sovereign effect with the reader as the aspirations and adventures of people, the younger the people the better, trying to get past the publisher or the manager into the light of the public square. These at present share the sort of pull which the pirate and the robber, the seducer and the seduced, the pickpocket and the pauper, the bankrupt, the rightful heir, the good and the bad trades-unionist, the muscular Christian, the burglar and the detective, all once enjoyed in turn, and now enjoy no longer, at least with the polite reader; and it ought to be fortunate for Mr. Leonard Merrick that his novels are mainly concerned with them in the hour of their supreme attractiveness. I have, of course, no belief that Mr. Merrick chose them because of their pull; it is much more probable that, in the strange way these things come about, he was chosen by them because of his personal acquaintance with their experiences. It cannot be any harm to cast upon a study of his fiction the light of the fact that he has himself been an actor and is an author, and it is scarcely impertinent to conjecture that the material of his fiction, out of which he has shaped its persons and events, is employed at first hand. A much more important fact is that he is always and instinctively artist enough

to employ it for the stuff it is, and that he has not attempted, so far as I can make out, to pass off any clay image of his fabric for a statue of pure gold, or even of gilded bronze. No squalor of that world of his is blinked, and we learn to trust him, not perhaps implicitly, for a faithful report of the world he knows so well, but implicitly enough, because he seems to have no question as to his function in regard to it. He is quite as honest as a Latin and a Slav would be in his place, and never as dishonest as another Anglo-Saxon might be.

Very probably his public would have been more regardful of him if he had been more regardful of his public; for, although his books have been from the first recognized for their mastery, they have not even yet, though he has been writing them ten or fifteen years, been any one of them a popular success. To be a popular success, a book must have successful people in it, and Mr. Merrick's books have either failures in them, or only the successes of heroes and heroines of conscience. Even the successes of these are not spectacular; they are slight, pale, doubtful triumphs, such as we see our own to be when we examine them by the light of our merit. They are pieces of good fortune, mercies, effects of what used to be called "the grace of God"; and that is not the sort of thing which the public buys novels for. It is true that they interest, and with such a grip of the heart as only makes them the more painful; but they are not always convincing with the mind. You ask yourself whether such a man or such a woman would have done so and so, though you have suffered with them to the event with a feeling of their reality which does not allow of a doubt as to the line of facts tending to the event. Would Heriot, in "One Man's View," have taken Mamie back after she had left him to live with another man? Would Cynthia, in "A Daughter of the Philistines," have forgiven her husband when he owned his unfaithfulness? Would Dr. Kennard, "The Man who was Good," have perceived something of greater force than the right to the love of Mary Brennan which his goodness had given him, when he saw the dying woman's instinctive joy in the sight of the man who had wronged her, but whom she loved?

Mr. Merrick might answer that the event would depend upon whether the love was real love or not. But what is real love? The brute lure or the human affection? He is not so much in the

bonds of superstition concerning passion as most novelists, and therefore he is not of the inferior novelists; he ranks himself with the great ones in that. He has the courage to own that certain veritable passions die long before those who have known them are dead. Apparently, he has seen this happen in the world among real men and women, and he portrays the fact as he has seen it happen. His fidelity cannot recommend him to the "world that loves a lover" so much that it will not allow that he can ever cease to be a lover; but it ought to make him friends with the few who love truth better even than lovers. At any rate, it is the event in several of his books, in perhaps the best of them, though sometimes he sacrifices to the false god also, and has lovers go on loving with a constancy which ought to have made him a wider public than I am afraid he has.

Of the two arch-enemies of love, prosperity and adversity, he makes an oftener study of adversity. There is a great deal of grim adversity in his books, which sometimes remains adversity to the end, but also sometimes puts off its frown. It is the more depressing when it becomes or remains the atmosphere of that ambition which seeks fruition in the successes of the theatre. If we are to believe him, and somehow Mr. Merrick mostly makes you believe him, the poor creatures, usually poor pretty creatures, who are trying to get upon the stage, are almost without number, and certainly outnumber the struggling journalists and authors a hundred to one. The spectacles of their humility and humiliation, of their meek endeavors and cruel defeats, are of such frequent recurrence in his novels and tales that, after a little knowledge of them, one approaches the scene with an expectation of heartache through which nothing short of the mastery dealing with them would support the reader. In the monotony of the event, it is most remarkable how he distinguishes and characterizes the different children of adversity, especially the daughters. They are commonly alike in their adversity, but they are individual in their way of experiencing it. In fact, in an age of intensely feminized fiction, he is one of the first of those who know how to catch the likenesses, to the last fleeting expression, of women; and especially of the women of the theatre. Probably, these are not essentially different from other women, but they have an evolution through their environment which no one else seems to have studied so surpassingly well. Sometimes they are good

women and sometimes they are bad, but they are so from a temperament differently affected by their errant and public life, their starved or surfeited vanity, their craze for change and variety, and they keep a simplicity, a singleness, in their selfishness and depravity, such as differences them from women bred amidst the artificialities of the world on the other side of the footlights. It would be easy to name a score of them from his pages, but it is sufficient to name Blanche Ellerton in the "Actor Manager" as a supreme type. Nature meant her for the theatre, but Mr. Merrick is also very successful with another sort of actress, equally gifted, but meant by temperament for the home as well as the theatre, like the heroine in "When Love Flies out of the Window." That is, perhaps, the more frequent type, perhaps because adversity, more or less marked, prevails in the lives of most actresses, rather than prosperity, and keeps them more normally women.

The charming woman who is primarily wife and mother is not less possible in the theatre than out of it, but out of it Mr. Merrick has hardly caught a truer likeness, or a lovelier, than Cynthia in "A Daughter of the Philistines." She is none the less lovely because she is so perfectly the creature of her environment, which it was not necessary that she share the vulgarity of her family in order to be of. She was probably as much mystified that her husband, after his first brilliant success of estimation, should have no other success as an author, as her father and mother were, but she could not vulgarly hold him responsible for it, or expect him to repeat it, because, no matter what her origin was, she was not vulgar, and they were. Secretly we feel that too much is put upon her when her husband is untrue to her, when he intrigues with the fashionable literary adventuress, and writes the stories under her name for which she salaries him; that part of the affair is altogether so unhandsome that Cynthia might have refused to forgive him with small grief to the fair-minded reader, and with rather more conviction than the actual ending of the story brings. We do not like to think it, but it seems to us that in Cynthia's forgiveness Mr. Merrick was playing to that indiscriminate populace which above all things desires a good ending.

The populace have a right to good endings, but not from everybody; they who love probability better have also their rights,

and it must be owned that Mr. Merrick, doubtless to his hurt, is usually more mindful of these. An excellent instance of his regard is the strange story called "Quaint Companions," which is the story of the absolutely vulgar and beautiful English girl who marries a black singer. The thing would be impossible in our conditions, but apparently not impossible in the English conditions, and at any rate you feel that it happened as the author says it did. On the woman's side it is a marriage for money, and on the man's for such love as a merely sensuous, merely artistic being of another race, an inferior race, can feel for a woman who is not only very beautiful, but is a beautiful white woman. He is a very great artist; you are made to feel that so distinctly that, when you are told of his singing, you can almost hear him sing. He has also a clear intelligence concerning himself and his love for her, but the heart of his personal, and perhaps his ethnical, mystery is imparted in the brief aside which tells us that all his life he has never denied himself, though most things in life, which other men prize, have been denied him. To have the best of them now, in the possession of a beautiful white woman for his wife, he is willing to be her dog, her slave, and in her vulgar shame she is willing to make him so. The situation is not less than tremendously realized, but in the reader it requires something of the author's courage to realize it. The secondary situation evolves itself after the singer's death, when his widow is left, not so rich as she had lived, with her white son by her first marriage and her mulatto son by her second, adoring the first and coldly enduring the second. The mulatto turns out a poet of real gift, and his tragedy is to fall in love by letter and by picture with a beautiful white girl. But the picture is that of the sister of the girl who writes to him, and who is a little deformed painter. They meet and forgive each other, and so far the story, which has gone so ill, ends well.

The sensitive reader feels the mechanism in the conclusion, but there is no perceptible mechanism in the story of "The Actor Manager," which is the best of Mr. Merrick's stories, so far as I know them. At all moments of it you feel that it happened, and that the people in it are alive, with a life of human probabilities beyond it. I can recall no English novel in which the study of temperament and character is carried farther or deeper, allowing for what the people are, and there is not a false

or mistaken line or color in it. For anything to equal it, we must go to the Slavs, in such triumphs of their naturalness as Tourguénief's "Smoke," or the society passage of Tolstoy's "War and Peace." The French stories are conventional and mechanical in their naturalism beside it; perhaps a Spaniard like Galdós has done work of equal fineness. It is not alone in Oliphant Royce, with the stress of his hereditary conscience, or in Blanche Ellerton, depraved both by her artistry and by her ambition, that the author convinces; Otho Fairbairn, who becomes the "scoundrel" whom Blanche not less deliberately than hysterically makes him for his money, and Alma King, who is as good an artist as Blanche and yet a good woman, and Blanche's mother whose sentimental novelettes support her contemptuous husband in the production of his real but unsalable masterpieces, and Blanche's plain sister with her famine for a little love, a little admiration from men, are all in their several ways wonderfully lifelike. The theatre itself, which began as a theatre of art, and ended as a theatre of profit, has almost a human appeal in its tragedy, as if it were a sentient organism, with a heart to be broken and a soul to be lost. Nobody who is not inevitably bad is very bad; the world is the world in which we live.

Why, then, is not this masterly novelist a master universally recognized and accepted? That is something I have asked myself more than once, especially in reading the criticisms of his several books, not one of which has lacked the praise of a critic qualified to carry conviction of its merit. Perhaps the secret is that the stories are almost always very unhappy. There is no consolation in their tragedy; they do not even "raise a noble terror," such as was once the supposed business of tragedy. Upon the whole, they leave you feeling mean, feeling retroactively capable of the shabby things which have been done in them. Another secret may be that, when the poverty which haunts them is relieved in this case or that, you are left with the sense of the vast poverty still remaining in the world. If a struggler is given a chance to get his breath, the great struggle of life goes on. Yet another secret may be that there is no fine world, no great world, in the books; we scarcely recall a person of title in any of them, and people who like to associate with rich or noble persons, when they are "taken out of themselves," have not so much as the company of one high-born villain, or corrupt *grande dame*. Apparently,

the glamour of the theatre, of authorship, though undeniable, is not potent enough for the general public. Yet it seems a pity for the general public that it should not read Mr. Merrick's novels; for, though the honest reviewer would wish to guard the younger reader from knowledge of some of their facts, he would, in proportion to his honesty, wish to affirm the conscience with which the evil of these facts is moralized by their rarely faltering art.

W. D. HOWELLS.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. DONALD SAGE MACKAY, D.D.

THE late Frederick W. H. Myers, whose two massive volumes on "The Immortality of the Soul" reflect the minuteness of his researches, made the assertion shortly before his death that, "within a century, the scientific proof of personal immortality would be so strong that no reasonable man would question it." To that prediction not many persons, least of all men of science, would assent. The hope of immortality will never be more than a hope, and faith in it must rest rather in the region of the affections, than in that of the intellect. The element of mystery is not only a vital part of religion, it belongs to the discipline of character. If the certainty of the future life were revealed so clearly and definitely that doubt would be impossible, that knowledge would not only cheapen, but degrade, the nobler side of life. Affection itself would become coarse and vulgar, if the immortality of each individual were lifted out of the region of reverent faith into that of demonstrated fact.

On the other hand, no one who studies, however superficially, the current tendencies of scientific research, can be blind to a profound change which, within quite recent years, has come over the temper of science in reference to the question of the immortality of the soul. With the first shock, which Darwin's "Origin of Species" produced on its appearance in 1859, the evolutionary hypothesis seemed to sweep away every scintilla of scientific evidence for the separate existence of the soul. One remembers, in this connection, Darwin's own words, quoted in one of his published letters, which express pretty accurately the scientific attitude of his day. "As for me, I am an old

man and am content to remain an agnostic. But, amongst a mass of contradictory evidence, I see no basis for belief in a future existence." The inevitable note of depression which this temper produced finds constant utterance in the great writers of the latter half of last century. None is more characteristic than George Eliot. The undercurrent of an almost resentful despair runs through her later writings like a stream of Stygian darkness. "I remember," writes Mr. F. W. H. Myers, "how at Cambridge I walked with her once in the Fellow's Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May, and she stirred somewhat beyond her wont; and, taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words 'God,' 'Immortality,' 'Duty,'—pronounced with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable was the second, and how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, had sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with an inevitable fate." For many of the most thoughtful minds in that period, belief in a future life was little more than an anxious wish or a vague perhaps.

But to-day a new voice is speaking in science. As the deeper facts of existence are being traced in ways unknown in an earlier day, the man of science now tells us that there is no scientific proof of the impossibility of life after death. The science of to-day does not undertake to prove immortality, but neither does she deny it. With the newer light of recent research before her, she goes thus far at least and says: "Scientifically, the doctrine of immortality is not an impossible delusion." Huxley, for example, in one of his later essays has this to say: "If the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical science has nothing to say against the probability of that doctrine. It [physical science] effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute immortality by objections deduced from merely physical data." This attitude of Huxley has found even more distinctive affirmation in recent years from such men of scientific attainment as Sir Oliver Lodge, John Fiske, Professors James

and Münsterberg of Harvard—all of whom have written sympathetically and hopefully of immortality, not from the standpoint of the Christian believer, but from that of the unbiassed scientist.

Let us briefly trace the trend of this growing sympathy on the part of science, within the last few years, towards belief in a future existence for the individual. It is itself a beautiful illustration of the process of evolution.

Sixty years ago, an English scientist, by a very simple experiment, made a discovery which Professor Huxley himself described as the greatest of all discoveries of the nineteenth century. The experiment was this: By letting drop a weight of 772.55 pounds one foot in a body of water, Dr. Joule found that the temperature of that water to the extent of one pound, was increased exactly one degree, Fahrenheit. A very simple result, and yet that experiment opened up the way to the discovery of the law of conservation of energy, according to which energy may and does constantly change its form, but never perishes. The energy of motion passes into the energy of heat, heat engenders steam, steam changes into electricity, electricity into light, and in a hundred different ways the great forces of the world are in a constant state of transition; but they never perish. What we call "death" is not annihilation, it is only a change of energy. Decay is simply the breaking up of life into new and more multiplied forms of life. The latest science recognizes at least nine different forms of energy into which a single force may pass and repass without diminution or loss. That, of course, is the great discovery of modern science, that energy may be transformed from one form into another, may be transferred from one body to another, but cannot be destroyed.

Not immediately was the bearing of this scientific law on the doctrine of immortality recognized. And yet, as the mind adjusted itself to the almost protean forms of energy, it became apparent that life itself, which is the highest form of energy we know, must inevitably become subject to this law. Death, when it touches a human life, is not destruction of energy, it is simply a change through which life passes into some new form of activity. Your candle, for instance, burns down to the socket and, after a flicker or two, goes out. To the eye of sense, that is the end of your candle, and it has been used over and over

again as the image of death. But, according to the law of the conservation of energy, the light and heat of that candle are not lost. They have passed into other forms of energy more subtle but not less real. A log is slowly consumed upon the hearth until nothing remains but a heap of filmy ash, but the light and energies of that log are not lost. The life, which was in the tree, deposited in that log certain forces, and the fire has liberated these forces in other modes of activity. The whole universe, in fact, is a vast area of ceaseless, indestructible energy, of which life is the highest type.

Within the last half-dozen years, science has emphasized still another fact, namely, that, the more powerful a force is, the less visible it is to human sight; the less susceptible of recognition. The energy of radium, for example, is so tremendous, that the hundredth part of a grain of radium dropped into its own weight of water will change the temperature of that water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point in a single hour. It is, of course, admitted that this does not prove the immortality of the individual soul by any means; but it does prove the indestructibility of life. Religion has surely gained a magnificent trophy from science when science tells her that life is an indestructible element in the universe. Life may and does change its form every moment, but life itself cannot perish.

At this point, the obvious objection suggests itself, that the indestructibility of life is one thing, but the immortality of the personal soul is quite another. How do I know that this personal self of mine, this bundle of energy which constitutes Me, will survive the shock of death? The life that I share in common with my fellow creatures may be indestructible, but what about myself, who simply possess life for an uncertain period? That, of course, is the very heart of the problem. And yet, once more, an appeal to what has come to be one of the most commonplace axioms of science may cast some light upon this aspect of the question. Modern science has not only committed itself to the indestructibility of energy, but also to the law of the persistence of energy. What, then, is the most persistent thing we know, the thing that in the face of constant change never loses its essential unity and identity? That highest form of the persistence of energy is our personality. Personality is the most persistent form of energy we know. Think, for example,

of the changes through which year by year the body passes. It is a commonplace of medical science that, every seven years, every particle of matter in the body—fibre, bone, muscle—is completely changed and renewed. Every moment the body itself is in a state of conflagration, the carbonic-acid gas burning the waste material and the oxygen renewing it through the blood. No change can be more constant or more complete than that through which the physical body of each individual passes, and yet its identity remains essentially the same. Or, again, think of the changes in experience through which an individual passes. Take, as a simple illustration, a poor street Arab with scarcely a rag to his back; untaught to read or write, he presents the picture of absolute want and ignorance. But, in the course of years, that street waif wins his way upward to success, and, after many startling experiences, becomes at last the millionaire, commanding every luxury and comfort which money can buy. No contrast in circumstances could be more complete, yet it does not destroy the personal identity of the street Arab. The boy survives in the millionaire. His character is changed, his tastes are changed, new habits have been formed; but this mysterious, persistent thing we call "personality" abides through all change.

If, therefore, John Brown at seventy years of age has had no fewer than ten complete changes of body in the course of his existence, and has passed through all kinds of mental and moral and spiritual experiences—from that of an innocent child to a libertine, from a libertine to a drunkard, from a drunkard, through conversion, to a saint—and yet remains through it all the same John Brown, what authority has any sceptic to say that at death, which in itself is the simplest and the least complicated of all changes, the soul of John Brown dies and there is the end of him? How does the sceptic know? A denial without proof is no better than an assertion without proof. At best, the probability is as great one way as the other. It would be strange, indeed, that personality—the highest, the most persistent, the most intelligent form of energy we know—should be the one exception in the great law of the conservation of energy, according to which energy cannot perish.

Of course, all this does not answer another difficulty which, for many people in these days, stands in the way of accepting

the truth of personal immortality. The intimate and, so far as we can judge, the absolute connection between the soul and the body presents a bewildering condition. The mind, as we know it, reflects every physical change of growth and maturity and decay. A violent blow on the head will not only weaken a man's intellectual strength, but change his whole moral character. If, therefore, the brain and body are so vitally connected that a decaying body reflects a decaying mind, what proof is there that a dead body should be able to liberate a living mind? The question and the objections it raises are old. A century ago, the case was boldly put when we were asked to believe that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. According to that theory, consciousness, with its mysterious convolutions, is but a function of the brain, just as bile-making is a function of the liver: with the death of the liver, bile ceases; with the death of the brain, thought dies.

What answer does science give to this last objection? The answer lies in the meaning of the word "function." What do we mean when we speak of thought as a "function" of the brain? As Professor James properly points out, there is a twofold kind of function, "productive" function and "transmissive" function. Steam is a produced function of the teakettle; light is a produced function of the electric circuit. In each of these cases, the functions of steam and light are produced or engendered by their appropriate sources. But light shining through a stained-glass window is a transmitted function. A colored window does not produce light, it merely transmits it, and, in transmitting it, colors the light with its own individual hues. Music issuing in tones of heavenly beauty from an organ is a transmitted function. The organ does not produce the music, it merely transmits it, and in transmitting it gives to the music a certain individuality of expression peculiar to the organ. If Paderewski were placed before an old crazy spinet, with half of its notes jangled and out of tune, it is possible that some wise people would shake their heads and say that Paderewski's genius was gone; he had lost his art and his day was passed. But place Paderewski before a perfectly equipped modern piano, and in an instant the old power would manifest itself in tones of luscious sweetness. So it is not an unfair inference to believe, that the brain is not the producer, but rather the transmitter, of thought.

The function of the brain is transmissive rather than productive. And, although at times the soul does outlast its physical apparatus, who cannot believe that through death the soul will be introduced into new modes of life and energy?

What has the teaching of the New Testament to say to this trend of scientific thought? In the first place, the New Testament stands with science for the great fact of the indestructibility of life. Everlasting life is the special revelation and peculiar promise of the New Testament. In the second place, the New Testament stands for the scientific law of the conservation of energy. "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown a mortal body, it is raised an immortal body." Life changes its form, but it is not destroyed. Finally, the New Testament stands for the doctrine of the transforming power of death. Death, in the New Testament, is but a sleep in which the wearied powers of nature are renovated. And man, on awakening from the sleep of death, enters into the power and richness of the life immortal. In these ways, science and religion seem to be coming together in recognition of the most glorious and inspiring truth that human thought can grasp, the immortality of the individual soul.

DONALD SAGE MACKAY.

THE NATURALIZATION OF JAPANESE.

What it would Mean to the United States.

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI.

I.

President Roosevelt, in his message to the past session of Congress, recommended that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come to this country intending to become American citizens. This recommendation has aroused little interest among the Americans: the newspapers and magazines have given it but cursory comment; the Western politicians have dismissed it as absurd and impossible, while their Eastern colleagues have seemed unwilling to make it a topic of serious discussion. Perhaps this suggestion of the President's failed to draw the attention it deserved, because it came at a moment when the nation's interest was focussed upon an unfortunate question which had been brought into undeserved prominence—the San Francisco school "incident." To the Japanese, however, the question of naturalization is more vital and of greater significance than the school question in San Francisco. If the Mikado's subjects should resent even the segregation of a handful of their children into special schools in but one locality of America, why should they not be provoked more deeply by a law which indiscriminately classifies them as "undesirables," regardless of their individual character, achievements, or social standing, thus summarily denying them the right to become American citizens not only in one locality, but throughout the entire Union?

The Japanese in America object to such a law the more strongly, because it affects not only their honor as a race, but their material interests. Many a Japanese has established considerable business in this country; not a few have become prosperous

farmers, cultivating large tracts of land. And yet, except in a State or two, no Japanese can lawfully own landed property, because in most States the alien enjoys but limited property rights. Among the Japanese in America, furthermore, are men who, while at home, played important parts in the political movement, and who are keenly alive to all vital political issues in this country; among them, members of the faculties of several American colleges; among them, such scientists as Dr. Takamine, whose chemical discoveries are highly appreciated by all specialists; among them, writers and authors whose names are not only widely known in their native land, but are frequently seen printed in American publications. It is such Japanese as these who are most anxious to see the naturalization laws of this country so amended as to qualify them to enjoy the unlimited rights and share the full duties of American citizenship.

Arguments advanced against the naturalization of Japanese are mostly superficial, being founded neither upon the careful study of the naturalization laws now in force, nor upon the close investigation into the real status of the Japanese population in America. In the examination of such arguments, we may overlook the somewhat sensational utterances of such stark antagonists of the Japanese as Mr. Tveitmoe, President of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League, and, I regret to say, Representative Kahn, of California; what we are concerned with here is the opinion prevailing among those rational-minded Americans who are able to look at this question more broadly and judiciously.

It is asserted that the United States, while willing to receive Japanese laborers to develop its natural resources, is not ready to admit them to citizenship, and accord them the privilege of voting. But are Japanese laborers willing to become American citizens and remain permanently on this side of the water? Are they not merely birds of passage, anxious to return to their birthplace as soon as they have saved what they consider a competence —a modest sum of several hundred or a thousand dollars? It is further contended that, should the United States open to the Mikado's subjects the door to citizenship, the country, and especially its western coast, will soon become overrun by a horde of ignorant citizens. Are the existing naturalization laws impotent to bar out aliens who are morally and intellectually backward? Do not the laws reserve to the authorities an ample power

of discrimination in naturalizing immigrants? Let us consider these questions in detail.

II.

The question, "What class, and how large a portion, of the Japanese in the United States will become American citizens, in case the right of naturalization is extended to them?" is a question which cannot be answered without venturing upon a statistical study as to the number and occupations of the Japanese in America. Unfortunately, our efforts to reach an accurate conclusion on this point are beset with difficulties, inasmuch as statistical data available for our inquiry are deplorably inadequate.

The United States Census of 1900 has already become archaic, while the annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration throws but little light upon this question. Turning to Japanese sources, we find that the official statistics for 1904 prepared by the Japanese Government places the total number of the Japanese in America at 29,405, while the "*Sekai-Nenkan*" for the same year, compiled by Mr. S. Ito, the foremost statistician of Japan, estimates it at 38,934. Not only are these two totals conflicting, but they are undoubtedly smaller than the actual figures. The latest and, perhaps, the best available statistics are found in the annual census of the Japanese consuls in America for the year 1906. The Foreign Department of Japan divides the United States into four consular districts — the Seattle district, comprising Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana; the San Francisco district, comprising California, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona and Utah; the Chicago district, comprising Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Ohio; the New York City district, comprising the rest of the United States. Now, at the beginning of 1906, there were 14,190 Japanese (13,377 males, 813 females) in the Seattle district; 31,092 (29,386 males, 1,706 females) in the San Francisco district; 1,860 (1,755 males, 105 females) in the Chicago district; and 2,456 (2,358 males, 98 females) in the New York district, aggregating 49,598, of which only 2,722 were women.

The actual number of the Japanese in America is, no doubt, considerably larger than this total; but for

our present purpose let this estimate suffice, for the main aim of this inquiry is to ascertain, not so much the total of the Japanese population, as the proportion to that total of those Japanese who are likely to become American citizens. Presuming, then, that 49,598 represents the approximate total of the Japanese in America, we shall proceed to inquire how many of this total may be expected to sever allegiance to the Mikado's Empire and swear fidelity to the Republic.

In carrying on this inquiry, it behooves us to analyze the Japanese population in the United States by occupation, inasmuch as the question whether or not a Japanese immigrant will stay permanently in this country largely depends upon the nature of vocation he pursues. A railroad laborer or a farm-hand, for instance, almost invariably returns home after several years of toil, but a successful storekeeper or a prosperous farmer would rather stay in this country and be naturalized. The consular census for 1906 above mentioned gives some information as to the kinds of occupations in which the Japanese in this country are engaged; yet it is impossible to draw an accurate conclusion from this information alone, because not only do the four consulates, which prepared the census, follow different systems in the classification of occupations, with no cooperation among them, but the classifications thus made are so crude that they are of little assistance in our inquiry. The writer, however, has long been interested in an investigation along this line; and, through his personal observations and investigations during several years of his sojourn on the Pacific coast and its adjacent States, in the South and Middle West, and in New York and other States on the Atlantic coast, he is enabled to modify, elaborate and alter the statements in the consular census, and form a rough idea as to the numbers of his compatriots pursuing different occupations in this country.

We have seen that according to the consular census the aggregate number of the Japanese in America is 49,598. We will classify this population roughly into the following eight groups: (1) students and officials, (2) professionals, (3) merchants and their employees, (4) farmers, (5) farm laborers, (6) railroad laborers, (7) domestic laborers, and (8) miscellaneous laborers. Applying this classification to the Japanese population in each consular district, we obtain the figures in the following table:

	San Francisco District.	Seattle District.	Chicago District.	New York City District.	Total.
Officials and Students	617	110	131	120	978
Professionals	191	84	35	100	410
Merchants and Employees	1,909	1,404	238	500	4,051
Farmers	1,400	230	60	10	1,700
Laborers:					
Farm	20,000	1,517	190		21,707
Railroad	2,000	5,029	442		7,471
Domestic	3,500	3,151	124	708	7,483
Miscellaneous	1,475	2,665	640	1,018	5,798
Total	31,092	14,190	1,860	2,456	49,598

Of these eight classes, students and officials might well be left out of consideration, since they all expect to return to their native country. It is also safe to say that farm, railroad, domestic and miscellaneous laborers will contribute very little, if at all, to the total of American citizens. They are birds of passage, ever longing for their old home across the water. Unlike many European, and especially Slavic, immigrants, the Japanese immigrant has not burned his bridge behind him, disposing of his all before leaving his native place. On the contrary, he still retains his modest old home, with its few acres of rice-field and its patch of fastidiously cultivated garden; there the spirits of his ancestors still rest in the ancient family sanctuary, and his wife and children are awaiting his return. In his travels in this country, the writer has come in close contact with many laborers of this class, and he feels warranted in stating that they are all anxious to return home as soon as they have saved a modest sum with which to improve materially their lot in life.

Now, we must consider the remaining three classes, viz., professionals, merchants and their employees, and independent farmers—classes which are more likely to become naturalized than those already noted. We have seen that there are 410 professionals, 4,051 merchants, including employees, and 1,700 farmers. The class of professionals includes scientists of wide reputation, like Dr. Takamine, lecturers and instructors connected with American colleges, artists and designers, the staffs of Japanese newspapers published in various parts of this country, and physicians, clergy and teachers working almost exclusively among their fellow countrymen. As to the class of merchants and their employees, it is difficult to know just how many of 4,051 are merchants; but we are not perhaps straying far from the truth in estimating their number at 1,000, making the remaining 3,051 represent the total of their employees. This distinction

is important, because it is the merchants rather than their employees who are likely to become American citizens. It is, however, among the farmers that we find most of those who are anxious to see the Federal laws so amended as to accord them the full rights of American citizenship.

Thus, excluding all Japanese least likely to be naturalized, we have at present 3,110 Japanese in the country (410 professionals, 1,000 merchants, 1,700 farmers) who will, when the right of naturalization is extended to them, probably convert themselves into members of the Republic. The writer, of course, does not predict that all of these 3,110 Japanese will renounce allegiance to their fatherland, any more than he claims that there will be no candidate for American citizenship in classes other than those of professionals, merchants and farmers. Presuming, however, that 3,110 out of the aggregate of 49,598 may apply for naturalization certificates, we reach the conclusion that only six per cent. of the total Japanese population now in this country constitute a body of possible candidates for American citizenship. What loss will this country suffer in naturalizing such a comparatively small number of industrious, intelligent, even intellectual Japanese? What danger, indeed, will there be in giving them the privilege of voting? Have they not come from a country where a local self-government and a constitutional government have been successfully practised for a score of years? Does not America allow even Russian peasants to cast the ballot after a few years of residence—peasants who, long oppressed under an absolute government, have no knowledge of the working of a free government until they come to this country? Surely, Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion in regard to the naturalization of Japanese ought not to be ignored, as it unfortunately has been.

III.

I have stated that only a small number of Japanese will swear allegiance to the Republic; that such Japanese will be recruited from among the best classes of the Mikado's subjects; that ignorant and undesirable laborers care to remain in this country no longer than is necessary to save a modest sum of money. But, supposing that there are some laborers of the lower class who are desirous of becoming American citizens, are the present naturalization laws powerless to discriminate against such applicants?

The writer is inclined to think that the laws, if executed strictly, are adequate enough to cope with such a case.

The new naturalization law, which went into effect September last, is doubtless a great improvement upon the old law, its provisions being couched in such elastic terms as would enable the naturalization authorities to prevent the admission into citizenship of those aliens who are morally and intellectually unfit to become members of the Republic. The law provides that no alien unable to speak English shall be naturalized; that an alien applying for a naturalization certificate must prove that he has resided continuously within the United States for five years at least, and within the State or Territory where his certificate is to be obtained one year at least; that he must also make it appear to the satisfaction of the authorities that during his residence in this country he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the Commonwealth, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the Republic, which statement must be verified by the affidavits of at least two creditable witnesses who are American citizens. It will, therefore, be seen that there is much room for the naturalization authorities to employ their own discretion and judgment in their efforts to maintain the moral and intellectual standards of the American nation by preventing the naturalization of undesirable aliens. The educational test, for instance, may be so employed as to bar out almost all Japanese laborers, for it rests entirely with the authorities to decide how well an alien must be able to speak English to be admitted as an American citizen. As a matter of fact, the majority of Japanese laborers do not speak English, while some possess but a smattering knowledge of the language.

Again, the moral test provided in the law is as flexible as the educational test. The court reserves the power to withhold the naturalization certificate until it is convinced that the statement made by the candidate for citizenship as to his moral character is genuine and sincere; in fine, it entirely depends upon the discretion of the court whether or not an alien can be regarded as morally wholesome. In the face of these provisions, the conclusion seems natural, that, in the event of the abrogation of section 2169 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, restricting those admissible to American citizenship to aliens of the white

race and of African nativity, there will be no danger of the United States becoming infested by the undesirable classes of Japanese immigrants—a conclusion which has also been reached in considering this question from a statistical point of view.

To those Japanese who are desirous of being admitted to American citizenship, the amendment of the naturalization laws after the President's recent recommendation is a matter of urgent concern. Small in number, they are the flower of the Japanese population in America. In his travels in this country, the writer came in contact with many such Japanese. At Seattle there lives a most interesting farmer, Mr. Yamaoka by name, who in the early days of the New Japan played an important part in the liberal movement under the leadership of Count Itagaki; among the rice-growers in Texas is found Mr. Saibara, who, while at home, was a lawyer of high standing, president of a college, and member of the House of Representatives; in New York, the well-known chemist, Dr. Takamine, is busy in his laboratory working at his new discoveries; in New Jersey, there lives that brilliant writer in English, Mr. Adachi; in New Hampshire, Dr. Asakawa, author of "The Russo-Japanese Conflict," occupies the chair of Oriental History in Dartmouth College. To enumerate all the representative Japanese in America is alike impossible and superfluous; suffice it to say that these are men who are most anxious to see the present naturalization laws so amended as to render them justice, believing that the laws as they stand not only cause them many inconveniences, but subject them to needless indignities. Unlike the other classes of Japanese immigrants, most of these Japanese—merchants, farmers and professional men—have brought their wives with them, while some are married to American women.

Far from being clannish, the Japanese in America endeavor to adjust themselves to their new environment, mingling with their American cousins as freely as circumstances allow. In no city have they established their "Chinatown" or their "Ghetto," grouping themselves into an exclusive community.

It has been asserted that the Mikado's subject is so irrevocably wedded to his native country that he will never become attached to his adopted country—an assertion with which Senator Perkins and Representative Kahn in particular have lately taken pains to impress Americans. To such a generalization as this, the Japa-

nese in America have but one reply to offer: "Only give us the rights of American citizenship, and you will see what sort of citizens we shall make." What more, indeed, can they say, when they have never been given an opportunity to prove their fidelity to the Republic? No immigrant, unless he be from a degenerate state, enters the threshold of a foreign land without at first cherishing some sense of pride in his own country—without, indeed, the determination that he shall never permit anything to obliterate his love for his fatherland. With all his intense patriotism and his deep love for the Land of the Rising Sun, the Mikado's subject is, after all, not unlike the subject of the Kaiser, who, emigrating to the United States, becomes in a few years an enthusiastic admirer of his new country, ready to defend everything American. It is unfair and unmanly to close to him the door to Americanization, and declare that the son of Nippon is inherently incapable of becoming a faithful member of the Republic.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

THE ESPERANTO MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

BY E. J. DILLON.

THE story of the progress made by the artificial language Esperanto in the Empire of the Tsars is largely interwoven with the history of Russian culture and politics for the past twenty years. Knowing the one thoroughly, you could sketch the other approximately. One can now see that the ups and downs of the movement inaugurated in favor of the new idiom were the outcome of the intellectual and political conditions of the time and people. For years it was very up-hill work to interest the thinking classes in a language without any past, with a dubious future and useless in the present as a weapon against the autocracy, while it was almost impossible to convert the active hostility of the Government into benevolent neutrality. The connivance of individual officials was the utmost the Esperantists could hope for. Every innovation was looked upon by the authorities with suspicion, and every new society, although, of course, it was sanctioned by the Ministry, was watched vigilantly by the police. In a land where hectographs and typewriting machines were sold with greater precautions than pistols or poisons, a language invented in order to facilitate communication between peoples of different tongues would naturally be treated as an invention of the Evil One. And that was the primary aim of the idiom which its author called Esperanto.

In any case, the policy of the old autocratic régime was to keep the elements of the population divided among themselves, not to allow them to become united. Nothing was feared more than union, cooperation.

The Government, therefore, frowned down the movement, with the result that for years there was no Esperantist society in all Russia, but only individual students of Esperanto, just as there

are no Masonic lodges in the Tsardom, but only individual freemasons. Among these students were a man of letters named Zinovieff, who resided in southern Russia, and a priest named Dombroffsky, who is professor at the Roman Catholic Academy in St. Petersburg, and has rendered important services to the cause. But the persons without whose cooperation little or nothing could be done were men of political influence, men who could persuade the authorities to spare where they would otherwise have killed. And the number of these was three: M. Von Wahl, a relative of the City Prefect, M. Kanaloshi Lefleur and a member of the Academy of Sciences. It was owing to the intercession of these enlightened men that the Ministry authorized the formation of the first Esperantist society in Russia, which was also the first in the world. That was on the 5th of April, 1892. At first a relatively large number of adherents joined. It was a new craze, and people were attracted to it. But many of them viewed it solely in that light and never spent an hour in learning the language. The organization of the society was also very imperfect, and the number of its members able and willing to propagate Esperanto was few.

Moreover, it was well-nigh impossible to arouse enthusiasm or maintain at a uniform level the industry of those who were really interested in the work. For Esperanto had little or nothing to offer them. The writings of Dr. Zamenhof, it is true, existed and were ultimately allowed by the Censure Committee to circulate in Russia, but very little else. Regarding the language as a means of hatching conspiracies against the autocracy, the Committee of Censure refused to permit Esperantist works to be printed in Russia or to be imported from abroad. The explanation which they offered of their conduct would make an American smile, but it was quite conclusive to a native. "We have no official who understands that language, and as we cannot oblige any one to learn it, we are unable to sanction works which may be atheistic, immoral or revolutionary." Still, the influential friends of the cause persuaded the authorities to stretch a point from time to time in its favor, but the result was barely sufficient to keep the movement from utter stagnation. Those who mastered the language and could speak it fluently got no real benefit from it. For the circle of persons with whom it enabled them to converse was very narrow, both in and out of Russia, while the number of

foreign books which it enabled them to peruse was extremely small.

Something, however, was being done abroad. In the year 1889, Dr. Zamenhof founded an Esperantist journal in Nürnberg which had great vogue in Russia. It is computed that fully three-fourths of the subscribers to this organ were resident in the Tsardom, and their interests were borne in mind by the editor. Thus he occasionally translated a short article by Count Tolstoy and published it in his magazine. But having, in April, 1895, printed a translation of one of the forbidden writings of that novelist, Dr. Zamenhof's organ was expressly prohibited in Russia, whereby he lost two-thirds of his subscribers. After that the Russian Esperantist movement slackened its pace very considerably, and many feared it would die out altogether, when unexpectedly a new filip was given to it by a favorable report on Esperanto read in 1901 before the Paris Academy of Science by M. Sebert, which attracted attention, aroused wide-spread interest, and being translated into Russian, moved the authorities temporarily to modify their attitude towards the members of the society. From that time onward the cause of Esperantism was permanently, if only slightly, strengthened in the Tsar's dominions, and although the Censure Committee remained true to its traditions perceptible headway was made, and the ground won was never lost again.

The next impulse came also from abroad. In 1904 one of the most prominent Esperantists in Russia, struck with the rapid conquest made by the language in England, resolved to impart a new spirit to the movement. Dr. Asness, a young physician of promise and enterprise, undertook the mission, and like most idealists had first to find a fulcrum for his lever. It was a labor of love. Money has played no part whatever in the Esperanto propaganda. Ardor for noble aims has accomplished much, and what that failed to achieve was wholly dispensed with. A moderate-sized room in the doctor's flat in St. Petersburg harbored the representatives of the movement whom he had summoned from all parts of the Empire to listen to his proposals. They first elected Professor Dombroffsky and their energetic host to the posts of President and Secretary, respectively, of the society in Russia. That done, the meeting empowered Dr. Asness to draw up a petition to the authorities asking for permission to found and publish a special Esperantist journal. It was a delicate mission,

which the least mistake might turn into a wild-goose chase. At the very threshold the traditional hindrance was encountered—the lack of a censor able to read Esperanto. But this time the doctor was resolved to remove it by hook or by crook. Somebody told him that there was a censor at the Post-Office who was a fluent speaker of Esperanto. "Lubi is his name," the informant added. "He will be very much interested in the new venture." Dr. Asness accordingly hurried off to the Post-Office and had an interview with Lubi. The Censor, however, knew no more of Esperanto than of the language of fans, had never read a line of it. But he was amenable and obliging, and quite willing to associate his name with a new cultural movement which bade fair to make its way in the world. He therefore consented to become the Censor of the Esperantist review and to be responsible for it to the authorities on condition that Dr. Asness would be answerable to him and would promise that nothing political or objectionable should be printed in it. The promise was readily made and scrupulously kept, and Lubi, taking a real interest in Esperanto, learned it.

Things were wont to move very slowly in the realm of the Tsars in the unregenerate days of the Autocracy. Thus, although the petition was presented in January, 1904, the authorization to found the journal was not received until February of the following year. And even then it contained irksome restrictions. For example, it prohibited the editor from publishing a column of political news and comments, without which the periodical would be deemed insipid. Alive to this contingency, Dr. Asness had taken the precaution to ask also for permission to have a section in his journal entitled "Miscellaneous," under which he hoped to smuggle in the political items which were forbidden under the heading "Political." And in this, after much wrangling and entreating, he was successful.

The issue of the first number of the *"Ruslando Esperantista,"* in April, 1905, marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Esperantism in Russia. This carefully edited monthly, which is largely a bilingual publication, is distributed gratuitously to members, whose subscription is only $1.50 a year. From the outset it was a success. It stirred up people's curiosity, sustained their interest, called forth their efforts in the cause of humanity. During the eighteen months of its existence it has attracted more

recruits to Esperantism than all the books and pamphlets printed during the fourteen years preceding. There was a movement throughout the country, which for fervor and selflessness might be aptly likened to a religious revival. Every post brought piles of letters to the secretary asking him for cards of membership or for manuals of Esperanto. The manuals in stock were bought up in a few days, and orders for more copies had to be sent abroad. The Censor Lubi, in order to save time and trouble, generously allowed them to be addressed to his name. Altogether he rendered many important services to the cause of Esperantism, and the whole society mourned his death, which took place unexpectedly last year. For a moment it seemed as though his loss were irreparable, as if the old troubles might reappear more formidable than ever. But Dr. Asness, vigilant, active and resourceful, at once went in search of a new censor. To Americans the quest may appear as absurd as that of a man for a stick for his own back. But on the discovery of a mild censor depended the existence of the new journal. Happily for the society, the secretary found him in M. Krivosch—Lubi's assistant. This official, curiously enough, possessed a thorough knowledge of Esperanto, which he had mastered ever since Zamenhof issued his first manual. Soon after this the political Reform movement began in Russia, the general strike was proclaimed, the old *régime* was swept away, and whatever other liberties were accorded or withheld, that of publishing the Esperanto journal has never since been called in question. Success and failure, therefore, have been taken out of the hands of the Government and placed in those of the society.

Those are some of the difficulties with which the Esperanto movement has had to cope in Russia. Their force may be gauged by instituting a comparison between the headway made in a free country and the slow advance in Muscovy. Although in 1905 the society had had a life of thirteen years behind it, during all that time it opened only ten branches in an Empire which comprises one-sixth of the globe, and several of these branches figured mainly on paper. On the other hand, during the eight years' existence of the French society, it possessed no less than sixty clubs and associations for the study and spread of Esperanto.

It is not easy, at the best of times, to edit a periodical in the Tsardom, but during the revolutionary period it was extremely arduous. One never knew what the morrow might bring. And

sometimes it brought great surprises, which, like the temper of the nation, were reflected in the press. The Esperantist organ was also a mirror of the changing times, and after the October Revolution it took to politics quite naturally, despite the express prohibition of the authorities. But the Government connived at the liberty thus taken and sanctioned it by its silence. The magazine then went further and published a translation of the "Workmen's Marseillaise," and the authorities again affected not to see. This year, however, an Esperantist journal issued abroad caused quite a flutter in Russia by giving prominence to a sensational article on the massacre of the St. Petersburg workmen in January, 1905, and to realistic illustrations of some of the most thrilling scenes. The censor duly destroyed the article and the pictures, and lest a worse thing might befall the Russian society, whose members belong to every shade of political opinion, Dr. Asness published an appeal to Esperantist pressmen abroad entreating them sedulously to eschew political comments and news calculated to damage the cause in the eyes of the Russian Government.

The arts of peace rarely flourish in war-time; and the Esperantist propaganda is eminently a work of peace. Hence it suffered during the campaign against Japan and the Revolutionary Movement which followed. Even the staff of the Esperantist review looked upon themselves then as citizens first and as culture-bearers afterwards. And they acted accordingly. But no sooner did the present Cabinet take office and the universities and high-schools resume their normal occupations than Dr. Asness and his colleagues once more put their shoulders to the wheel, with encouraging results. They decided to interest the young generation in the language which would enable them in a short time to converse with foreign workmen as though they were Russians. And that perspective strongly appealed to the students, many of whom are Social Democrats. They took the matter up with energy. One of the most active is a youth named Loiko, whose father had learned Esperanto and had taught it to his children. Loiko delivered a stirring address to the students of St. Petersburg, setting forth the advantages which they might reap through knowing the international language, and urging them to learn and use it as an effective means of spreading their political and social views. Wild enthusiasm was aroused by

Loiko's address. Shortly afterwards another speech was delivered by another student in the Polytechnic Institute. An unprecedented run on Esperanto handbooks marked the practical results attained. All the copies in stock were bought up in a few days. The society, being still in its infancy, had no depots. Book-store, meeting-place and review office are all in Dr. Asness's flat; that is to say, the secretary places his rooms at the disposal of the society. Very soon, however, it is hoped that an enterprising publisher will provide an Esperanto printing-press.

One thousand copies of the monthly journal are printed in St. Petersburg, and although a certain number always remain unsold, Dr. Asness has, and his colleagues have, every reason to be satisfied. For the Esperantist review in France, in spite of the fact that it has been in existence eleven years, comes out in 1,300 copies only. The work of editing, contributing, corresponding and lecturing is done gratuitously. All work is voluntary, and is undertaken with eagerness. Every Wednesday a meeting is held in Dr. Asness's rooms at which members, representing all political factions, many religious denominations, all social grades, come together and compare notes, avoiding topics of a contentious character.

Dr. Asness, now Vice-President of the society, is also the editor of the monthly magazine. He assures me that the number of members who belong to the society to-day is very large, but he could not fix it even approximately. Many people, he added, know the language who have not entered their names on the society's books, because they fear lest the motive of their membership should be misinterpreted. Thus a certain military officer, who is a subscribing member, cannot allow his name to be registered lest he should incur the displeasure of his superiors, while a police officer, who until a few days ago occupied the post of secretary of the society, deemed it his duty to resign his secretaryship owing to an article which appeared in the last number of the review on the Labor Movement and Esperanto. The society, however, is numerous, and is growing rapidly. In a few months the fifteenth anniversary of its foundation will be celebrated in St. Petersburg with a certain degree of solemnity, and then doubtless interesting statistics will be given to the world.

E. J. Dillon.

THE SCIENCE OF TICKLISHNESS.

BY DR. LOUIS ROBINSON.

THERE is a curious parallel between certain branches of physiological research and the work of the archæologist who rebuilds history by unearthing early relics of human handiwork. Usually, as in the examples of remnants of a past age still existing in our bodies, already dealt with by the writer in the pages of this REVIEW, we get little more than stray hints of special habits and traits of our progenitors, just as the antiquary, from the study of some primitive tool or weapon, is able merely to infer some curious point in the habits of the unknown users. At times, however, as I hope to show in the following pages, we light upon a more detailed and continuous record, which may be compared with the successive layers of human relics in the mud of the Swiss lakes, where the old amphibious savages once lived for many generations, or even with the prehistoric inscriptions on clay or stone unearthed from the banks of the Euphrates.

The story which we can reconstruct from an analysis of such nervous phenomena as are summed up in the word "ticklishness" is one infinitely older than any which the archæologist has to tell. Yet, although the history is contained, not in stone or metal, but in a material so proverbially perishable as human flesh, it is probably (owing to the eternal persistence of well-established instincts) more trustworthy than many which have been reconstructed from fragmentary material records; while the gaps which we have to fill by conjecture can be bridged with at least an equal approximation to the truth.

Now, when we are engaged in an investigation of this character, it is necessary to keep in mind one very important law. *Not only every part of our physical frames, but every instinct and appetite, either is, or has been at some past stage of human*

history, necessary to secure the survival or prosperity of the race. In the case of many of our outgrown ancestral traits, it is difficult to prove the application of this law; but in discussing the phenomena of ticklishness, I hope to do so to the fullest extent.

When one has found a suitable little playmate, preferably a child of between three and eight years of age, and commences to tickle it, what happens? In the first place it becomes quite evident that, unless the child is in a playful and responsive mood, it cannot be tickled. If it be unwell, or if a stranger or one whom the child fears or dislikes attempt to tickle it, there is no response except resentment at an unwelcome interference. But as soon as a satisfactory *entente* is established, the little one laughs and wriggles with delight; and, although each movement is an elaborate avoidance of contact, there is a continual invitation to repeat the tickling. Practically all children, in fact, both by word and act show plenty of evidence of enjoyment of the game, and invite its continuance indefinitely. Hence, one may say that there exists a distinct *appetite for tickling;* and this upon close investigation proves to be as marked and real as any of the recognized animal appetites (all of which, by the way, have an *immediate* bearing on the continuance of the individual or the race); and, moreover, has this in common with them, viz., that there are times when desire is strong and gratification great, and there are times when desire is absent and provocation fails to take effect. Like the reflexes associated with the gustatory nerve, which make part of the appetite for food, the activity of which depends upon whether we are hungry or the reverse, the reflexes that accompany ticklishness are intermittent.

In addition to this intermittency, ticklishness possesses one noteworthy and essential characteristic, which may roughly be compared with the rapid alternations of an electric current. The desire is positive and negative by turns. Contact is wished, invited, and intensely enjoyed, up to a certain point. Then it suddenly appears to become distasteful, and is avoided with the whole energy of mind and body. Yet the moment that the too vigorous stimulation ceases, the appetite returns; and so the cycle continues.

Pursue the game vigorously, and our little playmate throws himself down on his back and fences with his limbs to protect the more ticklish parts. When one is dealing with an active

youngster, so much address is shown in these defensive tactics that it is very difficult to touch such regions as the neck, the armpits, or the groin. Many little children will spontaneously attempt retaliation with the teeth, which all the time, be it noted, are bared (in laughter) exactly as are the teeth of young apes and puppies at play.

It is necessary, before proceeding further, to explain that there are several forms of special irritability commonly spoken of as "ticklishness," which, from a physiological point of view, are quite distinct. It is only with one of these that we are now dealing, viz., that which is specially present in early life—when it is plainly associated with a natural desire or appetite which is intermittent, needing the subject to be in a responsive mood, and which is always associated with laughter and play.

The exquisite irritability of smooth or mucous surfaces such as the palate, nostrils, palms, and soles, appears to be of quite a different character, as also does the sense of titillation produced by the movement of a feather, or an insect, among the minute hairs of the skin. The first of these seems to be a provocation to certain appropriate muscular movements, such as grasping, swallowing, sneezing, etc., as is shown by the fact that, when these movements are performed, the special irritability, for the time being, disappears. The second is probably akin to an electric burglar-alarm, warning us of the presence of undesirable parasites.* A further distinction is noteworthy. One has a social significance, the others have not. We can tickle our own palates or feet, and cause intense irritation among the surface hairs with a feather. But no one can get even a smile out of himself—much less peals of convulsive laughter—by going into solitude and tickling his own ribs!

There is one other form of tactile sensibility which is commonly classed as ticklishness, with which we have nothing to do on the present occasion. This is the local sense of gratification which accompanies light touches in the nature of a caress. Apparently, such sensory impulses do not evoke a mechanical muscular response, and therefore they can hardly be called reflexes. The phenomena have, however, a social bearing which is sufficiently obvious; and their immediate utility in the case of animals

* These matters have been discussed at length by the writer in articles on Reflexes and Ticklishness in the Dictionary of Psychological Medicine.

which lick their young (among which may be included one family of the human race, to wit, the Esquimaux) is found in the benefits of cleanliness. Their complex relationship with the affections it is not our business here to discuss, but any student may find some very curious results from such stimulation narrated in the works of the great William Harvey.

Now, let us pay attention for a time to the more ticklish regions of the body, both in man and other animals. These I carefully mapped out after a great many experiments with young children, and every approachable young creature in the London Zoological Gardens, some years ago, when preparing a lecture on "Vestigial Reflexes" which was read before the British Association at Oxford. They are chiefly the armpits and contiguous parts; the ribs, especially where they join the abdomen; the front and sides of the neck, especially just above the collar-bone; the flanks and parts above the haunch-bones; the upper and inner parts of the thigh, over the region known to anatomists as "Scarpa's Triangle"; and on the limbs, the parts behind the knee and in front of the elbow. In a young chimpanzee, exactly the same parts are most ticklish; a baby orang seemed specially sensitive about the neck, but otherwise resembled its higher relatives. The only young gorilla which I had an opportunity of handling was morose and unwell, and could not be got in the mood. It, in fact, behaved very much like a sulky, ill-tempered child who declines to be tickled. Several young Indian monkeys, while agreeing generally with man and the anthropoids, showed a special sensitiveness about the flank. South-American spider-monkeys, and African guenons seemed much less ticklish than the anthropoids, macaques, and baboons; and it was difficult to tell where they were most sensitive. Young puppies and fox cubs are especially ticklish in the region of the neck, flank, and loin, but are less so in the ribs or the parts corresponding to the *axillæ*. In kittens it is very difficult to identify the more ticklish regions, but their larger relatives, especially lion cubs, are extremely sensitive about the neck. Kittens behave very much like children in a highly excited state, when the mere approach of the hand to any part of the body causes the same wriggling defensive movements as an actual touch. Such adepts are they in the art of fence that it is practically impossible to bring the finger into contact with anything but teeth and claws.

In young calves and fawns the process apparently gives no special pleasure. They are not responsive, like the young creatures above mentioned, and it is difficult to find any ticklish regions except the loin and flanks. Lambs and kids scarcely respond at all. Young colts showed most sensitiveness between the forelegs and in the flanks; but, in common with all hoofed quadrupeds, they exhibit no "appetite," and very little ticklishness as compared with children, apes, puppies, and kittens. As far as could be ascertained, creatures of a lower order were not ticklish in the ordinary sense of the word; although armadilloes, crocodiles and tortoises, when touched in spots not defended by their armor, at once tried to draw the exposed part into a place of safety. They showed no more pleasure at being tickled than does a sensitive mimosa or a snail.

Three chief points are made plain by these facts. Firstly, all the young creatures which obviously take pleasure in being tickled —which have the *appetite* in a marked degree—are naturally playful, and appear to take a special delight in romps of a rough-and-tumble character, which are essentially mock battles. Secondly, the regions which are especially ticklish and most carefully defended in these games are those which, in a serious fight with formidable teeth or claws, would prove most vulnerable. Thirdly, all these animals, with the exception of man, are armed in this way, and settle their differences by adroit use of such weapons.

Hence a young ape or dog which, in the innumerable sham fights of its youth learns to defend the *axillæ,* where a single bite might sever the axillary artery; the neck, with the carotids and windpipe just under the surface; the flanks, and borders of the ribs, where a comparatively slight tear lays open the abdominal cavity; and the groin, where the great femoral vessels lie close to the skin, would, without doubt, be vastly better equipped for the fierce combats for supremacy in after-life than an animal which had not undergone the same elaborate training. Warfare becomes more and more a matter of education, tactics and strategy, and less a matter of brute force, as the scale of intelligence is ascended. Among the lower orders of animals, whose actions are guided by stock instincts, and not by knowledge gathered from experience, the methods of attack and defence seem very elementary, reminding one of the "one, two, three,

four," of the stage "super" when engaged in a broadsword combat; but, when one comes to examine the fighting methods of brainy creatures, such as dogs and apes (the latter more especially), one is reminded of the elaborate science and address of the skilled fencer. There are innumerable feints and methods of attack, which are countered by a series of guards equally elaborate. Most apes, when fighting, endeavor to fix their long and sharp canine teeth in some vulnerable spot, and then thrust their adversary away with their arms so as to tear out the part seized. It will be seen at once that, supposing such tactics were successful in any one of the regions specified above, a deadly wound would be inflicted. Now, strategy, such as is shown in ape-warfare, depends upon experience, adroitness and adaptiveness and not upon inherent instincts. It must be *learned;* and a young animal which had not the advantage of an education derived from sham fights in early youth would be as helpless, when brought face to face with an experienced foe, as one of us who knew nothing of fisticuffs or sword-play would be if he were pitted against a practised pugilist or fencer.

An inquiry into the special warlike tactics of some other creatures which show a marked degree of ticklishness gives our argument additional support. All the *canidæ* and *felidæ* habitually attack the throat; and, in the romps of young puppies and lion cubs, it seems to be the chief end of the game to "get in" at this spot. Now, the throat and adjoining parts are in these animals markedly the most ticklish regions. There are reasons for thinking that among orang-outangs the same spot is more often assailed in actual warfare than is the case with chimpanzees, and a young orang appeared to be much more ticklish in the neck than a young chimpanzee. All the macaques seem much alike both in their ticklish regions (in which they closely resemble children) and in their manner of fighting. They will manœuvre and finesse for a long time for an opening, and then spring in and endeavor to grip and tear. The African guenons and their congeners differ considerably from the macaques as regards ticklishness, and I have been informed that in their fighting methods they differ greatly also. They do not fence at close quarters, but dash past one another with lightning rapidity, inflicting ripping cuts with their terribly sharp teeth, which have whetted edges like the tusks of a boar.

Let us return for a moment to the law set forth above as to the evolutionary justification of every organ and faculty. How are we to show that the special sensitiveness to touch known as ticklishness, which is so strongly marked in children and monkeys, has been essential to the welfare of the race?

It will be best to confine our attention for the present to such creatures as are still living the same kind of life as their ancestors have lived for innumerable centuries, and whose natural warlike habits have not been warped by new conditions. The lowest men are much too high for us in this respect; but the higher apes, which, as far as ticklishness is concerned, behave almost precisely like human beings, still settle their differences with natural weapons, and in the primordial way.

In the struggle for existence, the real pinch comes, not when creatures are contending against "natural enemies"—that is, beasts of prey—but when they are striving for precedence among themselves. It is the contest between stag and stag which produces magnificent antlers, and it is the strife for the leadership of the herd which has given rise to the stupendous vigor of the bull. Nature may be said to foment this fratricidal war for her own ends, for it certainly is a powerful factor (perhaps the most powerful) in racial betterment.

Now, it seems to be good law that, whenever a male bird is large and gaudy, or a male mammal strong, pugnacious and well armed—as compared with the females of the same species—an indictment for polygamy will lie. The monstrous strength, brutal temper and huge fangs of the male gorilla tell as compromising a tale as do the teachings of Brigham Young. Laws of morality, however, are proverbially subject to latitude and time; and apparently for the same reason that moved her in conniving at family quarrels, Dame Nature winked at a plurality of wives. It is obviously to the interest of the race, from a purely animal standpoint, that the more robust should procreate the species; and this end among many of the less intelligent animals is attained by brute force and polygamy. Hence we can explain the social habits of deer, cattle and other polygamous creatures, where one powerful male battles for possession of the females, and holds his wives against all comers.

Now, doubtless, this arrangement worked very well until, in the upward march of evolution, some brains grew big enough to

plan and to remember. Then, I venture to assert, there arose an awkward hitch; and ticklishness was evolved to meet the difficulty.

In a community of apes, such as is still found in many tropical lands, presided over by a stalwart and wily patriarch who has won his position by victory in a hundred fights, the whole tribe is as strictly the patriarch's family as is the harem of a Turk. From time to time, of course, there grows up a young ape who in physical perfections excels the existing leader. It is plainly to the interest of the race that his perfections should be perpetuated as fully as possible. But this end can no longer be attained by physical qualities alone, as in the case of such animals as bisons, where, given dogged courage, the issue depended upon the weight of beef at the back of it. The old ape-king is a past master of the art of war according to his kind. He has all the resolute coolness of a veteran, and his big brain is teeming with cunning tricks and memories of innumerable battles. Mere physical superiority, backed only by inherent instincts, has no chance against practice, scientific strategy, and elaborate skill; and he is as much a trained and educated fighter as any member of the Mikado's General Staff. Were some well-known aspirant to contest the leadership with no more training than that possessed by a young bull or elk, a few rounds would settle the matter finally; for, even if he survived, he would probably be so astonished and demoralized by the treatment he had received that he would never resume the fray.

Nature, however, does not send a fine young warrior into the lists to fight her battles in the cause of racial improvements without providing him with adequate mental and bodily training. This he has gained, along with his growth, in incessant tussles with his playmates; for, at his birth, she implanted in him an insatiable passion for rough play, in which the appetite for tickling bore a material part. From his very infancy, he has been an adept at defending his specially ticklish, *vulnerable* regions in mimic war; and much practice has rendered these actions as instantaneous and automatic as the blinking of a threatened eye. He is not demoralized or disconcerted by a knock-down (as we should probably be if we received such treatment at the beginning of a fight), because he has been on his back thousands of times before, and knows as well how to continue the game in

that position as does a wrestler on his hands and toes. His muscles are as fit as those of a prize-fighter, for practically all his play has been part of a system of gymnastic training calculated for this very end—a system more perfect in many ways than any which has been evolved by the intelligence of man. Hence, in muscle, nerve and temper, he goes into his first serious battle magnificently trained and equipped. Hence, also granted his superior physical and moral worth, he comes to his rightful kingdom; and Nature, having got her own way, smiles upon his success.

All this will, I think, be fairly evident to every student of Nature's laws and methods. Its applicability to our own species, however, will perhaps not be so readily allowed. Yet, although the value of ticklishness in the economy of human life may have gone down to zero, seeing that we no longer gain social precedence and many wives by rolling with our rivals in the dust fighting tooth and nail, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that it played a most important part in the affairs of our direct ancestors. How otherwise are we to explain the practical identity of the phenomena in the young child and the anthropoid ape?

Moreover, although man's canine teeth now show no special adaptability for fighting purposes, there are other evidences to be found in our nervous systems as to what their function was in the past. Darwin clearly pointed out that when we lift our lip in a sneer, exposing one or another of the canine teeth to view, we are indulging in what was once a distinct threat of hostilities. We are, in fact, doing exactly the same as does an angry dog or ape when it shows its teeth. Probably there is no more universal habit than that of "setting the teeth" when we are facing a foe or a difficulty in a determined mood, and this can only be accounted for by presuming that it was with these weapons that foes and difficulties were at one time encountered.

Having now shown, by an analysis of its phenomena, that ticklishness is a revelation of man's past habits and history, let us consider what we may learn from the fact that its utility has wholly come to an end. A very brief investigation suffices to show that the time of its disappearance as a necessary adjunct to education must have been one of the most momentous in human history. The old methods of self-defence, so assiduously taught by such means, must have been rendered wholly useless

directly man learned to adapt external objects, such as sticks, stones, to his many needs. Then occurred a revolution even more drastic than that which followed Roger Bacon's discovery, when "villainous saltpetre" exploded the methods of steel-clad chivalry, and sent all its glittering paraphernalia into the scrap-heap. Neither the stab of a spear nor the smashing blows of a stone axe could be warded off by any tricks of fence, however skilful and elaborate, which were part of the old methods of warfare.

Hence we may say that, in the economy of human life, the end of ticklishness was the beginning of art.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

THE DANGER OF NATIONAL ISOLATION.

BY L. S. ROWE, LL.D., PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, DELEGATE OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

THE rise of the United States to the position of a great World Power has destroyed the traditional principles of political equilibrium. There is a growing belief, particularly amongst the Governments of Europe, that this change involves serious problems which, sooner or later, they will be compelled to face.

The people of Latin America have watched the new grouping of international relations with vague apprehension. The European press has lost no opportunity to encourage this attitude by constantly emphasizing the dangers involved in the dominant position of the United States on the American continent. There is abundant evidence that the ultimate purpose in view has been to foster in South America a feeling of distrust toward the United States, which would forever prevent a close understanding between the republics of the American continent. The determined stand taken by the United States in the Anglo-Venezuelan controversy of 1895 was interpreted in certain sections of South America as a step toward the formal declaration of the hegemony of the United States.

The Spanish-American war, the acquisition of Porto Rico, the establishment of a quasi-protectorate over Cuba, and the assumption of responsibility for the administration of the finances of Santo Domingo were interpreted as expressions of a definite and fixed purpose to assert a right of final revision over the international relations of the American republics.

The domestic situation is in many respects extraordinary. Our entry into international politics has been a greater surprise to the people of the United States than to the Governments of

Europe. During the lifetime of the present generation, foreign affairs have occupied so insignificant a place in the affairs of the nation that the situation confronting the Government at the close of the Spanish-American war seemed strange and almost inexplicable. It was difficult for the people to realize that the position which the Government was called upon to occupy was the logical outcome of the extraordinary industrial and social development of the nineteenth century. The country had become mighty, not because of any ambition to play a part in the world's affairs, but by reason of its great economic power and its strategic political position with respect to Europe and the countries of the American continent.

To those who have watched the progress of American affairs since 1898, this gradual awakening to the consciousness of national power and influence has been one of the most inspiring spectacles in the history of the United States. Hand in hand with this consciousness of power, there is slowly developing a sense of national responsibility, which is reacting throughout the public life of the country, raising the standard of civic effort and emphasizing our obligations toward the nations of the earth, especially toward the republics of the American continent.

The fact that the new position assumed by the United States is regarded as a disturbing factor in European politics has created a situation which we can no longer afford to ignore. The old equilibrium has been destroyed, and it will require many years to bring about adjustment to the new relations. The European Governments, therefore, regard the extension of the influence of the United States with ill-concealed concern.

Of far deeper significance, however, is the change of attitude of the people of Europe. While official and diplomatic relations have been of the most cordial character, there is noticeable a growing feeling of popular antagonism toward the United States which the most lavish display of official courtesy has been unable to disguise. Much of this has been due to commercial rivalries and to the fear of the commercial supremacy of the United States. To summarize the situation in a few words, it is evident that we are gradually drifting toward a position of national isolation. Every consideration of national policy dictates that no effort should be spared to avoid a situation which must ultimately become a source of national weakness.

Our relations with the countries of Latin America thus acquire a new significance. Heretofore, the mass of our people have interpreted this relation as purely one-sided. We have been ready, and even anxious, to be of service to our sister republics, but we have taken it for granted that no counter-service could be expected in return. The new grouping of international relations, which the results of the Spanish-American and Russo-Japanese wars have made evident, demands that in the future our international policy should meet, not only with the approval, but with the active support, of our sister republics.

In our ignorance of South-American conditions we have failed to appreciate that, within a comparatively few years, we shall have to deal with Powers of real magnitude in this southern section of the continent. If they distrust us, we shall find our hands tied in the councils of the nations. With their support, a new equilibrium of power—the best guarantee of the world's peace—will be established.

The greatest difficulty which the Government of the United States has had to face in dealing with the new situation has been the unpreparedness of the public mind for the great problems suddenly thrust upon us. In our common schools and universities, little attention had been given to foreign languages and still less to foreign institutions. The fact that the thought of the people was rarely directed to foreign affairs was clearly reflected in the public press, which gave but little attention to these matters. Time and again, it has been pointed out to us that their ignorance of foreign affairs would lead the people of the United States into giving frequent though unwitting offence, particularly in their relations with the Latin-American republics, and would thus tend to make more pronounced the misunderstanding of their motives and purposes.

Immediately prior to the South-American tour of Secretary Root, the distrust of the United States reached its height. There was a well-defined feeling that the Monroe Doctrine was not intended as a safeguard to the American republics, but rather a first step toward the preemption of Latin America as the field for the exclusive influence of the United States. Mr. Root's visit has demonstrated not only that this feeling of distrust can be eradicated, but that it can be made to give way to one of sincere friendship. His remarkable address to the Pan-American Con-

ference and his subsequent speeches in Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Santiago and Lima are being read and reread by the leaders of thought and action in these countries, and have largely destroyed the feeling of antagonism which has so long existed.

It must not be supposed, however, that the effect of this visit will be permanent if not supported by a sincere effort on the part of the American people to cultivate closer relations with the people of South America. We must overcome certain fundamental weaknesses, which constitute a menace to the development of a better understanding between the northern and southern sections of this hemisphere. The first of these defects is the tendency to interpret South-American institutions in terms of the least advanced of those countries. In our ignorance, we have taken it for granted that the turbulent conditions which prevail in a few of the republics are characteristic of all. We have failed to appreciate the fact that South America offers as many gradations of institutional development as Europe, and that the usual slurring judgment is deeply resented by the more advanced countries.

The second defect is of a far more serious nature, as it involves one of the fundamental traits of our national character. Foreign critics of the American people have often pointed out the spirit of condescension, bordering on contempt, which marks the attitude of the average American toward foreign institutions. The slightest divergence from our form of government is regarded as a stamp of inferiority. American publications constantly dwell on the supposed inability of the people of South America to develop free institutions—a purely gratuitous assumption, which has never been supported by serious scientific investigation. Even in our university instruction, there is a tendency to use the terms "Anglo-Saxon" and "Latin" as expressing the contrast between the ability to establish and develop free institutions and the absence of this capacity.

This loose reasoning is at the bottom of the popular belief that, while the South-American countries may adopt republican forms of government, the actual operation of their institutions will inevitably lead to more or less disguised forms of despotism. The trend of public opinion in the United States, as reflected in the daily press, is followed with the keenest interest throughout South America. No attempt is made to distinguish between the authority of different writers; they are all regarded as ex-

pressing the views of the American people. This unfortunate situation is further complicated by the "missionary spirit" of the American people. In our relations with foreign peoples, we are apt to assume, not only that our political, social and educational institutions are incomparably superior to those of other countries, but that their only hope of salvation is to use our system as a model. We patronizingly point out that they are probably not prepared to assimilate more than the simpler forms of American institutional growth, but that with patience and conscientious effort they will ultimately be able to reach the more complex.

As a rule, we are utterly unconscious of the fact that we are giving serious offence by this "come-and-be-saved" attitude. Our intentions are excellent; but this fact makes it all the more difficult to convince the American people that a number of the South-American countries are developing political and social institutions in no sense inferior to those of the United States, and in every case in closer harmony with their own special needs than any system of transplanting could hope to accomplish. It is evident that, in our relations with the republics of Latin America, we must develop a greater breadth of view, and a capacity to appreciate the value of institutions different from our own. The above-mentioned obstacles to the development of closer relations with Central and South America, while serious, are in no sense insurmountable; and, in fact, the last few years have witnessed the beginnings of a conscious effort to overcome these shortcomings. There still remains, however, a third difficulty, which, if not overcome, will rekindle the feeling of distrust toward the United States and make its eradication extremely difficult, if not impossible. Throughout South America, one hears constant complaint of the business methods of the merchants and manufacturers of the United States. If these complaints related only to the refusal of our manufacturers to give long-term credits and to the general spirit of suspicion and distrust which characterizes their attitude toward South-American merchants, the most obvious explanation would be that these are difficulties incident to the early stages of commercial intercourse. Unfortunately, the complaints are of a far more serious character, involving the good faith and honesty of our merchants and manufacturers. One approaches the subject with some diffidence, not only owing to the delicate questions which it presents, but also

to the fact that there are a number of notable exceptions to the general rule. These exceptions, however, are buried beneath the mass of real grievances of the Spanish-American merchant.

The dishonesty of catalogue descriptions, the wanton disregard of the contract conditions, especially as regards the date of delivery, the insolent indifference to justifiable complaints, are but a few of the counts in the indictment. Considering the treatment which the South-American merchant has received, it is surprising that our commerce with these countries is growing so rapidly. No greater tribute could be paid to the excellence of American as compared with European manufactures. South-American merchants are often anxious to have American goods, but they are conscious of the fact that commercial relations with our manufacturers involve more annoyance and, in certain respects, greater risks than with English, French or German producers. American manufacturers are usually characterized as "*muy vivo*," which is a polite way of saying that the foreigner must be on his guard in dealing with them.

The contrast between what may be called our "domestic" and our "foreign" or "export" commercial morality is so great that it is difficult to make the people of these countries understand that, in the United States, good faith and fair dealing constitute the basis of commercial relations to quite the same, if not to a greater, extent than in Continental Europe. No doubt, the explanation of our treatment of foreign merchants is to be found in the fact that American manufacturers have taken little interest in foreign markets. In periods of industrial depression, spasmodic efforts to capture the South-American market have been made; but, with the revival of domestic trade, the American manufacturer loses all sense of responsibility toward his foreign customers, and his attitude seems to be dictated by the rule, "Let them take what they can get." Whatever the effects of this policy on our foreign trade—and it is certain to be fatal, if not remedied—the most serious aspect of the situation is that it creates a general belief that we are not a people to be trusted. We do not realize to what an extent commercial grievances have intensified the feeling of distrust toward the United States. That there is a great national interest involved in the disappearance of this feeling no one will deny.

L. S. Rowe.

THE LOOT AND THE RUIN OF THE FUR-SEAL HERD OF ALASKA.

BY HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

WHEN we received Alaska from Russia, in 1867, we came into possession of a herd of fur-seals which annually resorted to the Pribylov Islands, in the heart of Bering Sea. We did not know at that time that this herd was then the greatest single aggregation of highly organized animal life ever known to savage or civilized men. We did not know that more than five millions of fur-seals were then actually in existence, and "hauled" out on the breeding and hauling grounds of Saint Paul and Saint George islands, upon which the natural law of their lives compelled them to breed, and to sojourn during six months of every year.

We did not know then that the fur-seals which we saw every December, at sea, off the coast of California; then, later, off the Oregon shore; and still later, in March and April, off the mouth of the Strait of Fuca and the forbidding west coasts of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte islands—we did not know then that those fur-seals were the seals of the Pribylov herd, and that they were so appearing at those times and in those places, as they travelled over their annual migration route in the Pacific Ocean from and back to these islands of their birth in Bering Sea.

Various legends about this fur-seal herd of Alaska came to the Smithsonian Institution, during 1869-71, from old whaling captains, Treasury agents and others; these stories were so conflicting and so remarkable that, in order to get precise information from a trained observer, the Institution despatched me to the Pribylov Islands early in April, 1872. I entered upon this task with the preconceived idea that I was going to observe a herd of seals fashioned like the hair-seals, so well known to exist on the ice-floes of the North Atlantic; but, when I got upon the ground, the

wide and startling difference between the two species quickly dawned upon me; and, instead of being able to complete my work and return from the islands at the close of the season of 1872, as I had arranged to do, I had to remain, chained down to its details throughout the entire season of 1872, '73 and '74, inclusive.

Among the many points of surprise and mystery which this herd at first sight presented to me was the immense numbers of seals that appeared on the seventeen breeding rookeries of the Pribylov Islands—how many of these animals? There were nine white men on the islands, associated with the business of the United States Treasury Department, and the lessees; of all the questions which I raised between them over the seals, that one as to the real number of seals in this herd aroused the most interest and the widest difference of opinion. It was utterly out of the question to count those seals; so these men, individually, estimated their numbers all the way from two millions up to ten millions—all of them soberly and earnestly made such estimates, and thought deeply on the problem.

The complete futility of any such method of determining the real number of this wonderful herd quickly struck me. I therefore devised an initial figure for multiplication and division, based upon that natural law of distribution which these animals obeyed implicitly on their breeding-grounds. It is unnecessary for me to detail all of these steps in this writing, since I published them in full, years ago; and, up to date, they have never been successfully denied as to sense or accuracy* by any man, and they never will be.

Those careful surveys of 1872-74 disclosed the fact that, during the season of 1874, at least 4,700,000 fur-seals were in existence on the breeding-grounds of the Pribylov Islands; these figures represent the lowest reasonable computation.

But, at the close of the season of 1906, the official reports of the agents of our Government declare that less than 120,000 fur-seals belonging to the Alaskan herd are now in existence!

What has caused this fearful decimation? A plague? A pestilence? No: nothing of the kind. It is due entirely to the greed, cruelty and avarice of certain men—unspeakable men,

* "Monograph Seal Islands of Alaska": Tenth Census U. S. A., Vol. VIII, pp. 326; 50 pl. 1882. 4to. "Report Upon the Condition of the Fur-Seal Herd of Alaska"; Ho. Soc. No. 175; 54th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 276; 50 plates. 1896. 8vo.

who, shielded and panoplied by imperfect law and regulations, have wrought this loot and ruin of our fur-seal herd of Alaska. It is my purpose, in this article, to describe that work of destruction, and, in so describing it, to place this shameful responsibility upon those measures, influences and persons really to blame.

In 1874, and prior to that date, there was not and never had been any organized work of killing fur-seals at sea by white men: all the slaughter of that life was done on the islands from the date of their discovery by Pribylov in 1786, up to the transfer of Alaska to us in 1867 by the Russians. By excessive killing of the young male seals, from 1817 down to 1834, the Russians had fairly exterminated this herd, so that by the close of the latter season not more than 60,000 or 80,000 seals were left alive! This caused the suspension of all killing on the islands, except a few small seals annually, from 1835 up to 1844. Then the Russians resumed the killing of the surplus young males, gradually increasing the annual catch, so that, by 1857, they safely took 60,000 to 75,000 young males, annually, up to the date of cession to us in 1867; they never took 100,000 annually, at any time. It remained for our people to "improve" upon the Russian killing and "develop the industry" at once, which they did by raising the catch to 100,000 young males annually.

Our acquisition of the islands during 1867 was celebrated in a characteristic way by some of our people, who rushed up there in 1868, and slaughtered over 360,000 young male seals within that season, and they stopped at that immense figure only because their supply of salt was exhausted upon which they depended to cure the green skins for shipment from the islands!

The news of this prodigious killing on the islands during 1868 reached Washington early in the autumn of that year, and Congress was stirred to action. On March 3rd, 1869, the islands were declared a Government reservation, and these land butchers of 1868, and a swarm of would-be butchers like unto them, were barred. After much deliberation, the old Russian plan of leasing the islands for a period of twenty years was finally ordered by Congress, July 1st, 1870, and the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco became the lessee, with restrictions and regulations, and a maximum of 100,000 seals *per annum*. On May 1st, 1890, this lease was renewed and awarded to the North American Commercial Company, a new organization.

While there was no organized work of pelagic sealing by white men known in 1874, yet this subject was fully understood, and discussed in certain localities on the northwest coast that season. On the revenue-cutter "Reliance," which sailed under my orders in the summer of 1874, many of the crew became quite eloquent over what a good schooner and Indian hunters could do in the way of taking fur-seals on the high seas.

The possibility—the probability, rather—of the swift destruction of our fur-seal herd was, thus early, forced upon me during my cruise in the "Reliance." I prepared a full chapter on this subject of pelagic sealing then: a discussion of its practicability, the danger of its effect on the herd: the waste of life it would involve: and the cruelty inseparable from the process, together with a migration track-chart of the annual route of the Pribylov herd in the North Pacific, from the time it annually leaves the islands in November until its return to them in June and July following. But this chapter was omitted from my "Monograph" at the request of Professor Baird, who said it was best to do so then, since no organized work of pelagic sealing had as yet been undertaken; and, in the mean time, the Canadians and our own people of Puget Sound did not know that the fur-seals seen by them every season off the coast of Vancouver and the Strait of Fuca went into Bering Sea, and bred on the Pribylov Islands; therefore the publication of my work would put them at once on the right track, and so set them up in a business which they did not then seriously entertain, owing to this lack of knowledge.

But, by 1884, the business of pelagic sealing as an industry was well under way at Victoria, Port Townsend and San Francisco; in 1886, several Canadian vessels (and ours, too) entered Bering Sea *for the first time.* They now understood that these seals came from the Pribylov Islands and returned to them annually; this discovery gave a great impetus to the business, and scores of cod-fishing and halibuting schooners began to outfit and go after seals.

In 1886 three British sealing-schooners, and two of ours, were seized on the open sea, thirty and forty miles from the Seal Islands, by a United States Revenue Marine cutter, under orders from the Secretary of the Treasury. This is the act which at once stirred up that question, and one which has been agitated ever since: "How shall we save our fur-seal herd?"

The uproar in Canada which followed these seizures of 1886 upon the high seas, supplemented by the outcry of our own American pelagic-hunting interests, caused Mr. Bayard, Secretary of State, to tardily dismiss the suits at Sitka, and release those vessels to their owners, late in 1887. But, before he did so, seven more British sealing-schooners were seized during July, 1887; and, as they too were also killing seals in the open waters of Bering Sea, their outcries were immediately heard at Ottawa. The protests of Canada, now, were simply frantic. The London office persuaded Bayard to disavow the act. He released these vessels, and then began to formulate an international close-time agreement, whereby Great Britain, Russia, Sweden and Norway, France and Germany, were to bind their subjects not to kill fur-seals in the open waters of the North Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea. Mr. Bayard began well: he was well received by Salisbury; he had all but secured the assent of the British Premier, when Canada managed to get hold of certain idle and worthless United States Treasury agents' reports for 1886, '87, '88, which declared that these fur-seals were steadily increasing over their immense numbers of 1872-74! And all this increase, said Canadian officialism, showed that the pelagic hunters certainly did no harm. Salisbury saw the point: he dropped Mr. Bayard at once. That ended the work of Cleveland's first term of office, with Canada easily master of the situation.

When Mr. Blaine took Bayard's place, March 4th, 1889, he imagined that he would be able to make a short and creditable shift to immediate settlement; and he said to an intimate friend of mine that he was glad that Bayard had failed—that he had a better plan of action ahead. The order to seize British pelagic-hunting vessels in the open waters of Bering Sea, which was cancelled by Bayard in 1887-88, was renewed by Blaine, March 9th, 1889: soon thereafter, in July and August of that season, all Canada was boiling over another "outrage of seizure on the high seas." Eight or nine British schooners had been overhauled in and ordered out of Bering Sea, and down to Sitka for trial. These vessels cleared out of Bering Sea quickly enough, but they took their "prize crews" of one man each down to Victoria direct, instead; and then, immediately on arrival there, they just turned loose the wrath of British Columbia.

Salisbury acted promptly: he gave Blaine quite a shock. After

staving off an answer from the 1st of August, 1889, until the 20th of January, 1890, Mr. Blaine finally wrote his famous "*contra bonos mores*" letter in justification of those seizures of 1889. Lord Salisbury came back very promptly, and insisted on a categorical answer to his question of August, 1889, as to whether or no Mr. Blaine intended to again seize a British vessel upon the high seas. Salisbury was safe and right in this demand: our best lawyers and jurists declared that Blaine was in error.

Blaine then issued secret orders to the Revenue Marine officers, countermanding the orders of 1889; copies of these secret instructions were given to the Canadian authorities at Ottawa, who secretly gave them to their own subjects interested at Victoria; our own people had no knowledge of this action until late in the season.

Such a storm of assertion and denial as to the exact status of our fur-seal herd had broken upon the head of Secretary Windom, in March, 1890, that he asked me to revisit and report upon the condition of that life during this season of 1890. I made the trip, and finished my investigation in time to report to him in November. I found the great herd of 1872-74 reduced in number to a trifle more than one million of seals, a fleet of one hundred and twenty sealing-schooners busily engaged upon its life in the water, and one of the greediest of greedy corporations killing it on the islands. I urged the adoption of a *modus vivendi* with Great Britain, whereby our Government should agree to suspend all killing on the islands for seven years if the British Government would enjoin all pelagic sealing by its subjects for the same time; in the mean while, a joint commission of experts was to visit and investigate conditions on the islands, so as to agree upon a proper method of resuming the killing when the time of said *modus vivendi* expired. Mr. Windom cordially approved the proposal: but added the suggestion that, if Great Britain did not unite with us on that *modus vivendi,* it should be distinctly announced to the Canadians that we would repeal the law of 1868, and mercifully step in and kill all the seals on these Pribylov rookeries ourselves, and at once: thus ending at one stroke what otherwise would be cruelly prolonged into the indefinite future.

This *modus vivendi* was, of course, bitterly opposed by the lessees of the Seal Islands and by the pelagic hunters of British

Columbia. The lessees prevailed upon Mr. Blaine, so that he prepared and addressed his fatal, mistaken and mischievous letter of December 17th, 1890, to Lord Salisbury. In that letter, the proposition to submit to arbitration (1) the claim of exclusive jurisdiction over the open waters of our part of Bering Sea, and (2) the claim of a property right in the bodies of all the fur-seals born and bred on the Pribylov Islands, was coupled with the offer to accept from Great Britain a sixty-mile zone of prohibition for all pelagic sealing to encircle the Pribylov Islands—to accept this as an ample measure of protection, full and complete! Not a hint of the *modus vivendi* which Mr. Windom and myself had proposed to him, as above cited, appears in this letter —this letter which led up to the total collapse of our good cause, before the Paris Tribunal in August, 1893.

The result of the proceeding of the Tribunal of Arbitration at Paris was a denial of our claims of jurisdiction in Bering Sea open waters, and of our property-right claim to the bodies of the fur-seals; but, in order to protect and preserve the herd from excessive killing at sea, the Court ordered a series of rules and regulations to govern British subjects engaged in pelagic fur-sealing, as well as our own citizens.

These rules and regulations went into effect on April 24th, 1894, and they have been in force ever since. *They have actually facilitated the destruction of the herd.* They were framed in good faith by the Court, but in sheer and utter ignorance of the real conditions that confronted them. For that ignorance on its part, our agent, counsel and so-called "experts" are entirely to blame; and back of them stands the sinister influence of those lessees who absolutely ruled the wretchedly imperfect preparation and presentation of our case. In brief, the Court saw and heard nothing during that long term of the Paris session (from April 3rd to August 16th, 1903) but a struggle between the interests of our land-butchers and those of the Canadian sea-butchers of this fur-seal life, as to which should gain the most at its hands.

Let the reader pause a moment and think of the following forces of destruction actually licensed by that Court to do the very work which it intended to prevent, and really believed at the time that it had prevented. These rules and regulations permit the British pelagic hunter to engage in his business all

through the year, except during the months of May, June and July; and at no time can he enter within a zone of sixty miles encircling the Seal Islands of Alaska; he is not allowed to use firearms in Bering Sea.

In the spring of 1891, and when Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine were sparring over the form of getting into shape for arbitration, my *modus vivendi,* which shut the lessees off from killing on the islands and the pelagic hunters from killing in the waters of Bering Sea, was fairly forced into being over the heads of Mr. Blaine and the lessees by public opinion here, and by the direct personal action of Lord Salisbury and Sir Julian Pauncefote, who overrode the Canadian opposition. This sudden action drove the combined American and Canadian pelagic-hunting fleet—some 120 vessels and 3,000 men—out of Bering Sea and over to the Russian herd as they found it about the Kommander Islands. This combined and powerful agency of destruction was again driven over, in 1892 and 1893, by the renewal of my *modus vivendi;* but, in 1894, the rules and regulations of the Bering Sea Tribunal allowed it to attack our herd in Bering Sea during August and September, and even into October, *at the very time when it could do the most damage to* and *inflict the most torture upon that seal life!*

Think of it! The very period of the year when the mother seal and her new-born offspring should be protected from the pelagic hunter, above all other times, was opened to the concentrated and most effective attack of this human butcher. That fur-seal mother bears her young in July, between the 10th and 20th, as a rule; a few days after its birth she leaves it on the rookery ground, and goes to sea for food. The favorite feeding-grounds are to the westward of the Pribylov Islands, between eighty and one hundred miles; here, owing to the sudden deepening of the sea and the meeting of ocean currents, schools of small pelagic fishes gather in vast numbers, and the fur-seal knows it. She easily swims at the speed of fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and, so swimming, she quickly reaches this feeding-goal. She finds her quarry in abundance; feeds to repletion, turns over to sleep in glad digestion, on her back: then, to awaken soon and renew the feast. A day or two passed in this manner upon the fishing-bank, she returns to her young, nurses it, and, a day or two so passed with it, again she speeds back to

those fishing-grounds. In this order of her natural life, the fur-seal mother goes out to feed from the islands during August, September and October, and until she weans her pup and leaves it to shift for itself in November. Thus it is apparent to the reader how the pelagic hunter, by hovering over these fishing-banks, has the opportunity, repeated during the season a dozen times, to kill that mother seal, provided he fails to capture her when she makes her first visit!

One hundred and twenty vessels, in 1894, with three thousand tireless hunters hovering over the small area of these favored feeding-grounds of the nursing mother seals in Bering Sea, all through August, September, and as far into October as the fierce gales of that month will permit—hovering there, and watching for those unthinking victims of their skill and cruelty! For every mother seal "taken in milk" means the death of her offspring from thirst and starvation on the islands: since, save that mother's milk, it has no other sustenance or means of livelihood from the hour of its birth until it is weaned.

Therefore, bearing these facts in mind, how easy it is to understand what that destruction was — has been, and is — what unspeakably cruel, wicked destruction of that valuable, harmless and highly organized life ensued in Bering Sea immediately after the protection of my *modus vivendi* of 1891-93 was removed by the substitution of the worthless rules and regulations of the Bering Sea Tribunal, April 24th, 1894. It not only mowed down the female fur-seal life, but it was equally potent in destroying the young male seals above one year old, since they, too, feed at frequent intervals, and in the same channels, along with the young females and mother seals.

The "high-roller" season of the pelagic hunter was that season of his first sailing under the rules of this Tribunal in 1894. He found, to his delight, that, in being prevented by those rules from using firearms in Bering Sea, *he was actually aided in his work, rather than retarded;* that the silent, deadly spear was the most effective weapon for him to use on those feeding-banks; a hundred or a thousand of his hunters could work then, all together, and yet never alarm the seals as they came and departed. If firearms had been permitted, then a few guns would soon alarm and drive away hundreds and thousands of seals for every one that they shot while they hovered over these feeding-grounds.

That these facts were not presented by our agents and "experts" to the Paris Tribunal was due to the ignorance of them by those men: they were not equal to the proper conduct of this case, either in making it up in Washington, or in presenting it to the Court. President Harrison was duly warned, in the spring of 1891, of that serious deficiency in these agents and "experts." But he ignored the warning; the lessees were pleased with them: and that settled it in the departments!

When the complete, utter failure of these rules and regulations of the Paris Tribunal to serve the purpose for which they were created was self-confessed by the close of the season of 1894, it became at once apparent, even to the dullest minds, that, unless these rules were revised and amended, the extermination of the fur-seal herd of Alaska was inevitable. That this process of extermination would not only be long drawn out, but unspeakably cruel, was also plain to those who had the slightest understanding of the question. It therefore became an act of mercy and common sense to anticipate that indecent and inhuman slaughter; this anticipation was attempted in 1895 and again in 1898 by the passage of a bill in the House of Representatives: but that bill was defeated in the Senate by the agents of the land and sea butchers of this herd. It mattered nothing to them, this annual exhibition of cruelty and greed, provided they were not interfered with; and, since that time, every attempt made to get a review and revision of the existing shameful order of affairs, licensed by the Bering Sea Tribunal, has been covertly defeated in Washington by the lessees, or in Ottawa by the agents of the pelagic hunters. *They have made no open argument* in defence of their infamous work—*they cannot;* but they have suborned departmental officials, Senators and Congressmen to that end. The result has been that, at this hour of writing, the species is threatened with immediate and complete extinction.

It is also pertinent, in this association, to mention the fact that, had that merciful anticipation of the scandalous work of the pelagic hunters and the lessees been made in 1891, as Secretary Windom advised, that cruel, indecent slaughter of over six hundred thousand nursing mother seals at sea, coupled with the shameful torture by starvation to death of hundreds of thousands of young seals on the islands of their birth, *all this sin and shame dragged through the last sixteen years would have been prevented.*

We have suffered, in addition to that odium resting upon us, a property loss of over $40,000,000.

If that immense fur-seal herd of 1874 had been in the path of commerce, or blocking the settlement of a new domain, or in the way of railroads or mines and mining, then by the law of our civilization it could not by any reason be suffered to exist. But, it was not so standing: it was confined, by its natural order of life, to a small area of worthless rock and land, and to a desolate waste of sea and ocean. It fed chiefly upon small pelagic fishes that man never has captured, and never will. The buffalo did block the settlement of a new domain; it had to go; there was no alternative. But the case of the fur-seal of Alaska is just the reverse; it should not be abused by us, since, if it were rightly treated, it would live and endure forever, to the great annual gain and good of all mankind.

This small nucleus of our fur-seal herd, as it exists to-day, can be restored to the fine form and immense numbers which I placed on record in 1872-74; it can be so restored only by the joint action of our Government and that of Canada. These authorities can take the hands of the human butchers from the throat of this life: they can suspend all killing on the islands and in the sea for the next ten or twelve years. Then, that being done, those natural powers of recuperation which the fur-seal nucleus of this herd in 1834 exhibited under Russian management will again assert themselves in the immediate future precisely as they did in the past.

Then, too, the result of the proceedings of the Tribunal of Arbitration at Paris has made it utterly impossible for our Government to serve private interests, and at the same time preserve the fur-seal herd of Alaska from destruction. The decision of that Tribunal has made it improper to attempt any future management of this life by our Government through the medium of private interests: if that is attempted, then the ruin of those valuable public interests is certain to swiftly ensue. Private interests must be entirely eliminated from the situation now and forever, and by so doing, this anomalous and wonderful marine life can be saved, and attain to the full dignity of a subject well worthy of international attention.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS AND CHARLES JOHNSTON.

FLAUBERT'S LETTERS.*

LIKE Victor Hugo, Gustave Flaubert is one of the great Frenchmen of the nineteenth century who have not yet been made the subject of an adequate biography. In their country the force of literary tradition is stronger than with us, and the creators of even the literature of revolt, like Hugo himself, are often more concerned with providing themselves with an unimpeachable genealogy than with vindicating their own departures. A great work gives countenance to a school. Thus Hugo's "*Légende des Siècles,*" according to de Banville, is to be the Bible of all later poets, and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" will authenticate a later doctrine of realism. To have become the founder of some such school is the last distinction of an artist. Flaubert has been acclaimed and recognized as one of the first masters of French style, he has been invoked again and again as *chef d'école;* but, curiously enough, piety toward the master has not yet drawn any one of his many and considerable disciples to undertake the labor of love and give us an accurate and consistent account of the gonfalonier's life and practice. The booklet of Faguet, unpretentious, and, in the light of this later correspondence, somewhat misleading as we dare say it is, remains the only serious monument that marks an interest in this literary monk of Rouen.

Flaubert himself had spent a large part of his life in hiding his personality from the crowd. The details of his career he tried sedulously to keep out of print, and avoided publicity as carefully as did Pater. The perfect work of art he believed should tell us nothing of him who made it. It has an existence

* "Lettres à sa Nièce Caroline." By Gustave Flaubert. Paris: Charpentier.

of its own, an independent and a higher life than that of mere man. He was content to know very little about the personality of the artists who appealed to him most strongly, and tells us in his letters, for instance, that when he thinks of Michel Angelo he sees only from behind a great man with lifted mallet, "*sculptant, la nuit, aux flambeaux.*" The rest was a matter of mere curiosity. Such being his attitude and practice, it has been hard to arrive at any really adequate idea of the man. The shadowgraph given by Faguet was to many both unpleasant and unsatisfactory, and the previously published correspondence, written very largely to literary friends, dealt most often only with questions of criticism.

It was doubtless the large, strong face, the deep chest and the attitude of command, taken together with his Norman blood, that had led Faguet in passing to dub him Viking, and from one point of view that designation has its fitness. It would be better, perhaps, to accept rather Flaubert's own characterization of himself and to call him monk, for these letters show him to have been essentially the recluse, one who had renounced the world and its pleasures for art, who sought beauty everywhere and unceasingly, and who gave his life, not without hardship, to her service.

This present large collection of letters to his niece covers the period from the printing of "Madame Bovary" to the novelist's death in 1880. To write them he has left the sanctuary, he has descended from the mount. Though the mood is often heavy, the tone is always familiar. Here only does he seem to have really unpacked his heart with words. His priestlike task of creating beauty is, however, always before him; it is his master concern; it is also, when sorrows come and hopes fail, his haven and his refuge: to it he returns eagerly from his little journeys into the world, made to stage a play, perhaps, or for a few brief days to visit a friend. He longs for his little nook at Croisset, where he liked fondly to imagine that the Abbé Prévost had written "Manon Lescaut": for his table and his books, for the quiet and the Seine flowing by his window. Yet that highly standardized vocabulary of the French is due to the fact that in France no man works alone. Their literature is the creation of a guild, not like the English the work of isolated master craftsmen. And so, too, in the earlier days Flaubert had often gone to Paris and had been one of that group of litterateurs who dined together at

Magny's. Here met in joyous company, Ste.-Beuve, Gautier, the Goncourts, Gavarni, Bouilhet, Renan and sometimes Taine, George Sand and Michelet. There were wit combats and long, earnest discussions on art that lasted far into the night. But Ste.-Beuve, Bouilhet and Jules de Goncourt were to die in '69; Gautier and George Sand were to follow not many years after, and the poverty that Flaubert willingly incurred by surrendering his fortune to help his niece left him a broken-spirited man, alone with his work at Rouen. In the later years he no longer had either the desire or the means to travel. The fairly frequent visits of Turgeniev, here always spoken of as the Muscovite, were to be his only holidays. For although Flaubert was never rich, art for him had always been an end in itself. He did not write for pay, he did not even care for any financial reward, and he received astonishingly little. His work was entirely disinterested, more so than that of any artist of his century. So after having slaved for six years on "Madame Bovary," and having finished it at last, he does not wish to allow it to be published, and only yields finally to the entreaties of his mother and of his friend Bouilhet. He regrets bitterly later that he ever gave his book to the public, for it is not, he writes to his niece, a question of succeeding, it is a question only of perfecting one's self. Art, too, is above the masses, the bourgeois cannot understand it, and he hates them therefore, dearly, violently. One need but mention them and Flaubert sees red. The mere thought of them makes him break into invective. They are "*gigantesquement assommants et pyramidalement bêtes.*" He thinks of art's Golden Age, and mourns because "there are no longer now any of those artists of other days whose life and mind were only the blind instrument of the appetite for the beautiful." For Gautier alone he has an unreserved and tremendous admiration, but even this is tinged with the regret that he should have to work himself out in the journalistic treadmill, and when that word-mage dies he is sure, he is convinced, that modern stupidity, *la bêtise moderne,* has suffocated him.

Literature as the art of expression in the medium of words, for that is about all it meant to Flaubert, was never consciously carried higher. Those sonorous paragraphs ending always in the resolving lyric phrase perfectly cadenced and ringing out clearly like three little notes of Mozart did not come easily. The secret

of this rich music was long and ceaseless labor, a process of endless experimentation. He never learned to write fluently; his last book costs him more vigils than his first. He begins the construction of his novel with a long period of incubation, in which every detail of the plot is fixed; then he writes his scenario. a framework, in which he distributes his space: this incident shall have six lines, that one ten, this episode three pages, thus planning his story to keep everything in focus. Then began the long work of writing, the hunt for the right tone, the exact phrase, the proper cadence. By tone he means that elusive quality of style which makes it perfectly adapted to the particular subject treated; it must have a certain tone in describing a Normandy fair, another in describing Hamilcar's gardens, yet another in describing the meeting of two copyists, in 1839, in a Paris street, on a Sunday afternoon. He writes and rewrites chapters, not because he has not clearly expressed his idea, not because the rhythm is faulty, but only because "*cela manque de ton.*" Another point which Flaubert exacted of good style was that the pauses in the rhythm of a paragraph must correspond exactly to the breathing pauses of the reader. If they did not he believed that the work was not within "the conditions of life, that it could not survive." This is doubtless the reason why he so often recited as he wrote. He spends days in reading his pages, and we find him writing playfully, "my lungs are sore from declaiming, and I am sure that I shall some day burst like a bombshell." He chants his work to himself even while swimming in the Seine, and he tells us that often at night the periods which roll in his brain like the chariots of Roman emperors wake him suddenly with their jolts and their long rumble. He has yet other dogmas. Having once found the right word, it must not be repeated on the same page. To meet such requirements as scrupulously as did Flaubert took much time and patience. He never wrote of a detail, no matter how unimportant, without the fullest understanding. To write six lines on a point in botany, he reads three volumes, confers for hours with scientists, and writes three letters of inquiry to others so that he may be perfectly exact. When he has to describe a parrot, as in one of his short stories, for instance, he has a stuffed one sent him.

In these letters we can often follow his progress day by day. Twelve pages, with countless interlineations and erasures, yield

finally but one and a half. In two weeks he has finished three, in four weeks seven. There remain four pages of "Un Cœur Simple"; he counts on finishing it in ten days. He is at his desk steadily from noon to past midnight, and the net output of such toil was less than half a page a day. For Flaubert the great thing was not to obtain reward, but to deserve it; unlike his countrymen he cares little for outward distinctions, and refuses on principle to present himself for the Academy when pressed by Victor Hugo. Honors, he writes, dishonor; and if he did create the great pattern novel of the later realists, it was with no idea of pleasing the public, but only because he believed it a valid and final theory of art. The sense of toil, of fatigue, in the letters of the last decade of his life is oppressive. The death of his mother, whose memory he worshipped, was the last great blow. His heart has become a necropolis; he is broken by his sorrows. "The tears that I have repressed are choking me; I have led a lonely and an austere life; I have deprived my heart of its legitimate food. Well, I can do no more—I am outworn, and I open the floodgates." He tries to dull the edge of grief with yet greater toil, with longer vigils. Yet he is eight years at "Bouvard and Pécuchet," that is still to be left unfinished; and having written six books in forty years, he was to die, "tired to the very marrow of his bones," at fifty-eight.

As examples of the epistolary style, this last volume of the great novelist's correspondence is disappointing. The letters are not cheerful, are not chatty; we feel that the atmosphere in which they were written was close, and that the writer's life was unrelieved by event or incident: he does nothing but work, he rarely leaves his four walls. To those interested in French literature, however, they are more significant than any existing study of Flaubert, and will be of inestimable value to the writer of that definitive Life which we hope is even now somewhere in the making.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

"THE CULTURE OF THE SOUL AMONG WESTERN NATIONS."*

MR. RAMANATHAN reminds one strongly of the great Rammohun Roy, who wrote and spoke so eloquently on the universal spirit of religion a century ago. Rammohun Roy was a Bengali

* "The Culture of the Soul among Western Nations." By P. Ramanathan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Brahman, of distinguished family and first-rate abilities. Reared in the atmosphere of Old-World Hinduism and thoroughly familiar with the Upanishads, he became interested in the uncompromising monotheism of Mahomet, and learned Arabic to study the Koran. Buddhism then attracted him, and he went to Nepal to study the Sanskrit texts of the Mahayana school. Later, he was drawn to the Christian teachings, and took up Hebrew and Greek, in order to read the Bible in the original tongues. His best known work, perhaps, is "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness." Rammohun Roy was also distinguished as a statesman and a reformer. He was entrusted with an important mission to England by the King of Delhi, and it was he who began the great agitation to prevent Suttee—the burning of Hindu widows. After years of toil, he finally accomplished his great aim. Widow-burning was prohibited by law in 1829, the same year in which Daniel O'Connell won complete emancipation for the Catholics of the British Isles.

Mr. Ramanathan's life in many ways resembles that of Rammohun Roy. He is also a distinguished Hindu, of great ability, who has reached high station in his own land, the fair isle of Ceylon. He also has turned from a study of the religious writings of the Orient to the Bible, and has learned Greek, and apparently some Hebrew also, in order to get at the original thought of our sacred writings. And he has completed the parallel by writing this book, whose most important chapter is on "The Practical Nature of the Doctrines of Jesus." His central thought is, that the difficulties in Christianity are to be solved, not by theological learning and disputation, but by inward and spiritual experience; by our experiencing again in our own souls those spiritual realities from a consciousness of which Jesus taught. If we have this experience, all difficulties melt away in light. In a very eloquent passage, Ramanathan describes the spiritual experience to which he appeals: "Who that is given to fervent praying and to silent communion with merciful Providence has not borne testimony to joys which he knew not before? Is it not within the experience of every one who rises above his cares and worldly surroundings and, with attention fixed inwards, beseeches the Divine Spirit to help him on in faith and charity, in goodness and love to all, that he has quivered in limb and faltered in accent, felt himself moved to tears and calmed beyond description in the great Pres-

ence? Descending from that holy region, has he not felt that consciousness, purified of its worldly attachment, is instinct with Peace? Such glimpses of light and joy are assurances of the reality of God. They who have experienced this blissful state require no proof for belief in Him. They want no reasons for such belief, for they are spiritually-minded already."

Here are gentleness, light, sincerity, genuine aspiration, charity. Elsewhere, he describes the inner consciousness, the soul, isolating itself by degrees from sense perceptions and the agitations of thought, and entering in spiritual communion the holy state called Peace, in which "it knows itself to be something different from the senses and the mind; it knows itself to be Light and Love, and thereafter knows God as the Infinite Substrate of all life, the great Upholder and Illuminer of everything that exists in the universe. This is the greatest of all discoveries, the discovery of God to the soul."

Of these two passages, I like the first better. It has more warmth, more of the heart than the head, and comes closer home to him who reads. But both show a pure and gentle spirit, full of faith and genuine happiness in spiritual things. These are excellent qualities, and we may all profit by a closer acquaintance with them.

Mr. Ramanathan interprets the Psalms, the Prophets, and, most of all, the teachings of Jesus, in the light of spiritual experience such as he here describes. The Scriptures are records of such personal experience of spiritual things, and are to be verified and understood by like experience. So far, we heartily agree with him. But is Mr. Ramanathan on equally firm ground when he holds that this spiritual view of religion, while always accepted in the East, "has long been lost sight of in the West"? One is led to suppose that this gifted student of the Old and New Testaments is not yet familiar with the writings of the great Christian mystics. Nothing would be easier, for instance, than to parallel his description of spiritual experience from the writings of every one of the following: St. Francis of Assisi, Tauler, St. Catherine of Siena, Thomas à Kempis, St. Francis de Sales, George Fox, Fénelon, William Law, Jean Nicolas Grou, and, let us say, Pusey, to take only a few names from the last seven centuries. Take, for instance, this sentence from Père Grou, who died just over a century ago: "By the practice of such

control of your thoughts you will attain that spirit of inward silence which draws the soul into close intercourse with God." Or this from George Fox, a century earlier: "Be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God."

There is another point of view from which Ramanathan's work is in the highest degree interesting. Let me suggest it in this way. A few days ago I had the opportunity to discuss certain problems with a Chinese statesman of high ability. Among other things, the conversation turned on the world's religions. My friend had been a profound student of Buddhism, as represented by hundreds of texts in Chinese. He had also studied, and been greatly attracted by, Christianity. His comment on the teachings of Jesus was how like they were in essence to Buddhism, and he was almost inclined to look on them as an outgrowth of the Indian sage's message. It never occurred to him, however, to show his sympathy for the Christian teaching by renouncing the Indian Master and enrolling himself under the banner of the Cross. On the contrary, he felt that, in possessing the spiritual essence of the one, he was already a freeholder of the other. So it is with Mr. Ramanathan, and so it was with Raja Rammohun Roy. Neither had any inclination to become "converts" to Christianity as the phrase is, though both, as we have seen, wrote admirably, and with fine spiritual feeling, on the teachings of Jesus. That attitude, held in common by these three very distinguished men, should make us think. It contains a suggestion of the profound spiritual truth which may be found outside the bounds of Christianity, in the older Asian creeds. And this, I think, more than any new enlightenment for the West, is what gives its value to Ramanathan's work.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ROME: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *May, 1907.*

I UNDERTOOK, in my last communication, to treat in this one of the Colonial Conference. The pledge is not altogether one which it is easy to redeem, because the Conference, except at its opening and purely formal session, met in private, and the full report of its debates has yet to be issued. Little beyond the bare tendencies and the net results of its deliberations could be gathered from the meagre *précis* that was given out from time to time by the Colonial Office. But, even so, there is, I think, ample warrant for describing the recent Conference as the most fruitful and practical that has yet been held. It was the first of these inter-Imperial gatherings to stand on its own merits. The Conferences of 1897 and of 1902 were less business assemblies than rallying-points of patriotic festivities, the former in honor of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the latter in honor of King Edward's coronation. But this year the Conference was independent of all adventitious excitements. It was preeminently an Imperial committee charged with practical work. It met not merely to discuss, but to find solutions for, certain concrete problems of empire; and in spite of a superabundance of hospitality, it really succeeded in accomplishing a great deal. It did not, indeed, accomplish all that some enthusiasts had hoped; it would scarcely have been the statesmanlike body it was if it had. Nor will I pretend that it was altogether unaccompanied by certain disquieting features. The Colonies are naturally in favor of the policy of Imperial Preference which Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in imposing upon the great bulk of the Unionist party, but has recommended in vain to the majority of his countrymen. The Colonial Premiers brought the matter before the Conference and

strongly pressed their views. The Government, fresh from the General Election of 1906, when the country emphatically declared against reviving that system of Protection without which Colonial Preference is impossible, had no option but to meet the Colonial argument with a *non possumus*. No other answer was possible; none was expected. But no sooner was it given than some of the less reputable Unionist journals, for purely party ends, did all they could to embroil the Colonial Premiers with the Government. This attempt to use the Conference for party purposes was a new and disturbing phenomenon. It was the flat negation of that Imperial spirit which those who engineered the attempt affected to appeal to. It showed that Englishmen have yet to put the Empire, as they have learned to put the Monarchy, above party, and have still to school themselves to differ about Imperial problems without charging one another with "Little Englandism."

Nevertheless the Conference was a great success. General Botha's presence alone was sufficient guarantee that, even if it had fallen short on the side of statesmanship, it would have been a striking demonstration of the absorbing liberalism of British Imperial policy. But the Conference did not fall short on the side of statesmanship. On the contrary, it left its mark deep on the structure and development of the Empire. It may not at first seem a matter of much more than formal moment that the Conference should have decided to change its title. Hitherto, it has been known as the "Colonial" Conference. Henceforward, it will be called the "Imperial" Conference. But the alteration is really significant. It is the outward sign of a change of status. It implies that future Conferences are to be conferences between equal Governments, among whom the British Government will rank as *primus inter pares,* and not between "dependencies" and the Colonial Office. In other words, the essential equality of all the self-governing communities under the British flag is now effectually recognized; and substance has been given to the recognition by the decision arrived at by the Conference, to meet in future every four years, and to have the British Prime Minister preside over its discussions. That is a long step along the road of the best Imperialism.

Another and even more important advance was made by the Conference when it resolved to establish what will be scarcely

less than an Imperial Intelligence Bureau in the form of a Secretariat. The need for some such bureau has long been evident. The Conference hitherto has assembled for about three weeks in every five years. It has found itself on each occasion confronted with a vast programme, and unassisted by any of the ordinary aids to deliberation in dealing with it. It has had no permanent organization for the collection of information and the preparation of data. It has therefore been forced to tackle the far-reaching questions brought before it in a more or less academic spirit, confining itself to resolutions that declared such and such proposals to be desirable, and leaving it to chance to determine whether the resolutions were acted on. What clearly was needed was some machinery that would devote itself to working out the details of the questions discussed at the Conference and would furnish its deliberations with a continuous and businesslike basis. The recent Conference agreed to establish such machinery. There will henceforward be a permanent bureau in the Colonial Office charged with the function of gathering and arranging the facts that bear on the resolutions of the Conference and of devising means for giving effect to them. The Conference will, therefore, always to some extent be in session, and the work of furthering the interests that are common to all parts of the Empire will progress uninterruptedly.

The need for a connecting-link of this kind to bridge over the four years' interval between Conference and Conference was made very clear by the scope of some of the resolutions adopted. Thus the Conference agreed in principle that naturalization laws throughout the Empire should be uniform, that emigration to the Colonies should be officially encouraged, that the laws relating to judicial appeals from Colonial courts to the highest British tribunal should be codified, that penny postage between all parts of the Empire was desirable, that there should be an inter-Imperial system of reciprocity in such professions as the law and medicine, and that legislation on patents, trade-marks, copyright and similar subjects should as far as possible be modelled throughout the Empire on a common pattern. All these are exceedingly intricate questions, involving for their proper discussion, to say nothing of their proper solution, a vast amount of dry preparatory labor. The new Secretariat, indeed, has every prospect of becoming one of the busiest of Government departments. Be-

sides its establishment the Conference achieved two other results of the highest importance. It decided to form an Imperial General Staff for the guidance of all the military forces of the Empire. This is the first practical step towards infusing a common purpose into the military organizations which each of the self-governing States must devise for itself, and in its own way. Finally, at its last meeting, the Conference adopted a resolution in favor of improving steamship communications between the different parts of the Empire, and approved in particular a scheme for organizing an "all-Empire trade route" connecting Great Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

These are all conspicuous achievements. They promote the unity of the Empire without unduly forcing it, and they disprove altogether the charge that the Government have been "unsympathetic" in their treatment of the Colonial Premiers and that the Conference has been a failure. It is, however, undeniable that the country, while still in favor of free trade, felt a passing mood of illogical discomfort when the Ministry was obliged to refuse the eloquent and unanimous request of the Colonial Premiers for Imperial Preference. The country could not do away with the feeling that there was something ungracious, and almost churlish, in that refusal; and I think it unquestionable that the enthusiasm engendered by the Conference, and the speeches of many of the Colonial Premiers at large provincial meetings, have stimulated the movement for Tariff Reform and won over many converts to Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda.

Since I last wrote, the Government have brought in their Irish Bill, and the Nationalists, in convention assembled, have rejected it. I rather sympathize with their decision, even while I regret it. The Bill was a very moderate affair even for a measure of Devolution. The Government were pledged not to bring in a Home-Rule Bill, and they fulfilled their pledge with unexpected literalness. The measure they introduced was neither Home Rule nor anything like it. "No law, public or private," said Mr. Birrell, "can ever be made, at any time or in any circumstances, by virtue of any one of its provisions. It does not authorize the levying of a single tax, or the striking of the humblest rate." What it did do was to set up a council of eighty-two elected and twenty-four nominated members to take charge of eight of the most important Boards in Dublin Castle. The

administration of law, justice and the police was excluded from the control of the Council. The Lord Lieutenant was given very considerable powers of veto over the Council's resolutions, including the power—this clause was bitterly resented in Ireland—of taking action himself "when immediate action is necessary in order to preserve the efficiency of the service or to prevent public or private injury." Drastic provision was made against preference being shown by the Council to any religion or denomination. The Council was to work through committees, the chairmen of which were to be selected by the Lord Lieutenant. It was to be elected for three years, to enjoy full control, including powers of appointment and dismissal, over the Departments placed under its authority, and to have the spending of a sum of $3,250,000 a year for five years over and above the present cost of the Departments. The Bill also established an Irish Treasury for the administration of the funds required for the Council's work and further provided for the handing over of primary education to one of the new Council's committees. These two provisions were of real value. The first one released Irish government from the grip of the English Treasury, and the second took away education from clerical control and vested it in the hands of laymen. But it can be seen at once that the Bill went very little way towards satisfying Irish Nationalist ambitions, or towards associating the sentiment of the people with the daily routine of government. Distrust of the Irish appeared in every clause of it, and its manifold restrictions and exceptions were humiliating.

There can be no doubt, however, that the Irish Party were ready to accept it. Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. P. O'Connor had all been consulted by the Government as to its leading provisions. It was not a measure that commended itself to them, but they were prepared to advise their countrymen to take it for what it was worth, as the Bill that was not the best, but the best obtainable. Mr. Redmond went over to Dublin intending to recommend the Nationalist Convention to ratify the Bill subject to certain amendments. But he found, when he reached Ireland, that the country was in an uproar of indignation, and unanimous in regarding the Government's proposals as "an insult to the Irish nation." The Party was willing to accept anything that could be looked on as an instalment, however meagre,

of Home Rule; the people were for Home Rule or nothing. Mr. Redmond is not an O'Connell. If he were, he might have faced the Convention and quelled all opposition. Being Mr. Redmond, he began to hesitate; the extreme Nationalists were denouncing the Bill without stint; the Church detested its educational clauses and was secretly at work against its acceptance; the alternative seemed offered of wrecking the Bill or wrecking the Party. Mr. Redmond, naturally enough, made up his mind to sacrifice anything and everything rather than impair the Party organization. Although he had three-quarters accepted the Bill on its first reading, although he had helped to frame it and had encouraged the Liberal Government to believe that it would be ratified by the Convention, he moved its contemptuous rejection. Certain results are bound to follow from his action. For one thing, it is likely to mark the beginnings of a serious estrangement between the Government and the Irish Party. For another, its effects on Irish opinion and Irish agitation are likely to be convulsive. Everybody in Ireland perfectly well understands that the Irish Party were committed to the Bill, and only rejected it to save their own prestige and at the stern bidding of the country. Mr. Redmond has not merely discredited himself and his Party, among the Irish people, but the whole policy of Parliamentarianism; and, as Americans are probably aware, there exists in Ireland a Party called the Sinn Féin (pronounced "Shinn Fain"—"Ourselves Alone") Party, which repudiates the policy of sending Irishmen to sit in the British Parliament at Westminster, and urges them to have their representatives meet in Dublin and form a Home-Rule Parliament of their own on the spot. The Sinn Féiners, already a formidable power, are certain, after the pitiful and patent failure of Parliamentarianism to win Home Rule, to increase their influence with great rapidity; and, as their programme is one of boycotting England and all things English, any development of their strength is a matter that will touch both the Irish Party and the English Government very closely. Only a simpleton would prophesy about Ireland. Happily, there are many simpletons in the world; and I find that their forecast of the situation points to a rupture of the alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalists, to a revival of the agrarian agitation in certain parts of the west and the midlands, and to the opening up of a period of internecine strife in Irish politics.

ROME, *May, 1907.*

COUNT COSTANTINO NIGRA, Nestor not only of the Italian but of international diplomacy, speaking on July 25th, 1899, at the first Hague Conference, emphasized the dangers of refusing to solve then the question of an arbitration tribunal, in view of the high degree of interest incited among all humanity. "The impatience," he added, "with which the results of our work are awaited by the public is so great that it would be dangerous to renounce the acceptance of an arbitration tribunal. If the Conference answered this impatience with a *non possumus,* or without giving sufficient satisfaction, the disillusion would be lively. The Conference in this case would incur a grave responsibility before history, before the peoples and before his Majesty the Emperor of Russia himself."

If the clever diplomatist, the erudite historian, the brilliant writer had not been now for several months at the point of death, he would perhaps repeat the same words and express the same ideas with regard to the question of the limitation of armaments, which the second Hague Conference will have to face and solve one way or another, but in a manner calculated to justify its solution and satisfy public opinion.

It was only a question of logical sequence for Italy and for Senator Tittoni, her Minister of Foreign Affairs, when England last June announced her intention of making a proposition for the restriction of military burdens, to accept it cordially, as it seemed natural that all Powers, which had participated at the first Conference and signed its final act and the different conventions and declarations, would have no objection to adhering to the principle of the limitation of armaments, although, of course, there would be much to discuss and many difficulties to meet in finding a concrete, practical and universally acceptable method of doing so.

However, Germany and Austria soon showed that they were of an entirely opposite view and ready to insist on the obligations coming from the Triple Alliance, in order to have Italy on their side. It is not yet definitely certain what the attitude of the young Kingdom will really be at The Hague, but it is well to establish it as fact that the original move of Signor Tittoni corresponds to the feeling of the great majority of the country and is not a consequence of any direct interest, as, contrary to the general belief, the armaments of Italy are already very limited, so that the only

advantage she would obtain would not be in the diminution of her military burdens, but in seeing, perhaps, her neighbors less powerfully armed.

The great Italian national hero, Garibaldi, was ever thinking of the future navy of the Kingdom, and was the first to support the proposal of the then Minister of Marine, Admiral Saint Bon, that all the old and useless vessels should be sold and be replaced by a new fleet, according to modern requirements. The work thus initiated was continued by the famous naval engineer and Minister, Signor Brin, who succeeded in his time in making Italy the third naval power in the world. Soon, however, she could not keep up with the heavy appropriations which not only England and France were voting for their navies, but also Germany and Austria in Europe, and Japan and the United States, so that she had to abandon her original plan of being able to control the seas in which she lies. She continued to build ships of the finest type, such as the armored cruiser "*Vittorio Emanuele*," which the American naval engineer, Mr. H. G. Gillmor, proclaimed the best of the kind, followed by her sister ships, the "*Regina Elena*," the "*Napoli*" and the "*Roma*," the last of which has just been launched at Spezia, but she gradually limited her naval expenditure, which averages now about $25,000,000 a year, while that of France is $65,000,000, that of Germany over $66,000,000 and that of England $166,500,000.

The same thing may be said with regard to the army. Italy, which in 1899, under Crispi, expended $62,000,000 yearly for her army, has now consolidated this budget to $55,400,000, to keep a nominal standing army of 285,228 men, including privates and officers. France spends $143,700,000 for 575,000 men; England $144,250,000 for 427,700 men; and Germany $185,700,000 for 614,323 men. Of course, these budgets include also expenses not intended for the permanent army, but for the preparations which each country makes to be ready for war. Germany, for instance, with her usual clear frankness, does not conceal that in case of war she can put in the field, "not on paper, as is the case in other countries" (these are the words used by prominent German personages), 4,000,000 troops, trained to perfection, provided with ammunition, provisions, means of transport, etc., to stand a long campaign, with a probability of success, even alone against three enemies. The three enemies are not specified, but

it is not difficult to understand that, in the present grouping of the Powers, they might be France, Russia and England. With Italy, just the contrary is the case. Her standing army of 285,228 men is only nominal, as in reality scarcely half of these numbers are really in service, and in some periods of the year even fewer. Nor can this minimum be still further reduced, as in the peninsula the army is intended for use not only in the defence of the country from foreign aggressors, but also in the maintenance of internal order and security.

It must be remembered that the peninsula has not had centuries of unification like other nations, so that both the reigning House and the institutions which rule the country are not so rooted in the hearts of the people as to place them above any attempt to disturb them. The House of Savoy secured the future of the country and its own advancement from the sceptre of little Piedmont to the iron crown of the Italian monarchy, by putting itself at the head of the revolutions which brought about the annihilation of the half-dozen tyrannies by which the peninsula was misgoverned. This gathered about it, in that epic period, all Italians without distinction of faith and party, who wished the unity of the country and independence from foreign yokes. The great task once accomplished, the gratitude felt for the part taken by this noble House continued to keep the whole nation loyal to it —including a large contingent of republicans, who, like Garibaldi, postponed the accomplishment of their ideal to better times, or, like Crispi, turned monarchists—making King Victor Emanuel II a national hero. However, with the exception of Piedmont, where the House of Savoy has ruled for centuries, and where love for it is almost atavic, in the other regions of the peninsula its popularity only originates from its having successfully led the national movement from 1848 to 1870—without doubt a great merit, but not sufficient to bring about the instantaneous amalgamation of all the peoples of Italy who differ profoundly among themselves from ethical, educational and moral standpoints. In one word, the monarchy is not maintained in the greater part of Italy by ancient tradition, but because, given the present situation, it seems the best form of government for preserving the unity and to hasten over this transitory period towards prosperity.

The army is therefore employed to prevent riots and separatist movements—such as those of Sicily and Massa Carrara in

1893-1894 and those of Milan in 1898, in the latter of which Republicans, Socialists and Clericals found themselves united in a common effort at rebellion. When in September, 1904, the Socialists proclaimed a general strike contemporaneously with the birth of the Crown Prince, if they had really known the insignificant forces which the Government had at its disposal, they would have been able, at least temporarily, to become the masters of some of the leading towns, such as, for instance, Venice, where the Prefect had at his disposal only 120 men. In the south, as well as in Sicily and Sardinia, the troops are constantly and entirely employed in police work, which in Continental Europe is undertaken by the central Governments, not by the municipalities. It is, therefore, to the army that is chiefly due the suppression of that brigandage which, partly from political reasons, partly from a kind of unchangeable heredity, partly from the strong individualistic feeling of the south, seemed to be one of the ineradicable plagues of the peninsula, and it is the army which prevents its revival. In more than one-third of Italy, the soldiers are almost entirely absorbed in these duties, instead of being trained for warlike purposes. The insufficiency of the number of men under arms is also proved by the fact that, whenever there are serious or extended disorders, the Government is always constrained to call out some of the reserves. Thus Italy is practically in the same condition as the countries which have a small standing army, which obliges them to have recourse to the militia whenever order has to be forcibly maintained.

Small as it is, the army here has rendered another great service to the country in cementing the brotherhood of the different regions, which, although of the same race, are through dialects, traditions, habits and moral sense, so far apart from each other that there is more difference between a Sicilian and a Piedmontese than between a Piedmontese and a Frenchman, or between a Sicilian and a Greek. It has also been of incalculable assistance in fighting illiteracy, as once under arms instruction is compulsory, and the nearly three years the recruits remain in the army are quite sufficient to give them the rudiments of reading and writing and convince them of the utility of education.

It cannot even be said that Italy has spent much money on fortifications, as, with the exception of Spezia, La Maddalena in Sardinia and Taranto, forming the basis of her naval operations,

her frontiers are practically open to an invasion, so much so that the Austrian officers say that for them to reoccupy Milan would merely be the question of a promenade. In conclusion, Italy used to spend more on armaments when her people were burdened by taxation, indispensable to her emergence from the backward conditions that prevailed at the time of the unification, when the deficit in her State budget was one million dollars, when the State consols at five per cent. were below par, and when the exchange on Italian money was sixteen per cent. Now Italy, with a yearly surplus of from ten to twelve million dollars, with taxation reduced, the State bonds above par, although the interest has been lowered to 3.75 per cent., with no exchange and with a marvellous growth and development of all her industries, manufactures and trades, feels stronger under all aspects, even with regard to international complications, and therefore has less need of a numerous army and of a strong navy. The greatest struggle which the peninsula has to undergo is to redeem her southern provinces and the islands, bringing them up to the same level of prosperity, to the same standard of culture as the north. It is a most serious struggle, but one in which there is no need of army and navy. Success in it will mean for the future of the Kingdom much more than the gaining of several military campaigns.

Thus it is evident to all dispassionate observers how the entire interest of Italy is for the maintenance of peace, not in word only, but in fact, how the limitation of armaments, so much spoken of, has practically already been accomplished here. The original declaration of Senator Tittoni in the Italian Chamber on June 14th, 1906, so favorable to the limitation of armaments, when no one yet imagined that on this question Europe would be divided, was the faithful exponent of the feeling predominant among the ruling classes as well as among the people. The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs soon found, however, that the great Powers of Europe, with the exception of England and Italy, were all, for reasons sometimes even contradictory, opposed to the proposition. The opposition assumed, indeed, such a form, especially on the part of Germany and Austria, as to acquire a character of reproach to Italy for abandoning her allies on so important a question of international interest, on which might depend the supremacy in Europe of one or another Power in the near future.

ST. PETERSBURG, *May, 1907.*

THE second Duma, like the first, is emphatically a revolutionary assembly. Over two hundred deputies are for overthrowing the whole social and political fabric, sweeping away the monarchy and founding a democratic republic. Of the remainder, an influential section favor a return to a reformed autocracy; while the centre, revolutionary at heart, agree to postpone their ultimate aims, but to lose no opportunities of furthering them. Hence they run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, voting generally with the revolutionists, but exceptionally with the conservatives. Consequently, at least one-half of the deputies lack the will to legislate or in any other way consolidate the present *régime,* and possess ample means of hindering the others from addressing themselves to the task. But, in addition to the lack of will, there is a lamentable want of power. For most of the deputies are sadly deficient in the rudimentary qualifications of lawgivers. Indeed, one might as well have set them to solve a complex problem of astronomy as to legislate on matters of finance, economics or legal procedure.

It was already manifest, indeed, at the end of the general election, that it would be as impossible to restore order in Russia with the help of this revolutionary legislature as to make ropes of sand. Yet that was the problem which M. Stolypin undertook to solve, not with a light heart or high hopes, but resolutely. His mode of operation was to prove to the Constitutional Democrats that they had nothing to gain, and almost everything to lose, by opposing the Government, whereas they might further their own cause, or at any rate their own interests, by cooperating with the Cabinet. Any project they had at heart, any need, any bill, they might lay before him, he told them, he would consider carefully, favorably, speedily. He would do anything, everything, in reason to deserve their trust and justify their collaboration, if they would only begin by trusting him. That in brief was M. Stolypin's plan. It had many flaws, which outsiders pointed out, but which the Premier thought would not take away from its essential worth.

Very soon the truth dawned upon him. But, as he had undertaken to keep the Duma together at all costs, he refused to dissolve it, even in the face of multiplying provocations.

The danger of this policy, which is inspired by a praiseworthy

desire on M. Stolypin's part to preserve liberal institutions to the country and to bring the Tsar and the nation into permanent partnership, lies not in its almost certain failure, but in the long start it gives to the revolutionary party. The many subversive organizations, which are known as the Socialist-Maximalists, Socialist-Minimalists, Terrorists and Anarchists, wise in their generation, are zealously undermining the monarchic *régime*, inculcating principles of negation on the uncritical minds of the masses, sowing the seeds of class hatred and seducing the soldiers from their allegiance. The self-sacrificing devotion with which this work of destruction is being carried on by fanatics who look upon themselves as martyrs would do honor to a noble and humane cause. But the hindrances with which they meet, formidable at times, would be almost insurmountable, if there were no Duma, no deputies' inviolability, no legal agitation in the provinces, no speeches to constituents, no meetings of electors and elected. In a word, the Duma is absolutely necessary to the speedy success of the revolutionary party. Suspend the constitution, dismiss the deputies, govern the country with the help of the first Chamber and without the second for a couple of years, and the anarchist elements will be forced to carry on their destructive work under most unfavorable conditions. Such is the Monarchists' method. But M. Stolypin upholds the Duma, treats the deputies with marked consideration, shuts his eyes to the excesses of the subversive groups and hopes for the best.

Stolypin must have foreseen the danger which is now being realized as clearly as any mere outsider, however well informed. But he doubtless underrated its imminence, or overrated his power of checking its advance. He certainly disbelieved the rumored spread of disaffection among the troops, and he pictured to himself the state of mind of the peasantry as less feverish than it was and is. It was not until recently that his Cabinet learned the existence and aims of the Revolutionary Army League—a band of suasive proselytizers who travelled all over Russia, got access to the soldiers in the Caucasus, the Crimea, Siberia, the Volga districts, in Moscow, Kieff and St. Petersburg, fraternized with them, promised them better food, higher pay, shorter service terms and more humane treatment generally; rendered them discontented first, disaffected afterwards and then chose from among them well-qualified candidates for admission to the active Ter-

rorists' Legion. The results are now visible in the preparations for a military insurrection. How far the army is tainted with disaffection, nobody can say, because the matter has not yet been fully investigated.

M. Stolypin has but few friends and still fewer helpers. Lacking the necessary time to enlist in the service of the Government a number of resolute, resourceful and trustworthy administrators, he has had to make the best of those whom he found there when he first took office. And they are for the most part an unpromising team. The police, for instance, are in many matters of supreme importance as naïve as a band of Simple Simons, and their self-complacent inactivity would have culminated in the murder of the Tsar, his Prime Minister and the Commander of the Troops, and probably in an armed insurrection in St. Petersburg, had it not been for an act of folly on the part of the Terrorists, who defeated the objects they had in view. For a considerable time past, the bomb-and-revolver organizations had issued a command that the life of the Tsar was not to be attempted until further orders. This decree was the outcome solely of tactical considerations. But it was rescinded early this year and the Emperor was thenceforward lawful prey. What that meant, everybody understood; but the police, who received the news as early as most people, failed to draw any practical consequences from it. So far as they were concerned, everything went on as before.

But the revolutionists immediately drew an important practical consequence from the repeal of the Tsar's inviolability; they hatched a plot to murder him, his Prime Minister and the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolayevitch. The scheme was conceived with a degree of consummate circumspection which is unprecedented in the annals of crime in Russia. Numbers of alternative plans were formed, which were to be tried successively until one of them should prove successful. The fundamental idea was that the regicides should enter the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo and throw bombs at the Tsar. How to gain admission to the palace was a difficult problem, so long as they had no accomplice inside. In order to simplify it, they cast around for an auxiliary within the precincts. This was not absolutely necessary, because thirty men armed with bombs and revolvers had already managed to go to Tsarskoe-Selo unnoticed, to hire lodgings there in different

villas and to keep in touch with each other without arousing suspicion, and, having accomplished that, they might have effected the rest just as easily.

There was, therefore, no pressing need of enlisting the services of any one inside the palace. But in order to leave as little as possible to chance this step was taken. The conspirators were encouraged to hope it would prove successful by the ease with which the members of the Revolutionary Army League usually enter into communication with the troops and win many of them over. But what holds good of the troops of the line does not hold good of the Guards, who are loyal to a man. And the person with whom the conspirators struck up an acquaintance was a member of the Convoy or Body-Guard of the Tsar, an under-officer of the Cossacks. The Convoy is composed exclusively of Cossacks. To this man, then, treasonable proposals were made, with which he seemed to close. He was invited to meetings, he accepted the invitations and he went. In time he was initiated into the designs of the plotters, and asked to play an active part in the conspiracy. Heedless of his oath, he was to put the Emperor to death, using a dagger for the purpose, previously opening the window of one of the apartments so that his comrades might effect an entrance to the palace and complete the fell work should he have left it unfinished. But when the plot had reached this stage the conspirators were arrested. For the Cossack had from the outset informed his superiors of the advances made to him, and in this way had saved the life of his monarch. When the story, which was first told in the London "Daily Telegraph," was finally confirmed by the Premier in the Duma, the various factions of the second Russian Parliament were compelled to show their colors and raise their visors.

The four groups of the Left, over two hundred and twenty strong, aware that there would be manifestations of loyalty that day, kept away from the sitting until the question of the plot against the Tsar was over and done with. They would not condemn the plot. And then they hurried into the hall to try issues with the Cabinet on another question. Consequently, the Premier spoke to a half-empty House. And among the members who remained there was no enthusiasm. The Centre presented an order of the day which was "correct"; the conservatives

proposed another which was more effusively loyal, but, as the Centre had theirs accepted, the conservatives were disappointed and downcast. Hence there was no inspiriting outburst of loyalty, no cheering, no singing of "God Save the Tsar," as there was in the Council of the Empire.

That historic episode was immediately succeeded by another hardly less sensational. Two nights before, the Deputy Ozol's dwelling had been entered by the police in consequence of secret information which they had received. They found over twenty deputies there and over thirty revolutionists, who were not of the Duma, but were, the police affirmed, members of the Central Social Revolutionary Committee. The meeting was being held, the police further affirmed, for a most illegal purpose. It was in close touch with the dangerous Revolutionary Army League, which was arranging ways and means for a military mutiny that was to usher in an insurrection in the capital.

The deputies, invoking their "sacred character," at first refused to admit the right of the police to enter their lodging. But the point was finally decided against them. Still, they were not taken into custody. Their inviolability was respected. Only the other revolutionists who had no "sacred character" to lend them impunity were arrested, and the documents lying about were seized. These documents, M. Stolypin told the Duma, made it clear that a military mutiny was being planned which was to prelude an armed insurrection. And the men who were working hard to bring it about were deputies of the Duma! One more detail was added by the Premier which burnt itself into the minds of all who heard him. He affirmed, looking straight at the men he was accusing, that the members of that same faction were systematic blackmailers. Their party was wont to proclaim boycotts against the shops of petty traders and then demand and receive a certain sum for removing them, so that the poor tradespeople were being squeezed more pitilessly than under the old bureaucratic *régime*.

Still, the Premier stands manfully to his guns. He refuses to dissolve the Duma—yet. He declines to demand the arrest of the revolutionary deputies. He is determined to wait until all Russia and the civilized world feel that, with such a revolutionary body, no constructive government can accomplish anything.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *June 17.* The Summer Skies.

IT was said of St. Francis that, had he been led upon the farthest starry way, past the bleakest regions of the heavens, to the dimmest and most distant star on the ragged edge of the universe, his imagination would but have found the face of a new friend. Not the loneliness of the way, but the possibility of a new, undreamed-of relation would have captured his imagination. There is a great deal to be got out of friendly relations with the universe. "Consider in the streets at nightfall the faces of men and women, when it is bad weather, what grace and sweetness they manifest," jotted down in his note-book, the subtlest, the most intellectual of painters, whose perceptions were a continual spring of knowledge and of joy. Stevenson tells us that he knew a woman once who said she never got over the interest, the humor and the strangeness of the eyebrows. What a companion that woman would have been!

The truth is that the world is packed full of things to see, things beautiful and things curious; and the sad fact is that most of us walk our course through the world without looking at anything, unless it be other folks' bonnets, or carpets, or curtains, or at ugly bits of paper floating down the street. It is actually true, believe it who can, that there are middle-aged people alive, with two perfectly sound, clear-sighted eyes, who do not know the ways or the motions or the aspects of the stars over their heads: and this despite the fact of their harmonious, orderly behavior, their punctual appearance in the sky at the proper season, and at the regular hours, and their splendid, majestic whirl in circles about the Polar Star. Such folks miss all the serenity and liberation of spirit that come from looking up in June to the fair, bright Spica, and realizing that she (it is impossible to explain why some stars are feminine and some are not, but it is

indubitably true) is speeding at white-heat, at an immeasurable distance, one of the most rarefied and tenuous bodies in the sky, while just above her lies a wonderful double star, Gamma Virgo, one part glowing red and the other green. Spica, herself, used to be called by the Arabs "the solitary one," because her position in the sky was apart from the other bright stars. The nearest very brilliant neighbor is Regulus, the handle star in the summer sickle. This is one of the most neighborly of stars, being visible for eight months in the year; it disappears about the end of August, but early in the November mornings it may be seen again.

The summer stars are not quite so brilliant and so dazzling as the winter ones, but they are more easily observed; and who fails to lie on his back on a hillside one or two clear nights in summer to track their courses, fails also to establish one of the pleasantest and friendliest of universal relationships. Richly but irregularly sown, over the great arching dome of heaven, the starry clusters move in orderly array; around the Polar Star swings the Little Dipper; the long, big Dragon with the triangular head winds gracefully between it and the Big Dipper, the largest utensil in the heavens, while low on the northwestern horizon Auriga is disappearing, and Vega, white and splendid, strikes the lyre in the east; Hercules, big and sprawling, stamps boldly on the head of the Dragon, while Boötes, with his brilliant star, Arcturus, goes a-hunting after the Bear. The hair of Berenice hangs just over the head of Virgo; and of this nebulous group it is told that, as the King Ptolemy Euergetes was starting out on a dangerous expedition against the Assyrians, his beautiful queen, Berenice, vowed to give her hair as a treasure to the gods if he were brought back in safety. And when the king marched home victorious the hair was placed in the temple of Aphrodite and mysteriously disappeared—which loss greatly grieved the ancient queen and her consort until they recognized the amber locks hanging in the sky above Virgo and below the handle of the Dipper.

Low on the widest circle of the horizon Hydra stretches, and Scorpio, with the great red star, Antares, twines himself along to eastward. Altogether, it is a fearsome company of warrior gentlemen and wild animals that prances across the summer skies, and who knows what miracles lie hidden beyond and behind the well-known groups? What shining streams of stars, what convoluted windings and intricate intertwining spirals of lumi-

nous bodies spin in regions spacious beyond our wildest conceptions of area and of distance? At any rate, while we can, let us grow, like St. Francis, to look for a friend in each of the wonderful bodies studding our arched covering: for, as the great and the subtle painter said again, "It is ordained that, to the ambitious who derive no satisfaction from the gifts of life and the beauty of the world, life shall be a cause of suffering, and they shall possess neither the profit nor the beauty of the world."

TUESDAY, *June 18.* A Precursor of Whitman.

WHITMAN is usually looked upon as without forerunner or parallel. It is strange, then, to find in the recently discovered poet, Thomas Traherne, who died in 1674 and whose poems have only in the last six years been found and published, both thought and form strangely foreshadowing our democratic poet. Both poets, Traherne and Whitman, are preoccupied by the splendor and the beauty of the universe, by the sense that soul is a complete unity pervading the universe, and that essence and manifestation are inseparable. Both emphasize the sanctity of the body.

"Behold! the body includes and is the meaning—the main concern—and includes and is the Soul."

writes Whitman; and, in the same voice and with like accent, Traherne continues:

"Thou hast given me a body
Wherein the glory of Thy power shineth,

. . . . . .

Within distinguished into useful parts,
Beautified without with many ornaments.
Limbs rarely poised
And made for Heaven:
Arteries filled
With celestial spirits:
Veins wherein blood floweth,
Refreshing all my flesh,
Like rivers:
Sinews fraught with the mystery
Of wonderful strength,
Stability,
Feeling."

And Whitman again sings:

"Within there runs blood,
The same old blood!
The same red-running blood!
. . . . . .
If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred."
. . . . . .

Traherne has the cataloguing habit that Whitman has. He sings:

"Thou, Lord, hast made Thy servant a sociable creature, for which I praise Thy name,
A lover of company, a delighter in equals;
. . . . . .
Give me eyes
To see the beauty of that life and comfort
Wherewith those by their actions
Inspire the nations.
Their markets, Tillage, Courts of Judicature, Marriages, feasts and assemblies, Navys, Armies,
Priests and Sabbaths, Trades and Business, the voice of the bridegroom, Musical Instruments, the light of candles, and the grinding of mills,
Are comfortable. O Lord, let them not sleep.
The riches of the land are all the materials of my felicity in their hands:
They are my Factors, Substitutes and Stewards,
Second selves, who by trade and business animate my wealth,
Which else would be but dead and rust in my hands,—
And when I consider, O Lord, how they come unto Thy temples, fill Thy courts and sing Thy praises,
O, how wonderful they then appear!
What stars,
Enflaming suns,
Enlarging seas.
Of Divine affection,
Confirming patterns,
Infusing influence,
Do I feel in these."

This might easily be a page out of "Leaves of Grass." Indeed, if it were inserted as stanza twelve of the "*Salut au Monde*," it is doubtful if any one would have questioned the authorship. If one believed in the transmigration of souls, one might be persuaded that the soul which sang Traherne's songs became impatient at the long hiding, and reincarnated first in Blake and once again in Whitman.

ESPERANTO.

PART XIII.

COMMERCIAL LETTERS.

PETO PRI SCIIGOJ.

Al S^oj Hubert kaj k^io, Bankieroj en Berlino.

Nov-Jorko, 23^an de aprilo 19..

Estimataj Sinjoroj:

Mi prenas la liberecon min turni al vi por ricevi sciigojn pri la firmo Kolb Gefratoj en via urbo.

Antaŭ ol komenci interrilatojn komercajn kun tiuj ĉi sinjoroj, mi volus koni la garantion de pagokapableco, kiun ili povas prezenti kaj proksimume la sumon de la aferoj, kiujn ili faras ĉiujare. Volu do diri al mi ĉu la ĵusnomita firmo estas grava kaj ĉu mi povas fari kontraktojn kun ĝi tute sendanĝere kaj kun konfido.

Mi atendas vian respondon por gvidi min ĉe la komuniko, kiun mi promesis sendi al la suprecitita firmo.

Konfidante al vi en tiu okazo, kiel vi povus en simila aŭ alia cirkonstanco, mi petas vin ricevi antaŭe, miajn sincerajn dankojn.

Mi estas, Sinjoroj, Via tute sindona servanto,

Massin.

RESPONDO FAVORA AL DEMANDO PRI INFORMOJ.

Al S^oj Jenkinson kaj K^io, en Leeds.

Lille, 18^an de majo 19..

Karaj Sinjoroj:

Respondante al via estimata letero de l'12^a de tiu ĉi monato, mi havas la honoron sciigi vin ke la Sinjoroj Cornel kaj Clément

pri kiuj vi petis de mi informojn, direktas en mia urbo, firmon de unua vico.

Ili disponas grandegan kapitalon kaj ĝuas senliman krediton. La antaŭnomitaj sinjoroj estas komercistoj indegaj, kaj nedube havas grandan honestecon en siaj rilatoj kun siaj korespondantoj.

Sekv, vi povas, sen la malplejmulta risko, eniri en rilatojn kun Sinjoroj Cornel kaj Clément, kaj vi estos, mi ne dubas, kontentaj pri ilia maniero agi kun vi.

Kompreneble, tiuj informoj, kvankam honegaj, ne ligas mian respondecon.

Mi estas, kun estimo.

DESMOND.

LETERO DE REKOMENDADO.

Al S^o Webster, en Bradford.

NOV-JORKO, 4^an de februaro 19..

ESTIMATAJ SINJOROJ:

Ni havas la honoron prezenti al vi, per ĉi tiu letero, S^on Henrikon Durand de la Firmo Durand Gefratoj de tiu ĉi urbo, kiu intencas vojaĝi en via lando por kutimiĝi al la ĉefaj fakoj de la angla industrio kaj speciale al la fabrikado de la lanaj ŝtofoj.

Ni prenas la liberecon rekomendi nian amikon al via bona akcepto, kaj ĉar li estas tute fremda en via lando, ni esperas ke vi havos la bonecon helpi lin en liaj klopodoj kaj faciligi por li la celon, kjun li deziras atingi.

Ĉia atento de vi donita al S^o H. Durand estos konsiderata kiel servo farita al ni mem. Ni certigas al vi, kun plezuro, ke vi povas konfidi al ni en kia ajn okazo.

Ni estas, estimata Sinjoroj,

Viaj sindonemaj servantoj,

ROBINSON kaj FILOJ.

El Cours Commercial.

LA FREMDA JUNULINO

De Schiller.

En valo, ĉe simplaj, modestaj paŝtistoj,
Aperis komence de ĉiu printempo,
Tuj kiam alaŭdoj pepante flirtadis,
Mirinda fraŭlino majesta kaj ĉarma.

Ĉar ne en la valo ŝi estis naskita,
Neniu ja sciis, el kie ŝi venis,
Kaj ŝia postsigno rapide perdiĝis,
Tuj kiam foriris l' enigma knabino.

Apud ŝi la homoj sin sentis feliĉaj,
Kaj ĉiuj la koroj fariĝis facilaj;
Sed ia indeco kaj io majesta
Familiarecon senĝenan forigis.

Ŝi multon alportis da floroj kaj fruktoj
Mature kreskintaj sur varma kamparo,
En landoj aliaj, pli belaj, pli sudaj,
De kiuj naturon favoras la suno.

Ŝi tiam disdonis al ĉiuj donacojn,
Al unu jen fruktojn, al tiu jen florojn,
Kaj knabo plej juna kaj viro kaduka,
Nun ĉiuj al domo reiris kontentaj.

Bonvenon ricevis la ĉiuj venintoj,
Sed se proksimiĝis jen du geamantoj,
Al ili ŝi donis la fruktojn plej bonajn,
Al paro amanta la florojn plej belajn.

El germana lingvo tradukis.

H. BOUCON.

El la Revuo.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, see advertising pages for membership application form.

'HE BOSTON HERALD

It is its enormous

Home Circulation

that makes advertising pay better in the

Boston Herald

than in any other newspaper in New England.

The Providence Daily Journal

No advertising campaign intended to reach the million people in southeastern New England would be well-planned if it did not begin with the PROVIDENCE JOURNAL. It is the paper which intelligent persons of means have in their homes and places of business the year round.

Foreign Advertising Representative

CHARLES H. EDDY

10 Spruce Street
NEW YORK

403 Marquette Building
CHICAGO

The Providence Daily Journal

PUBLIC LEDGER

INVESTOR OR BUYER

For seventy years the PUBLIC LEDGER of Philadelphia has been the chief medium for financial advertising in Pennsylvania. Its constituency represents a larger investing class than that of any other newspaper in the United States. At no time in its history was its circulation so large as at present; it is increasing in a substantial ratio, **over 10,000 net increase** in circulation in the past twelve months.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA, PA. **ESTABLISHED 1836**

No get-rich-quick, bucketshop or catch-penny financial advertising accepted. Whenever the PUBLIC LEDGER accepts an advertisement for its financial pages it is the highest testimony to its worthiness.

THE ARGUMENT OF EXPERIENCE

Is What Every Successful Advertiser Will Impart to You in Favor of

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

If you want to cover the great Pittsburg territory you must use the Dispatch, as it is the only Newspaper that reaches those of all classes with money to spend, being the one two-cent Morning Newspaper in its district.

A home-delivered circulation, going directly into the hands of the actual buyers of this community.

Get the BEST Always

The Want and Realty Medium of Pennsylvania, Carrying More Classified Advertising Than Any Other Pittsburg Newspaper.

THE DISPATCH PUBLISHING COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PENNA.

C. A. ROOK, President. E. M. O'NEILL, Vice-President.

BRANCH OFFICES:

EASTERN OFFICE—
Wallace G. Brooke,
41 Park Row,
New York, N. Y.

WESTERN OFFICE—
Horace M. Ford,
Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

ATLANTIC OFFICE—
Walter E. Edge,
1309 Atlantic Ave.,
Atlantic City, N. J.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST.

EVERY EDITION A HOME EDITION

ADVERTISERS who buy space in THE CHICAGO EVENING POST reach the homes of discriminating and intelligent men and women. Every edition of THE EVENING POST is a "home" edition.

A sane, clean, optimistic newspaper, printing all the news that is fit to print. THE EVENING POST offers special attractions in:

The most varied, original and independent Editorial page in Chicago—contributed by writers of charm and distinction.

News of Books and Bookmen written by a corps of men and women who know and love books.

Foreign Cables and Correspondence by Justin Wallace, Malcolm Lincoln, Karleton Hackett and others.

Exclusive and authoritative news of the theaters—with the best theatrical pictures printed in Chicago.

A brilliant page of sporting news—baseball, golf, automobiles and amateur sports.

THE EVENING POST prints more financial and publishers' advertising than any other Chicago afternoon newspaper, and more automobile advertising than any other Chicago newspaper —morning or evening.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

160–162 Washington Street, Chicago

New York Office: Tribune Building

The Real Growth of a Newspaper

IS measured by the extent of its paid increase in circulation, and in proportion to its growth the power of the newspaper as a moral force and its value as an advertising medium increase.

The newspaper of the present day is the most potent factor in modern civilization; it touches more intimately and influences more powerfully the lives and fortunes of the great masses of the people than any other element of these complex times. Therefore, the newspaper that is daily adding to its list of paid subscriptions is increasing its "sphere of influence," and may well be said to be growing.

In Kentucky, and in all the great, prosperous South, The Courier-Journal has for generations been the most vital influence in commercial and political life, and to-day it boasts the largest circulation in its history. Its influence in the home life of a progressive people is greater than ever before, and day by day it is growing rapidly, but healthfully; adding in increasing numbers to its list of intelligent, prosperous, buying readers.

To its old constituency, the bone and sinew of this section of the country, The Courier-Journal is adding the new blood of a rapidly increasing population. New factories, more railroads, more offices, more stores and all increased industries mean new homes, and new homes mean more newspapers. The Courier-Journal is reaching these homes as is no other newspaper in the South, and with every home brought within the range of its influence an added value is given to its advertising columns.

The Courier-Journal can make your advertisements welcome in the greatest number of the best-buying homes of the South.

Courier-Journal Co.,

Louisville, Ky.

The News and Courier.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IS one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States. It was established in 1803, and has stood for more than a hundred years for what is best in the life of the community and State which it represents.

On the celebration of its Centennial, three years ago, the Hon. Joseph Daniel Pope, LL.D., Professor of Law in the South Carolina College, said: "I have great respect for THE NEWS AND COURIER, and always underwrite its political faith and opinions. There is nothing small or mean about them."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor of *The New York Tribune*, wrote of the share of THE NEWS AND COURIER in the history of the century: "It has already been written imperishably into the records and it is a continuing proof of the absurdity of the notions now so often held among the believers in the sensational journalism of the present day that the editorial page has lost its influence."

THE NEWS AND COURIER represents the best sentiment and the best people of South Carolina. It reaches every part of the State. It stands for honesty in the administration of public affairs, for sound money, for high morality, for the Law against the Mob, for decency in public as in private life. It believes in government by the people for the people; in the administration of the affairs of the States by the people of the States; in loyalty to the Government at Washington economically administered.

Advertisers will find THE NEWS AND COURIER a most effective means of reaching the people of South Carolina. They know what it is, what it represents, what its services have been worth to them in the development of their natural resources and in the preservation of the highest ideals in public conduct and in private thinking.

Advertisers who wish to reach the most solid people in South Carolina should use its columns.

Readers who would like to be informed of the best thought of the people of South Carolina and the South on all political, social, and industrial questions ought to read it every day.

For rates of advertising and subscription, address

The News and Courier

CHARLESTON, S. C.

The Hartford Courant

HARTFORD, CONN. ESTABLISHED 1764

THE "COURANT" is representative of New England culture and conservatism. It prints all the news, and its editorial comments are made with distinction, and with its ancient and healthy regard for truth. It is the leading Connecticut advertising medium for publishers', financial and automobile advertising. It has been here a long time—142 years—and promises well for the future.

THE HARTFORD COURANT COMPANY, Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

THE POST EXPRESS stands at the head of Western New York papers—

Stable in its policy, clean and able in its contents—

An Independent Republican Newspaper.

The Post Express.

"THE MODEL EVENING NEWSPAPER"

ESTABLISHED IN 1859

An excellent medium for advertisers, circulating as it does among those who buy.

For rates, address

The Post Express Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO EXPRESS

DAILY AND SUNDAY

Advertisers!

To reach the wide-awake, progressive, money-making and money-spending part of the community in Buffalo and the Great Niagara Frontier, make your announcements in

The Express

The Cleveland Leader.

NORTHERN OHIO, rich in natural resources, is rich as well in the quality of its citizenship. The thrift of old New England and the law-abiding conservatism of the Western Reserve have left the stamp of material welfare on the City of Cleveland and its environs. :: :: :: ::

¶ In record, in reputation and in present-day success, THE CLEVELAND LEADER is the most prominent of Cleveland newspapers. It reaches the best element in a purchasing public of a million and a half. :: :: :: :: ::

The Daily Pioneer Press
is the only morning paper published in St. Paul.
The Sunday Pioneer Press
is the only Sunday paper published in St. Paul.

The reading public of the daily and Sunday editions is drawn from the medium and well-to-do people of the northwest—people of liberal taste, who are financially able to gratify it.

The circulation, of which a greater percentage is local than other northwestern papers, is guaranteed, all books and records being open to any one interested.

We shall be pleased at any time to furnish any or all details of circulation, or any information concerning this territory. Address *The Pioneer Press*, St. Paul.

The Times Dispatch

Prosperous Richmond

In 1906 there was manufactured $77,432,692 worth of goods, and $18,000,000 was paid on industrial pay-rolls.

If you wish to know more of this most promising section of America, write for illustrated booklet and a copy of

THE TIMES-DISPATCH

It is Supreme in Virginia. **RICHMOND, VA.**

Every Issue of

The Sun

Collects All Its News
Through Its Own Agents.

If You Want Reliable News
And All the News
You Must Read

THE SUN

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, POSTPAID:

DAILY, Per Month	$0.50	SUNDAY, Per Year	$2.00
DAILY, Per Year	6.00	DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	$0.70		

POSTAGE TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES ADDED.

PUBLISHED AT 170 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY

The World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

"Circulation Books Open to All."

The World is the First New York Newspaper

Its Record of Twenty-two Consecutive Years' Supremacy in City Circulation

The World's regular, bona fide average city circulation in **NEW YORK CITY ONLY** (excluding all country subscriptions and sales) in the first quarter of the year—

1884	35,875	a day
1885	73,176	"
1890	266,879	"
1895	**399,719**	"
1900	**518,296**	"
1906	**529,520**	"
1907	**614,546**	"

The Morning World's regular average, bona fide, net paid circulation **IN NEW YORK CITY ALONE** equals that of any two morning newspapers and exceeds that of any other morning and Sunday newspaper by **more than three million copies a month.**

THE WORLD, PULITZER BLDG., NEW YORK

The Nation

"The Nation is the one periodical I never fail to read *verbatim*, believing it the most substantial and intelligent publication in English of all those which appeal to readers of education and liberal interests."

Editorial Articles

"They deal with a broad range of subjects, in a broad, live manner."

Literary Criticism

By able writers and scholars.

Special Correspondence

From intelligent and trustworthy observers.

Music

By a competent critic.

Finance

By an expert in this field.

Science

By specialists of authority and prominence.

Art

By several eminent artists.

Drama

A New Department

"By giving your readers dramatic criticism you have supplied what was always an inexplicable defect, and added much to the ablest weekly review in English."

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FOR THREE WEEKS UPON REQUEST

Ten Cents a Copy. *Three Dollars a Year.*

Advertising Rates on Application

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York

PRINTING

of

PAMPHLETS

BOOKLETS

BRIEFS

BY-LAWS

We have a plant especially equipped for this kind of work.

Using linotypes, our type is always new. This is worth considering.

Our workmanship is not surpassed by any one.

Our prices are a little lower than most of our competitors, and is worth your time to investigate.

Our law-brief department is under the management of men fully qualified to handle every detail, and our work pleases every customer.

The methods we employ in our plant enable **us to complete work on short notice.**

If you are wanting a **Prospectus** printed, remember we can give you a dandy. **By-Laws** of corporations, churches, or other organizations always turned out in a neat manner. **Reports of annual meetings** of associations gotten up in a style out of the ordinary.

To sum up the situation, we can print any sort of a book, pamphlet, brief, etc., that you may want; print it a little better and at a price that is a little cheaper than others may offer.

REPORTER PUBLISHING COMPANY

American Central Life Building

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Two Esperanto Text-Books

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN ESPERANTO

Reprinted from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

GRAMMAR, EXERCISES, CORRESPONDENCE, SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE AND A FULL VOCABULARY

Price 25 cents, net. Postage 5 cents

A GRAMMAR AND COMMENTARY ON THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE ESPERANTO

Compiled by MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE COX, B.A. (CANTAB.)

A COMPLETE TEXT-BOOK FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING STUDENT

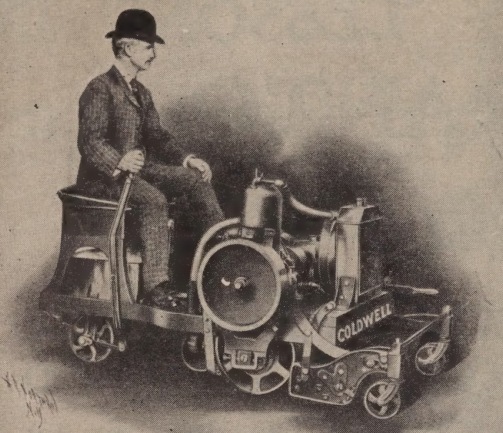
Price 75 cents, net Postage 10 cents

PUBLISHED BY

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

Coldwell's Motor Mower



COLDWELL LAWN MOWERS

HAND, HORSE AND MOTOR POWER

600 ON THE PARKS OF GREATER NEW YORK

They will also be used
EXCLUSIVELY
on the grounds of the
Jamestown Exposition

If your dealer does not sell them, write for our catalogue and we will quote you special prices.

ALL OUR MOWERS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER CO.
60 Coldwell Street, - Newburgh, N. Y.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

MICHIGAN.

Michigan College of Mines.
Located in the Lake Superior district. Mines and mills accessible for practice For Year Book and Record of Graduates apply to President or Secretary.
F. W. McNAIR, President.
HOUGHTON. Mich.

MANUSCRIPTS We carefully examine MS. copy (20,000 words the minimum), no charge. If adapted for manufacture to CLOTH BOUND BOOK, capital is invested on issue, marketing and demonstrating in AT style and get-up.
PUBLISHER, 61 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

School Advertising Rates

One-quarter page, one insertion,	$15.00
One inch, " "	5.00
One-half inch, " "	3.00

Less than one-half inch 50c. an agate line for one insertion.

The above rates are subject to the following discounts for repeated insertions: three months, 5 per cent.; six months, 10 per cent.; twelve months, 20 per cent.

The North American Review
Franklin Square, New York City.

NOTE—Applicants for membership will kindly answer the questions asked.

Esperanto Society Membership Form

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Franklin Square, N. Y

Please enroll my name as a member of the Review's Esperanto Society

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Are you a beginner?.....

If not, how long have you studied and what text books used?.....

.....

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